THE OUTLINE OF KNOWLEDGE

EDITED BY

JAMES A. RICHARDS

FABLES AND FAIRY TALES

VOLUME XIX

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FABLES AND FAIRY TALES

MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES

OLD MOTHER GOOSE

Old Mother Goose!
When she wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

Mother Goose had a house,
'Twas built in a wood,
An owl at the door
For a porter stood.

She had a son Jack,
A plain-looking lad,
He was not very good,
Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market,
A live goose he bought:
"Here! mother," says he,
"It will not go for nought."

Jack's goose and her gander
Grew very fond;
They'd both eat together,
Or swim in one pond.

Jack found one morning,
As I have been told,

His goose had laid him
An egg of pure gold.

Jack rode to his mother,
The news for to tell.
She called him a good boy,
And said it was well.

Jack sold his gold egg
To a rogue of a Jew,
Who cheated him out of
The half of his due.

Then Jack went a-courting
A lady so gay,
As fair as the lily,
And sweet as the May.

The Jew and the Squire
Both came at his back,
And began to belabor
The sides of poor Jack.

But Old Mother Goose
That instant came in,
And turned her son Jack
Into famed Harlequin.

She then with her wand
Touched the lady so fine,
And turned her at once
Into sweet Columbine.

The gold egg in the sea
Was thrown away then—
When Jack he jumped in
And got it again.

And Old Mother Goose
The goose saddled soon,
And mounting its back,
Flew up to the moon.

GOOSEY, GOOSEY, GANDER

Goosey, goosey, gander,
Whither shall I wander,
Upstairs, and downstairs,
And in my lady's chamber.
There I met an old man,
Who would not say his prayers,
I took him by his left leg
And threw him down the stairs.

THREE BLIND MICE

Three blind mice, see how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with a carving-knife;
Did you ever hear such a thing in your life?
Three blind mice.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY

Daffy-down-dilly has come up to town,
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY TAILORS

Four-and-twenty tailors went to kill a snail,
The best man among them durst not touch her tail;
She put out her horns like a little Kyloe cow,
Run, tailors, run! or she'll kill you all e'en now.

THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
If the bowl had been stronger,
My song would have been longer.

HEY DIDDLE

Hey diddle, dinkety, poppety, pet,
The merchants of London they wear scarlet,
Silk in the collar, and gold in the hem,
So merrily march the merchant men.

THE MAN IN THE MOON

The man in the moon
Came tumbling down,
And asked the way to Norwich;
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth
With eating cold pease porridge.

TEN LITTLE MICE

Ten little mice sat down to spin,
Pussy passed by, and just looked in:
What are you at, my jolly ten?
We're making coats for gentlemen.
Shall I come in and cut your threads?
No, for, Puss, you'd bite off our heads.

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP

Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, sir; yes, sir, three bags full:
One for my master, one for my dame,
And one for the little boy that lives in our lane.

THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER

There was a jolly miller
Lived on the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark so blithe as he.

And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be—
I care for nobody—no! not I,
Since nobody cares for me.

TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young,
But all the tunes that he could play
Was, "Over the hills and far away";
Over the hills and a great way off,
And the wind will blow my top-knot off.

Now, Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleased both the girls and boys,
And they stopped to hear him play
"Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill,
That those who heard him could never keep still;
Whenever they heard they began for to dance—
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.

As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began for to play;
So Doll and the cow danced "the Cheshire round,"
Till the pail was broke, and the milk ran on the ground.

He met old Dame Trot with a basket of eggs,
He used his pipe and she used her legs;
She danced about till the eggs were all broke,
She began for to fret, but he laughed at the joke.

He saw a cross fellow was beating an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes and glass;
He took out his pipe and played them a tune,
And the jackass's load was lightened full soon.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?

"WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.

"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid!
"Nobody asked you, sir!" she said.

DING, DONG, BELL

Ding, dong, bell,
Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Green.
Who pulled her out?
Little Tommy Trout.
What a naughty boy was that,
Thus to drown poor pussy cat.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

Little Miss Muffet
She sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a great spider,
Who sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

SIMPLE SIMON

Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says to the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny";
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle;
He pricked his fingers very much
Which made poor Simon whistle.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she came there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread;
But when she came back
The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin;
But when she came back
The poor dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe;
But when she came back
He was smoking a pipe.

She went to the ale-house
To get him some beer;
But when she came back
The dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern
For white wine and red;
But when she came back
The dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat;
But when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig;
But when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit;
But when she came back
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat;
But when she came back
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes;
But when she came back
He was reading the news.

She went to the seamstress
To buy him some linen;
But when she came back
The dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose;
But when she came back
He was dressed in his clothes.

The dame made a courtesy,
The dog made a bow;
The dame said, "Your servant,"
The dog said, "Bow, wow!"

This wonderful dog
Was Dame Hubbard's delight;
He could sing, he could dance,
He could read, he could write.

She gave him rich dainties
Whenever he fed,
And erected a monument
When he was dead.

DICKERY, DICKERY, DARE

Dickery, dickery, dare,
The pig flew up in the air;
The man in brown soon brought him down,
Dickery, dickery, dare.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE

THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread;
She whipped them all soundly and put them to bed.

PAT-A-CAKE, PAT-A-CAKE, BAKER'S MAN!

PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man!
So I will, master, as fast as I can;
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
Put it in the oven for Tommy and me.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddle-stick,
And don't know what to do.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My dame has found her shoe,
And master's found his fiddle-stick,
Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My dame shall dance with you,
My master's found his fiddle-stick,
Cock-a-doodle-doo!

TWINKLE, TWINKLE

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high
Like a diamond in the sky!

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveler in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark;

How could he see where to go,
If you did not twinkle so?

In the dark blue sky you keep,
Often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Every fiddler, he had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddlers.
Oh, there's none so rare
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three.

POLLY, PUT THE KETTLE ON

Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
And let's have tea.

Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
They're all gone away.

OVER THE WATER TO CHARLEY

Over the water and over the sea,
And over the water to Charley.
Charley loves good ale and wine,

And Charley loves good barley,
And Charley loves a little lass,
As sweet as sugar-candy.

Over the water and over the sea,
And over the water to Charley.
I'll have none of your ale and wine,
Nor I'll have none of your barley;
But I'll have some of your good oatmeal,
To make an oat cake for my Charley.

AS I WENT THROUGH THE GARDEN GAP

As I went through the garden gap,
Who should I meet but Dick Red-cap!
A stick in his hand, a stone in his throat.
If you tell me this riddle, I'll give you a groat.
(A *cherry.*)

LITTLE TOM TUCKER

Little Tom Tucker
Sings for his supper:
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it
Without e'er a knife?
How can he marry
Without e'er a wife?

XMAS IS COMING

Xmas is coming, the geese are getting fat,
Please to put a penny in the old man's hat;
If you haven't got a penny, a ha'penny will do,
If you haven't got a ha'penny, God bless you.

BARBER, BARBER, SHAVE A PIG

Barber, barber, shave a pig,
How many hairs will make a wig?
"Four-and-twenty, that's enough."
Give the barber a pinch of snuff.

BLUE BELL

I HAD a little boy
And called him Blue Bell;
Gave him a little work,
He did it very well:

I bade him go upstairs
To bring me a gold pin;
In coalscuttle fell he,
Up to his little chin.

He went to the garden
To pick a little sage;
He fell upon his nose,
And fell into a rage.

He went to the cellar
To draw a little beer;
And quickly did return,
To say there was none there.

AS I WAS GOING TO BANBURY

As I was going to Banbury
Upon a summer's day,
My dame had butter, eggs, and cheese,
And I had corn and hay.
Joe drove the kine and Tom the swine,
Dick took the foal and mare;
I sold them all: then home again
We went from Banbury Fair.

JACK SPRAT

I

JACK SPRAT could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
So it came to pass between them both
They licked the platter clean.
Jack ate all the lean,
Joan ate all the fat,
The bone they picked it clean,
Then gave it to the cat.

II

Jack Sprat was wheeling
His wife by the ditch,
The barrow turned over,
And in she did pitch;
Says Jack, she'll be drowned,
But Joan did reply,
I don't think I shall,
For the ditch is quite dry.

III

Joan Sprat went to brewing
A barrel of ale,
She put in some hops,
That it might not turn stale;
But as for the malt,
She forgot to put that;
This is brave sober liquor,
Said little Jack Sprat.

CRY, BABY, CRY

Cry, baby, cry,
Put your finger in your eye,
And tell your mother it wasn't I.

LITTLE ROBIN REDBREAST

Little Robin Redbreast
Sat upon a rail;
Niddle naddle went his head,
Wiggle waggle went his tail.

THIS PIG WENT TO THE BARN

1. This pig went to the barn.
2. This ate all the corn.
3. This said he would tell.
4. This said he wasn't well.
5. This went Week! week! week! over the door sill.

PETER PIPER

Peter Piper pick'd a peck of pickled pepper;
A peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked;
If Peter Piper pick'd a peck of pickled pepper,
Where's the peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked?

THERE WERE TWO BLACKBIRDS

There were two blackbirds
Sitting on a hill,
The one named Jack,
The other named Jill;
Fly away, Jack!
Fly away, Jill!
Come again, Jack!
Come again, Jill!

BLIND MAN, BLIND MAN

Blind man, blind man,
Sure you can't see?
Turn round three times,
And try to catch me.
Turn east, turn west,
Catch as you can,
Did you think you'd caught me?
Blind, blind man!

POP GOES THE WEASEL

Half a pound o' tuppenny rice,
Half a pound o' treacle;
That's the way the money goes,
Pop goes the weasel!

MARY'S LAMB

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day;
That was against the rule;

It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

Then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid,—
You'll keep me from all harm."

COCK ROBIN

Who killed Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow
I killed Cock Robin.

Who saw him die?
I, said the Magpie,
With my little eye
I saw him die.

Who caught his blood?
I, said the Fish,
With my little dish
I caught his blood.

Who made his shroud?
I, said the Eagle,
With my thread and needle
I made his shroud.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

This is the house that Jack built.

This is the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
Thatl ay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden lal forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the farmer sowing his corn
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID

WHERE are you going, my pretty maid,
With your rosy cheeks and golden hair?
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said;
The strawberry-leaves make maidens fair.

Shall I go with you, my pretty maid,
With your rosy cheeks and golden hair?
"Yes, if you please, kind sir," she said;
The strawberry-leaves make maidens fair.

What is your father, my pretty maid,
With your rosy cheeks and golden hair?
"My father's a farmer, sir, she said;
The strawberry-leaves make maidens fair.

What is your fortune, my pretty maid,
With your rosy cheeks and golden hair?
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said;
The strawberry-leaves make maidens fair.

Then I won't have you, my pretty maid,
With your rosy cheeks and golden hair.
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said;
The strawberry-leaves make maidens fair.

TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run.
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street.

THERE WAS A FROG LIVED IN A WELL

There was a frog lived in a well,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
There was a frog lived in a well;
Kitty alone and I!

There was a frog lived in a well,
And a farce mouse in a mill.
Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

This frog he would a-wooing ride,
Kitty alone, etc.
This frog he would a-wooing ride,
And on a snail he got astride,
Cock me cary, etc.

He rode till he came to my Lady Mouse Hall,
Kitty alone, etc.
He rode till he came to my Lady Mouse Hall,
And there he did both knock and call.
Cock me cary, etc.

Quoth he, "Miss Mouse, I'm come to thee,"—
Kitty alone, etc.
Quoth he, "Miss Mouse, I'm come to thee,
To see if thou canst fancy me."
Cock me cary, etc.

Quoth she, "Answer I'll give you none,"—
Kitty alone, etc.
Quoth she, "Answer I'll give you none

Until my Uncle Rat comes home."
Cock me cary, etc.

And when her Uncle Rat came home,
Kitty alone, etc.
And when her Uncle Rat came home:
"Who's been here since I've been gone?"
Cock me cary, etc.

"Sir, there's been a worthy gentleman,"—
Kitty alone, etc.
"Sir, there's been a worthy gentleman,
That's been here since you've been gone."
Cock me cary, etc.

The frog he came whistling through the brook,
Kitty alone, etc.
The frog he came whistling through the brook,
And there he met with a dainty duck.
Cock me cary, etc.

This duck she swallowed him up with a pluck,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
This duck she swallowed him up with a pluck,
So there's an end of my history-book.
Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

ROBIN HOOD

Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
Is in the mickle wood!
Little John, Little John,
He to the town is gone.
Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
Is telling his beads,
All in the greenwood,
Among the green weeds.
Little John, Little John,
If he comes no more,
Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
We shall fret full sore!

RAIN, RAIN, GO AWAY

Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day;
Tommy Piper wants to play.

EARLY TO BED

Early to bed,
Early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy,
Wealthy and wise.

I HAD A LITTLE PONY

I had a little pony,
His name was Dapple-gray,
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away;
She whipped him, she slashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now
For all the lady's hire.

SIX LITTLE MICE

Six little mice sat in a barn to spin;
Pussy came by and popped her head in:
"Shall I come in and cut your threads off?"
"Oh, no! kind sir, you will snap our heads off!"

THE OLD MAN WHO LIVED IN A WOOD

There was an old man, who lived in a wood,
As you may plainly see;
He said he could do as much work in a day
As his wife could do in three.

"With all my heart," the old woman said;
"If that you will allow,
To-morrow you'll stay at home in my stead,
And I'll go drive the plow;

"But you must milk the Tidy cow,
For fear that she go dry;

And you must feed the little pigs
That are within the sty;

"And you must mind the speckled hen,
For fear she lay astray;
And you must reel the spool of yarn
That I spun yesterday."

The old woman took a staff in her hand,
And went to drive the plow;
The old man took a pail in his hand,
And went to milk the cow;

But Tidy hinched and Tidy flinched,
And Tidy broke his nose,
And Tidy gave him such a blow,
That the blood ran down to his toes.

"Hi! Tidy! ho! Tidy! hi!
Tidy, do stand still!
If ever I milk you, Tidy, again,
'Twill be sore against my will."

He went to feed the little pigs,
That were within the sty;
He hit his head against the beam,
And he made the blood to fly.

He went to mind the speckled hen,
For fear she'd lay astray,
And he forgot the spool of yarn
His wife spun yesterday.

So he swore by the sun, the moon and stars,
And the green leaves on the tree,
If his wife didn't do a day's work in her life,
She should ne'er be ruled by he.

IF "IFS" AND "ANS"

If "ifs" and "ans"
Were pots and pans,
There'd be no need for tinkers

NIXIE, DIXIE, HICKORY BOW

Nixie, Dixie, hickory bow,
Thirteen Dutchmen in a row;
Two corporals hold a piece of twine.
To help the Dutchmen form a line.

LITTLE BO-PEEP

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone and they'll come home,
And carry their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamed she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they still all were fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them.

It happened one day, as Bo-peep did stray
Under a meadow hard by:
There she espied their tails side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

A RAINBOW

Purple, yellow, red, and green,
The King cannot reach it, nor the Queen;
Nor can old Noll, whose power's so great:
Tell me this riddle while I count eight.

A PLUM PUDDING

Flour of England, fruit of Spain,
Met together in a shower of rain;
Put in a bag tied round with a string:
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a ring.

GIDDY, GIDDY GANDER

Giddy, giddy gander,
Whither would you wander?
Upstairs—downstairs,
And in my lady's chamber.
One—two—three,
Out goes she (*or* he).

THE BABES IN THE WOOD

My dear, do you know
How, a long time ago,
Two poor little children,
Whose names I don't know,

Were stolen away
On a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood,
As I've heard people say?

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight,
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light!

They sobbed and they sigh'd,
And they bitterly cried,
And the poor little things
They laid down and died.

And when they were dead,
The robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves
And over them spread;

And all the day long
They sang them this song,
Poor babes in the wood!
Poor babes in the wood!
And don't you remember
The babes in the wood?

BYE, BABY BUNTING

I

Bye, baby bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting,
To fetch a little rabbit-skin
To wrap the baby bunting in.

II

Bye, baby bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting,
Mother's gone a-milking,
Sister's gone a-silking,
Brother's gone to buy a skin
To wrap the baby bunting in.

HUSH-A-BA, BABIE

Hush-a-ba, babie, lie still, lie still,
Your mammie's awa to the mill, the mill;
Babie is greeting for want of good keeping—
Hush-a-ba, babie, lie still, lie still!

ROCK-A-BYE, BABY

Rock-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman, Mother's a queen;
And Betty a lady, and wears a gold ring,
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the King.

GRISSELL'S LULLABY

Hush, hush, hush!
And I dance mine own child,
And I dance mine own child.
Hush, hush, hush!

Thomas Dekker.

LULLA, LULLA, LULLABY,

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby,

Lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Shakespeare.

ANNE BOTHWELL'S LULLABY

Baloo, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grives me sair to hear thee weep:
If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.
Baloo, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father bred me great annoy.
Baloo, my dear, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

. . . . . .

Baloo, my boy, weep not for me,
Whose greaatest grief's for wronging thee,
Nor pity her deserved smart,
Who can blame none but her fond heart:
For too soon trusting latest finds
With fairest tongues are falsest minds.
Baloo, my dear, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

A LITTLE COCK SPARROW

A little cock sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he chirruped, he chirruped, so merry was he;
A little cock sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he chirruped, he chirruped, so merry was he;

A naughty boy came with his wee bow and arrow,
Determined to shoot this little cock sparrow.

This little cock sparrow shall make me a stew,
And his giblets shall make me a little pie too!
Oh, no! said the sparrow, I *won't* make a stew,
So he flapped his wings and away he flew!

HUMPTY DUMPTY

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Cannot put Humpty Dumpty together again.

EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE

Cocks crow in the morn
To tell us to rise,
And he who lies late
Will never be wise;
For early to bed
And early to rise
Is the way to be healthy
And wealthy and wise.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn;
But where is the boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under a haycock, fast asleep.
Will you awake him? No, not I;
For if you do, he'll be sure to cry.

THE ROSE IS RED

The rose is red, the violet's blue;
Honey's sweet; so are you.

THIRTY DAYS HATH SEPTEMBER

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting Leap-year, that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

JACK AND JILL

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

FAIRY TALES

TOLD BY

LOVEY CHISHOLM

RED RIDING HOOD

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl. This little girl had neither brothers nor sisters, but lived alone with her father and mother. Her father was a woodman, and her mother looked after the house, and milked the cow, and made the butter and baked the cakes. The little girl liked to help her mother. Best of all she liked to search every morning in the hen-yard for new-laid eggs.

Their home was a pretty little cottage at the edge of a wood. Roses grew up its walls and peeped in at its windows.

At the other end of the wood was another pretty little cottage. It had a porch covered with honeysuckle. In it lived the little girl's grandmother.

The grandmother loved her little granddaughter very dearly, and gave her many pretty presents. The present the little girl liked best of all was a red cloak with a hood. She liked it so much that she always wore it, and so she was called Little Red Riding Hood. Nobody knows what she was called before her grandmother gave her that cloak.

One morning, immediately after breakfast, Little Red Riding Hood's mother said, "Put on your things, little one, and go to ask for grandmother. She has not been well. Take this basket over your arm. I have put in it the six eggs you found this morning, and a roll of fresh butter, and a newly baked cake. And, Red Riding Hood, do not run or you will break the eggs. But you must not loiter."

Red Riding Hood promised to remember all she had been told. She put on her cloak, kissed her mother, and, with the basket over her arm, set off.

It was a beautiful sunshiny morning. Fleecy white clouds hung from the bluest of blue skies. Red Riding Hood was so happy that at first she felt she must dance through the wood. But she quickly

remembered that she might break the eggs. So she walked carefully. Soon her steps grew slower and slower.

There were so many thing to listen to. There was the gurgle of the little brook that ran through the wood. There was the song of the birds and the hum of the bees. And in the the distance there was the sound of her father's axe, as it lopped the branches from the forest trees.

And there were so many things to watch. There were the leaping squirrels, and the scampering rabbits, and the flitting butterflies, and, far away, the curling blue smoke of her grandmother's cottage. And all around grew the wildflowers she loved so well. "I must stop to gather a bunch for grandmother," said the little girl to herself. "It is still early."

Little Red Riding Hood wandered from the path, and was stooping to pick a bluebell, when, behind her, a gruff voice said, "Good-morning, Little Red Riding Hood."

Red Riding Hood turned round and saw a great big wolf. But she did not know what a wicked animal a wolf could be, so she was not afraid. She said politely, "Good-morning, Mr. Wolf."

"What have you in that basket, Little Red Riding Hood?"

"Eggs and butter and cake, Mr. Wolf."

"Where are you going with them, Little Red Riding Hood?"

"I am taking them to my grandmother. She is ill, Mr. Wolf."

"Where does your grandmother live, Little Red Riding Hood?"

"Along that path past the wild roses, then through the gate at the end of the wood. I can see the smoke of her cottage, Mr. Wolf."

Then Mr. Wolf again said "Good-morning," and set off. And Little Red Riding Hood again answered "Good-morning," and went in search of wildflowers.

"Now," thought Mr. Wolf to himself, as he trotted gaily along, "that little girl will be a delicious morsel. It is a good plan to keep her till the end. I shall eat up the old grandmother first." So on he went, past the wild rose trees and through the gate. At last he reached the honeysuckle porch, and knocked at the door of the cottage.

"Who's there?" called out the grandmother.

"Little Red Riding Hood, with a basket of good things," said the wolf.

"Press the latch, open the door, and walk in, my dear," answered the grandmother.

The wolf pressed the latch, opened the door, and walked into the room where the grandmother lay in bed. He made one bound at her and goggled her up, all but her nightcap. Then he took the nightcap and put it on his own head. Next Mr. Wolf crept beneath the bed clothes.

Now, while this was going on, Little Red Riding Hood had gathered a nosegay, and was tripping carefully past the wild rose trees and through the gate at the end of the wood. She reached her grandmother's cottage just as the wolf had settled himself snugly beneath the clothes.

Little Red Riding Hood knocked at the door and walked in. She knew she should find her grandmother in bed, so she went straight into the bedroom, saying, "Good-morning, grandmother, I have brought you eggs and butter and a cake from mother. And here is a bunch of flowers I gathered in the wood. But oh! grandmother," she exclaimed, as she reached the bed, "what big ears you have."

"All the better to hear you with, my dear."

"But what big eyes you have, grandmother."

"All the better to see you with, my dear."

"But, grandmother, what a big nose you have."

"All the better to smell you with, my dear."

"But what big teeth you have, grandmother."

"All the better to eat you up with, my dear." And with these words the wolf sprang at Little Red Riding Hood. Of course he meant to gobble her up, as he had gobbled up her grandmother.

But just at that moment in rushed Little Red Riding Hood's father. He had his axe in his hand. With one blow he chopped off Mr. Wolfe's head.

Then Little Red Riding Hood's father carried his little girl home, safe and sound to her mother, and they all lived together happily ever afterwards.

BLUEBEARD

In a land far away, there once lived a rich nobleman. He was so rich that his silver, and his china, and his furniture, and his horses, and his carriages were grander than those of any one who knew him. Although this gentleman was so rich, he was not at all a favorite with ladies, and that was because he had a blue beard which made him odd and unpleasant to look at.

Now, one lady, who lived near, had two beautiful daughters, called Anne and Fatima, and Bluebeard wanted to marry one of them. He did not mind which. This he told to their mother, and she told her daughters. But each said she could never marry a man with a blue beard. "Besides," they added, "he has married several wives already, and they have all disappeared, no one knows where."

"But I cannot tell him that these are the reasons why you will not marry him," said the mother.

"Oh, tell him that I say 'No,' that he may marry Fatima, as she is the more beautiful," said Anne.

"And tell him that I say 'No,' that he may marry Anne, as she is the elder," said Fatima.

When Bluebeard heard that neither of these ladies would marry him, he did not despair, for he had a plan by which he hoped still to win one of them. It was this. He sent an invitation to their mother to visit him at one of his country houses, and hoped she would bring her daughters with her.

Anne and Fatima were very pleased to go, for they knew they would enjoy all the amusements, and beautiful sights, and grand things at Bluebeard's house. But neither dreamed that one of them would be any more willing to marry him. Yet it was so, for before the visit was over, Fatima promised to become his wife. She said to Anne that, after all, his beard was not so very blue.

Soon after their return home, Bluebeard and Fatima were quietly married.

About a month later Bluebeard told his wife that he had to leave home, for six weeks, on business. "But I want you to enjoy yourself as much as you can," he said. "Invite your friends, and order for their amusement whatever you like. Here are my keys. This opens the store-room, this the large box of gold and silver plate, this my money box, and this my diamonds and jewels." Then, very solemnly he added, "But with this little key you have nothing to do. It unlocks the door of the room at the end of the passage on the ground floor. That room I forbid you to enter. If you enter it, a terrible punishment awaits you."

Fatima thanked her husband for all his kindness, and gladly promised to make no use of the little key. Then Bluebeard rode off.

It was with great delight that Fatima invited her friends and neighbours to visit her. None of them had come to her wedding, nor to see her since, because of their terror of Bluebeard. But, now that he was not there, Fatima's friends flocked to her. They were curious to see everything, and the wonders that were unlocked by the keys astonished them all. What gold and silver plate, what diamonds, what jewels! They had never seen sush a dazzling sight. Through the large house they roamed, admiring the furniture, and the velvet carpets, and the beautiful curtains and cushions. And they thought that, after all, Fatima was a very lucky woman.

But each day since her husband left, Fatmia had grown more and more curious to see the room that she was forbidden to enter. The more she thought about it, the more curious she became, until one day she suddenly left the guests in the drawing-room, ran downstairs, each step quicker than the last, flew along the passage on the ground floor, and reached the door of the forbidden room. She was all in a flutter, and her hand trembled so that she could hardly fit the key in the lock. At last she succeeded, turned it, and the door flew

open. All the blinds in the room were down, and, at first, Fatima saw nothing in the dim light. But gradually her eyes became used to it, and what did she then see? The floor covered with blood, and, lying there, the heads of several women. Fatima knew now what had become of Bluebeard's former wives. She felt so faint that she dropped the little key, and it was some time before she was well enough to pick it up again. Then, having carefully locked the door, she went to her own room to recover, before joining her guests. When she reached it, she was horrified to find that the little key was smeared with blood. She wiped it with her handkerchief, but the stain was still there. She fetched sandstone, and rubbed it hard, but as soon as the blood vanished from one side of the key, it appeared on the other. It was a magic key.

Early that same evening Bluebeard returned. He explained that he had heard on the way that the business he was going on had been settled. His wife pretended to be delighted at his early return.

The next morning Bluebeard asked Fatima for the keys. She at once gave them to him, but he noticed that her hand trembled. That made him guess the truth, and when he looked at the bunch of keys, and saw that the little one was missing, he knew he had guessed right.

"Why is the little key not here with the others?" he asked.

"Oh, is it not there?" said his wife. "I must have left it on my dressing table."

"Bring it the next time you are upstairs," said Bluebeard. But Fatima dared not give him the key.

Later in the day they were in their bedroom together. "Now, give me the little key," said Bluebeard. His wife pretended to look here, there, and everywhere for it, and at last handed it to him.

Bluebeard looked at the key, and then asked, "How comes it to be stained with blood?"

"I do not know," answered his terrified wife.

"You do not know, do you not madam? But I do, I know," Bluebeard told her sternly. "You have been in the forbidden room, and your punishment shall be to take your place among the ladies you saw there." His poor wife fell on her knees, begged him to forgive her, promised never to disobey again, and pleaded that it was her first offense. But it was of no use. Bluebeard listened to her with a hard heart. Beautiful though she looked, and sorry though she was, he told her she should die that very moment.

"Oh, if I must die, give me but a short time to say my prayers," begged Fatima.

"A quarter of an hour, but not one second longer," replied Bluebeard, leaving her.

Then Fatima called out, "Anne, sister Anne, run to the top of the

tower and see if my brothers are in sight. They promised to see me to-day. Make signs to them to gallop quickly. Quick, dear sister, or I shall die."

Anne ran as fast as she could to the top of the tower, and gazed along the dusty road that ran by the shore of the deep blue sea.

"Anne, sister Anne, do you see any one coming?" called Fatima.

"I see nothing," said Anne, shading her eyes with her white hand, "but the sun which makes a dust, and the grass which looks green."

The quarter of an hour was up, and Bluebeard, with a sword in his hand, called out, "Come at once, or I shall fetch you."

"Just one moment," answered his wife, and then she called softly to the tower, "Anne, sister Anne, do you see any one coming?"

"Alas," said Anne, "I see nothing but the sun which makes a dust, and the grass which looks green."

"Come down at once," shouted Bluebeard.

"I am coming," answered his wife, and again she called out in a low voice, "Anne, sister Anne do you see any one coming?"

"I see a large cloud of dust a little to the right."

"Do you think it is my brothers?"

"Alas, no, dear sister, it is only a flock of sheep."

"Are you coming down, madam?" roared Bluebeard.

"Yes," answered his wife, and then for the last time she called to the tower, "Anne, sister Anne, do you see any one coming?' '

"I see two men on horseback, but still a great way off."

"They are our brothers. Beckon to them to make haste."

Then Bluebeard called out so loudly that his voice shook the house. His poor wife went down to him, and, kneeling, begged to be saved.

"It is of no use to plead with me, madam," said Bluebeard, and, seizing her by the hair with one hand, he raised the other above her head. It held a drawn sword.

"Let me first say my prayers."

"No, you shall not live another moment," and Bluebeard steadied his sword to strike off her head. But a loud knocking at the gates made him pause, and the next moment two soldiers had rushed in with drawn swords. Bluebeard knew they were his wife's brothers, and tried to escape, but the brothers chased, caught, and killed him.

For some time poor Fatima was too ill to thank her brothers for saving her life. But when she did, she was able to give them each a large sum of money, for, as Bluebeard had no children, his wife was very rich. Besides her gifts to her brothers, she gave a fortune to Anne, and another fortune to a brave soldier, whom she afterwards married. This husband was so kind to her that, in time, he made her forget the cruelty of Bluebeard. And Fatima lived a long, happy, and useful life, beloved by all who knew her.

ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES

In a far off land, long, long ago, lived two brothers, called Cassim and Ali Baba.

Cassim married a rich wife, and became a merchant. Ali Baba married a woman as poor as himself, and was a woodcutter.

There was a forest close by the town in which the brothers lived, and it was in this forest that Ali Baba hewed wood. On the backs of his asses he carried it to the town, and sold it there.

One day, when Ali Baba was at work, he saw in the distance many men on horseback coming towards him. Thinking they might be robbers, he climbed a tree, that he might watch the horsemen, and yet not be seen by them. This tree stood close to a high rock.

In front of the rock the men dismounted. Ali Baba counted forty of them, and felt sure that they were thieves. One, who seemed the captain, faced the high rock and said clearly the words, "Open Sesame." Immediately a door opened in the rock and the forty men entered, the captain going in last and the door closing behind him. Ali Baba sat patiently in the tree, and, after what seemed to him a very long time, the door opened again and the robbers came out. "Shut, Sesame," said the captain, and the door closed. Then they all rode off.

When Ali Baba was left alone, he climbed down from his hiding-place. "I wonder," he said to himself, "what would happen if I spoke the magic words," and, standing in front of the rock, he cried, "Open, Sesame." Immediately the door flew wide open. Ali Baba went in. Such treasures he had never seen as were piled up in this robber's storeroom. Bundles and bundles of silks, packets and packets of food, and bags and bags of silver and gold, reached from the floor to the roof of the cave. Ali Baba lifted out as many bags of gold as his asses would carry. Then, covering them with branches and calling out, "Shut, Sesame," to the obedient door, he started for town.

When Ali Baba reached home, he unloaded the asses in the garden, carried the bags of gold to his wife, and emptied them at her feet. Then he told her the story of his adventure.

"Let us count the gold pieces, let us count them," said his wife eagerly.

"Nay," said Ali Baba, "that would be too long a business, let us hide them as quickly as possible."

"Where?" asked his wife.

"In the garden," said Ali Baba.

"Very well you go and dig the hole, and I'll measure the gold meantime," she said.

As soon as Ali Baba had gone to the garden, his wife ran to the

house of her husband's brother, Cassim. He was not at home, but she saw his wife, and asked her to lend them a small measure.

"I wonder what they want it for?" thought Cassim's wife, and she rubbed the bottom of the measure with grease, before handing it to the wife of Ali Baba. This was in the hope that a little of what was put into the measure would stick to the grease.

Ali Baba's wife ran home quickly, and filled the measure with gold over and over again. Then, while Ali Baba took the bright pile to bury in the garden, his wife returned the measure to Cassim's wife. She did not notice, though, that one piece of gold had stuck to the bottom.

When Cassim came home that night, his wife rushed to him, saying, "You think you are rich, but, I tell you, your brother, Ali Baba, is richer far. You count your money, but he measures his." She then told her husband of her discovery.

That night Cassim could not sleep, and early next morning he went to his brother's house. "You make out that you are poor," he said to him; "how is it, then, pray, that you measure your gold? My wife found this at the bottom of the measure you borrowed. How many more pieces have you?"

Ali Baba, seeing that his secret was so far discovered, told his brother the story of the forty thieves, and ended by saying that they should divide the gold between them.

"That is not enough," said Cassim. "I must know where this cave is, and I must know the magic words by which I can enter it and help myself. Otherwise you, a poor woodcutter, would soon grow richer than I, the merchant. Direct me to the cave immediately, or I shall tell your secret, and your gold will be taken from you, and you will be watched, so that you may not enter the cave alone."

Then Ali Baba told Cassim the magic words by which he could enter and leave the cave, as well as all else that he wished to know.

Cassim had never loved Ali Baba, nor was he even just to him. And now he made up his mind to go at once to the cave and carry off the best of the treasures he could find there. So he loaded his mules with empty hampers, and set out for the forest. When he reached it, there was no difficulty in finding the rock that Ali Baba had told him of. "Open, Sesame," he said, and a door opened to let him enter. Then it closed behind him.

Cassim was overcome by the sight of so much gold and so many treasures. Having piled up, close to the door, those things he wished most to possess, he said, "Open," and then stopped. Terrible thought! He had forgotten the magic word. Try as he would, he could not remember it. "Open, open," he cried, but the door remained shut.

What was he to do? Would the robbers come and find him there?

If they did, would they kill him? Cassim grew more and more frightened as night drew near.

At midnight the door of the cave flew open, and the thieves rushed in with drawn swords. They had seen the mules laden with empty hampers standing without, and were prepared to find their owner in the cave.

"He must die," said the captain, as Cassim sprang at them to fight for his life. So they killed him, and cut him in two. Then they hung his divided body inside the door, one-half on either side, as a warning to those who would dare to enter the cave.

Meantime Cassim's wife had become anxious. She went to Ali Baba, and told him that her husband had not returned since sunrise.

"You need not worry," said Ali Baba, "he may be very late."

Then Cassim's wife went home, but at dawn she came again to Ali Baba's house.

"My husband has not yet come," she said.

Then Ali Baba took his asses and went to the forest. When he came to the rock, he said, "Open Sesame," and the door flew open. Ali Baba stepped in. What was his horror to see his dead brother's halved body hanging on either side of the door. All he could was to wrap the pieces in a cloth and load one of his asses with the sad bundles, which he covered with green branches. His other asses he loaded with bags of gold, and these also he covered with boughs from the forest. Then he started for home, and when he got there, he led the asses laden with gold to his own yard, and drove the other to his brother's home.

The sad news had to be told to Cassim's wife. She agreed with Ali Baba that no one must know how her husband had been killed. They therefore pretended that Cassim was very ill, and the next day they said he was still worse, so that, when evening came, it surprised nobody to hear that he was dead, and no one guessed that he had not been alive for two days.

The difficulty now was to bury Cassim without its being known that he had been cruelly killed. For in that country, friends gathered round the dead body before burial.

Now Ali Baba had a clever slave girl called Morgiana, and because she was so clever, her master told her the secret and asked her help.

"I will go to Mustapha the cobbler," said Morgiana, "and he shall bring his sewing-tackle and sew the body together."

So Morgiana went to the old man and told him what she wanted, and gave him gold. Then she blindfolded him and led him to Cassim's house. There he sewed the body together, and was afterwards blindfolded again, and led back to his shop.

Ali Baba and the widow were then more at ease. They trusted Morgiana thoroughly, and as Mustapha had been blindfolded, they thought he could not possibly know to whose house his strange visit had been paid.

So well had the old cobbler done his work, that when Cassim's friends gathered round his body, they did not see any signs of cruelty, and thought he had died of an illness. So Cassim was buried, and only his wife, his brother, and the slave knew of his terrible death.

Meantime the robbers had again gone to the cave. When they saw that the body had been removed from the inside of the door, they knew that it had not been Cassim only who had found out their secret. They saw that some one else must know how to enter the cave. Then the band of robbers agreed that they must find this man out. One of them said that he would disguise himself and live in the town till he succeeded in finding their enemy. "So sure of finding him am I that you may take my life if I fail," he said.

Now, strange to say, the first person with whom this disguised robber talked when he reached the town was Mustapha, the cobbler. The old man was, of course, full of his late adventure, and told it to the stranger.

"Indeed," said the robber, "that was a wonderful piece of work. I can hardly believe it. If I were to give you two pieces of gold, do you think, blindfolded, you could again find the house?"

Tempted by the gold, Mustapha said he would try. He went with the stranger, and when a little way from home said. "Here did the woman blindfold me."

"Then here let me blindfold you once more," said the robber, and they went on their way together.

"Here I turned," said Mustapha. Then, in a little while, "And here I turned again"; and, at last, "This is the house that I entered."

The robber quickly chalked a cross on the door, that he might know it again, gave the cobbler his two pieces of gold, and returned to the forest, where he told his tale.

The captain at once ordered the whole band to disguise themselves, and enter the town in twos and threes. He himself went with the spy who had made the discovery. "Here is the house," he was told, after they had wandered through many streets. It was true there was a cross chalked on the house the spy pointed to, but the captain noticed that several doors on each side of this house were chalked in the same way. This was the work of the clever slave girl, for, when Morgiana noticed the chalkmark on her master's door, she thought it might mean mischief. She therefore made crosses on the other doors in the street, and so puzzled the robbers. They returned baffled to the forest, and took the life of the spy who had failed to help them.

Then a second spy was sent to the town. He found Mustapha, and was led by him to Cassim's house, where he marked the door, using red chalk, and making the cross in a corner where it might escape notice. But Morgiana was now on the lookout, and she quickly discovered the red mark, and made others exactly the same on all the doors of that street. So again the robbers were baffled, and again the spy was put to death.

Then the captain said he would try a plan of his own. So he sent his men to town to buy nineteen mules, and double that number of leather jars, which is thirty-eight. They were told to have only one jar filled with oil, and to bring the others home empty. While they were away, the captain, with the help of Mustapha, found Ali Baba's house, and took such a good look at it that he felt sure he would know it again. Then he disguised himself as an oil merchant, put a robber into each leather jar, and led the nineteen mules, which bore these strange burdens, out of the forest towards the city.

It was dusk when the travellers reached Ali Baba's house, and found him sitting at his door. "Can you give me lodging for the night, as I have travelled far to-day?" asked the captain.

"Gladly will I do that, and there is abundant room for your mules in the courtyard," said Ali Baba; and he ordered the animals to be unloaded and fed. Then he told Morgiana to prepare a good supper for the stranger.

While supper was being prepared, the old-merchant said he would look at his mules, and went to the courtyard. There he went from one jar to another, telling the men to keep quiet until they heard stones thrown into the yard. At that sign they were to rip open the leather jars with their sharp knives, and hasten to attack the master of the house. Then the oil-merchant left them, and returned to Ali Baba.

Now, late in the evening, Morgiana found that she was short of oil, and thought that it would do no harm to help herself from one of the oil-merchant's jars. So she went to the courtyard, and had just reached the first jar when she heard a voice say, "Is it time?"

"Not yet," she managed to whisper, although she shook from top to toe. And she went from one jar to another, saying quickly, "It is not time yet, it is not time yet," until she came to the jar of oil. She helped herself to as much as would fill a big kettle, and went back into the house to boil it. Then she took the kettle to the yard, and poured into each jar enough burning oil to kill the robber inside.

No sooner had Morgiana finished her task and gone indoors, than she heard stones being thrown into the courtyard from the captain's window. All was still for a few moments, and then steps crossed the yard. It was the captain. When he discovered what had happened he made his escape as quickly as possible.

The next morning Morgiana led her master to the yard, told him the story of the night before, and showed him the scalded men. So grateful was Ali Baba to Morgiana for his safety, that he said she should no longer be his slave, but his friend, and at once he set her free. He then buried the dead robbers in a ditch in the garden.

Meantime the captain robber sat in the cave planning his revenge.

Now a son of Ali Baba had a shop in a street not far from his father's house. To open another shop, exactly opposite, and make friends with his enemy's son, was the robber's plot. It succeeded so well that before long Ali Baba's son brought the stranger to his father's house. Little did the son guess that arms were hidden beneath his friend's cloak. But Morgiana, who recognized the oil-merchant, knew that he had come to take her master's life. Quick as thought she asked Ali Baba to let her dance to amuse his guest. And Ali Baba gave her leave. So she danced and she danced, and with such grace that the onlookers clapped their hands with delight. More and more quickly did she whirl around, till suddenly she stopped short in front of the robber, drew a short dagger from her belt, and plunged it into his heart.

Ali Baba was horrified, but, when Morgiana showed him the arms concealed beneath the robber's cloak, he thanked her for again saving his life. Then he told her that his son wanted to marry her, and so soon she would be his dear daughter.

And the next day Morgiana was married. Ali Baba gave her many treasures from the robbers' cave, and to his son he told the magic words by which he could enter it at will. And this secret Ali Baba's son told long afterwards to his children, and they told it to theirs, and so the family of Ali Baba kept the treasures of the cave for ever.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

Once upon a time, there lived a King and Queen who longed and they hoped and they hoped, and at last their little treasure came. for a little baby-girl of their own. They waited and they waited, She was a dainty little daughter, and her father and mother, to show their joy, gave a christening feast, and seven good fairies were asked to it. They were to be the baby's godmothers.

Now, just as they were all sitting down to the feast, in limped an old fairy who had not been invited, because no one had heard anything of her for fifty years. The King, who had ordered a gold plate for each of the seven fairies that he expected, had none for the old fairy, and so a china plate was set before her. This seemed to make her very angry, and she muttered crossly to herself.

As the youngest of the seven good fairies listened to her muttering,

she thought, "This old crone will give Baby a present that will do her harm. I shall wait to give my present until after she has given hers, and perhaps mine may undo the harm." Then this good fairy hid behind the curtain.

The six godmothers each gave the baby-girl a present.

The first said, "You shall have a beautiful face."

The second said, "You shall think beautiful thoughts."

The third said, "You shall do kind deeds."

The fourth said, "You shall dance like a fairy."

The fifth said, "You shall sing like a nightingale."

The sixth said, "You shall play the harp."

Then up got the old fairy, and in a spiteful voice said, "When you are fifteen years old you shall learn to spin, and you shall prick your finger with the spindle, and die."

When the guests heard this they all cried aloud, and the King and Queen cried loudest of all.

But out stepped the good fairy from behind the curtain, and said, "Weep not, O King and Queen. It is true that your daughter shall spin, it is true that she shall prick her finger, it is true that she shall fall asleep. But the sleep will not be the sleep of death. In a hundred years the son of a King shall find her, wake her, and marry her." Then all the fairies vanished.

Now the King made up his mind that his little daughter should, if possible, escape this hundred years' sleep. So he made a law that any one having a spinning-wheel in her house should be put to death, and soon it was believed that there was none left in all the land.

When the Princess was fifteen years old, all the gifts that the six good fairies had promised were hers. She had a beautiful face, and she thought beautiful thoughts, and she did kind deeds. She danced like a fairy, and she sang like a nightingale, and she played upon the harp.

It was at this age that her parents took her with them to visit one of their castles. One day while wandering through it, the girl came to a tower, and there in a little room at the top she found an old woman sitting at her spinning-wheel. The old woman was so deaf that she had never heard the King's order.

"What are you doing, good dame," asked the Princess.

"Spinning, my pretty child," said the old woman.

"Oh, how pretty, how wonderful! Let me try," said the Princess, seizing the spindle. But she no sooner had it in her hand than she pricked her finger, and, fainting, fell on the floor. The old woman shrieked, and the King and Queen rushed to the tower. The moment they saw their daughter, they understood that all had happened as had been foretold. The eyes of the Princess were closed in the sleep from which she should not wake for a hundred years.

While the King and Queen were still gazing at their sleeping beauty, the youngest fairy godmother drove up to the castle in a chariot of fire drawn by dragons. The King helped her to alight and led her to the turret. When this kind, thoughtful fairy saw that the Princess was in the sleep from which she should not awake for a hundred years, she went from room to room of the castle touching with her magic wand all the lords and ladies and men and maids. She went to the stables and touched the grooms and the horses, and she went to the garden and touched the gardeners, and they too all fell asleep for a hundred years.

But the King and Queen she did not touch. They left the palace grieving to part with their child, but rejoicing to leave her in a sweet and peaceful sleep, and not in the sleep of death. Before they left, the King gave orders that nobody was to approach the castle. But there was no need of the command, for in a quarter of an hour a dense forest sprang up, so thick and prickly that no one could venture through it. Above this forest could be seen only the turret, where the Sleeping Beauty lay.

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A hundred years passed, and the story of the Princess was forgotten.

One day the son of the King who now reigned was a-hunting. Coming to the thick, prickly wood, and seeing the turret, the Prince asked to whom it belonged. No one knew, but an old peasant said, "I once heard my grandfather tell that in that turret is a beautiful Princess who is doomed to sleep there, until she is awakened by the Prince who will marry her."

This news excited the Prince, who leaped from his horse, and determined to force his way through the wood. But there was no need of force. The branches parted and made a path for him of their own accord, and he soon reached the garden of the castle.

Here a strange sight met his eyes. The gardeners were all asleep. One seemed to have fallen asleep while mowing, another while weeding, and another while planting. The Prince passed to the stables. Here the stablemen seemed to have fallen asleep in the very act of rubbing down the horses. Next he entered the castle. There, in the kitchen, the cook had fallen asleep while basting the roast. Upstairs the ladies, asleep, were stooping over their needlework. One lord had been reading, another smoking, and others playing chess, but all seemed to have fallen suddenly asleep. Dogs and pussy-cats, too, lay around asleep on the rugs.

At last the Prince mounted to the turret-chamber, and there he stood spell-bound. On an old rose-colored couch lay the Sleeping Beauty, as

fresh as the new-blown roses that decked her golden hair. The Prince came nearer, bent over, and kissed her. Then she awoke, and cried, "My Prince, my Prince, I have waited for you a hundred years." And everyone within and without the castle awoke, and there was great rejoicing.

The Prince then led the Princess through the enchanted forest, which, after they had passed, entirely disappeared. Very soon they were married, and the Princess often told her husband of the dreams she had dreamed, during the hundred long years she had passed as the Sleeping Beauty.

SNOWDROP AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

One winter day, long ago, a Queen sat by the window, sewing. Every now and again she lifted her eyes to gaze upon the fast-falling snow. Suddenly she pricked her finger, and three drops of blood fell. "Oh!" sighed the Queen, "how I wish I could have a little daughter as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as this ebony frame."

Soon afterwards the Queen did have a baby-girl, and her skin was as white as snow, her cheeks as rosy as the drops of blood, and her hair as black as ebony. The Queen called her little girl Snowdrop. But sad to say, Snowdrop's mother died, and a year later the King brought home another Queen.

This new Queen was very beautiful, and could not bear to think that any one else was as beautiful. She had a magic mirror that answered her questions, and often she asked—

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Am I most beautiful of all?"

And the mirror always answered—

"Thou, Queen, are fairest of beauties all."

One day, when Snowdrop was seven years old, and the Queen asked her mirror the usual question, it replied—

"Though fair and lovely is the Queen,
Snowdrop's lovelier far, I ween."

Then the Queen was very angry indeed, and each day she grew angrier and angrier, till at last she told one of her huntsmen to lead Snowdrop far into the heart of a wild wood, and kill her. So the huntsman led her to the wood, and when they were where no

one could hear or see them, he took out his knife to kill the little girl. But Snowdrop begged him to save her, and when she promised to go further into the wood, and never again return home, the man let her run away.

All day little Snowdrop journeyed on, over sharp stones, through prickly bushes, and often hearing the roar of wild beasts around her. Then she climbed hill after hill, and by evening she was thoroughly tired out. It was with joy she saw a little cottage and went in to rest.

Everything in this cottage was wonderfully tidy. On a table was spread a clean white cloth, and on the cloth were seven little plates, and on each plate was a little loaf. There were also seven little knives and forks, and seven little wine-glasses filled with wine. Then along the wall were seven neat little beds, with snow-white counterpanes.

Snowdrop was hungry as well as tired, so she ate a little piece off each loaf, and drank a little out of each wine-glass. Then she lay down in one of the beds. But she was not comfortable in it, so she tried another and another, and it was not until she reached the seventh bed that she said her prayers and settled down to sleep.

When it was quite dark the masters of the cottage came home. They were seven dwarfs, who lived among the mountains, digging and searching for gold. The dwarfs lighted their seven candles, and at once saw that some one had been in the cottage since they left it.

"Who has been sitting on my stool?" said the first.

"Who has eaten off my plate?" said the second.

"Who has been picking my loaf?" said the third.

"Who has been meddling with my spoon?" said the fourth.

"Who has been fiddling with my fork?" said the fifth.

"Who has been cutting with my knife?" said the sixth.

"Who has been drinking my wine?" said the seventh.

Then the first little dwarf noticed a hollow in his bed, and called out, "Who has been sleeping in my bed?" "And who has been sleeping in mine," "and mine," "and mine," "and mine," "and mine," called out the other little dwarfs. But the seventh little dwarf cried, "Look, look," for he saw Snowdrop sound asleep in his little bed.

The seven little dwarfs then held their seven little candles that they might throw their light on the little girl. "Oh! what a lovely child," they all cried in a breath. Then they went about on tiptoe, saying nothing but "hush," in case they should wake her. And when bedtime came the seventh dwarf did not disturb Snowdrop, but slept an hour with each of the other little dwarfs till the night had passed.

When morning came Snowdrop woke, and was startled and

frightened to see the seven little men. But they spoke kindly to her, and asked her name.

"Snowdrop," she said.

"But how did you find your way here, Snowdrop?" they asked.

Snowdrop then told them of her jealous step-mother, who wanted to kill her, and of the huntsman who spared her life, and of her wanderings through the wood till she reached their cottage.

Then the dwarfs pitied the pretty little girl, and told her that if she would cook, and wash, and mend for them, and keep their little house tidy, she might live with them and they would take care of her. And Snowdrop agreed gladly.

The dwarfs had to be out at work all day. Before they went they warned Snowdrop to let no one come into the cottage, "because," said they, "your step-mother is sure to try to find you, and harm you."

But the Queen felt quite certain that Snowdrop was dead, and quite happy to think that she was now the most beautiful person alive. One day she thought she would like to hear this from her magic mirror, so she asked—

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Am I most beautiful of all?"

It almost took the Queen's breath away to hear the mirror's answer—

"Thou art the fairest here, O Queen,
But Snowdrop over the hills, I ween,
In the little house where the seven dwarfs are,
Is good and younger and fairer far."

Then the Queen made up her mind to find Snowdrop and kill her. But how was she to manage? She wondered and wondered, and at last settled to go as a poor beggar-woman selling wares. She knew Snowdrop had a kind heart and was sorry for the poor.

After dressing in old clothes and painting her face, the wicked Queen went through the wood, and over the hills, and arrived at the cottage. Then she called out—"Wares to sell. White laces, blue laces, bobbins, and silk. Who will buy my wares?"

Little Snowdrop put her head out of the window, and thought to herself, "It can do no harm to let this poor woman come in." So she unfastened the door and bought some blue laces.

"Let me lace your dress with one of them," said the woman. Snowdrop said she might, but the cruel step-mother pulled the laces so tight that Snowdrop could not breathe, and fell on the floor as if dead.

"Now I'm the fairest in the land," said the Queen with a loud, ugly laugh, and off she went.

When the seven dwarfs came home that night, how alarmed they were to find poor Snowdrop lying seemingly lifeless on the floor! They lifted her up, and when they saw how tightly the lace was drawn, they cut it. Very soon Snowdrop began to breathe, and gradually came back to life. When the dwarfs heard what had happened they said, "The beggar-woman must have been the Queen herself," and again they warned Snowdrop to let no one come into the cottage.

As soon as the wicked step-mother reached home, she went straight to her magic mirror, and again it said—

"Thou art the fairest here, O Queen,
But Snowdrop over the hills, I ween,
In the little house where the seven dwarfs are,
Is good and younger and fairer far."

When the Queen found that Snowdrop was still alive, she flew into a terrible passion, and said, "I'll make sure this time." Then she dressed as a quite different beggar-woman, and painted herself in another way, and put among her wares a poisoned comb.

Again the wicked step-mother reached the dwarfs' cottage, and called out, "Wares to sell. Wares to sell."

"I dare not let you come in," called Snowdrop from the window.

"But look at my beautiful combs," said the woman. And the combs did look so beautiful that Snowdrop opened the door, and let the woman put one in her hair. It was the poisoned one, and immediately Snowdrop fell to the ground.

"I've done it this time," muttered the old woman and off she went.

Fortunately the dwarfs came home early that evening, and when they saw Snowdrop again lying as if dead on the floor, they knew the Queen had been there. They quickly found the comb, and as soon as they had drawn it from Snowdrop's hair she was herself again, and told them what had happened. Once more the dwarfs warned her that she must on no account let any one come into the cottage.

On reaching home the wicked step-mother again went straight to her mirror, and once more it said—

"Thou art the fairest here, O Queen,
But Snowdrop over the hills, I ween,
In the little house where the seven dwarfs are,
Is good and younger and fairer far."

Then the Queen danced with rage. "Snowdrop shall die, even if it costs me my life," she said. This time the wicked woman dressed herself as a peasant, and having painted her face, set out for the dwarfs' cottage, with a basket of apples over her arm. There was one apple that had one rosy and one white cheek. Into the rosy cheek of this apple the Queen had put deadly poison. When she reached the cottage she knocked.

"I cannot open the door to anybody," said Snowdrop from within. "The seven dwarfs have forbidden me."

"I only wanted to offer you an apple," said the woman in a coaxing voice.

"I dare not take it," said Snowdrop.

"Are you afraid of being poisoned," said the peasant, cutting an apple, "Look, I am eating one-half. Won't you have the other?"

Snowdrop opened the door. The rosy cheek of the apple looked very tempting. She put out her hand and took it, but had hardly tasted it, when she fell to the ground.

Then the Queen laughed a harsh laugh, and cried aloud, "Oh thou who are as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as ebony, the seven dwarfs cannot wake thee this time." And when she reached home and asked—

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Am I most beautiful of all?"

the mirror replied—

"Thou Queen art the fairest of beauties all."

Then at last the jealous Queen was contented.

When the dwarfs came home that evening, there was Snowdrop lying quite still on the floor. They cut her laces, they searched to see if there were poison about her, they combed her hair, and they washed her face with wine and water, but she never moved. Then the seven dwarfs said, "She is dead. Our Snowdrop is dead." And for three days and three nights the sad little men stood silently round her body. When they spoke it was only to repeat with a sigh, "She is dead. Our Snowdrop is dead."

At the end of three days the dwarfs thought they must bury her. But they could not make up their minds to put her beautiful rosy cheeks beneath the cold earth. So they made a coffin of glass that they might still see her, aind they wrote on the coffin in letters of gold that Snowdrop was the daughter of a King. Then the seven dwarfs carried the coffin to the top of a hill, and sat by it in turn to guard it. And the wild animals, and the birds and the butterflies

mourned, and the wild flowers drooped, and a big rain-cloud wept, all because little Snowdrop lay there so still.

Long, long years had little Snowdrop lain in her glass coffin unchanged, when a King's son, having wandered through the forest, climbed the hill nearest the dwarfs' cottage. There on the top, he saw the glass coffin, and in it the beautiful Snowdrop.

"Let me have the coffin and I will give you for it whatever you ask," said the Prince to the dwarfs.

But they answered, "Nay, we could not part with it for all the gold in the world."

"Pray, give her to me, I cannot live without seeing Snowdrop, even though she be dead," begged the Prince.

At last the kind-hearted dwarfs took pity on the King's son and gave him the coffin. The Prince's servants carried it down the hill, but when they reached the wood one of them stumbled over a bush. This shook Snowdrop so much that the poisoned apple fell out of her mouth, and she sat up.

"Where am I?" she asked, bewildered.

"With me," answered the Prince, "and I love you so dearly that I want you to be my wife." Snowdrop gladly said she would marry the Prince. Then he left her in charge of the dwarfs, and asked them to bring her to his father's castle, while he rode on in front to have everything ready.

Snowdrop and the seven dwarfs set out on their journey at midnight, under the silver moon and the twinkling stars, and by dawn they were beyond the mountain and out of the wood, and in the morning the Prince met them.

Then Snowdrop thanked the seven little dwarfs, and they said good-bye to her and went home. They missed the little girl sadly, for she had brightened their lives by her merry ways. But they knew she would be safer from her cruel stepmother with the Prince than with them.

The King made a grand wedding-feast for the Prince and Snowdrop. The wicked step-mother was among those invited to it. She dressed herself finely and stood before the magic mirror.

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Am I most beautiful of all?"

she asked.

And the mirror answered—

"Here, lady Queen, thou'rt the brightest star,
But the new-crowned Queen is fairer far."

could be fairer than she, that she changed her mind. When she The Queen was angrier than ever. At first she thought she would not go to the wedding, but she felt so curious to see who came to the castle and found that the new-crowed Queen was Snowdrop, she turned purple with rage. She became very ill, was taken home, and died soon afterwards.

The Prince and Snowdrop lived for many happy years. The seven dwarfs often came to see them, and each time were very sorrowful when they had to say good-bye to their dear Snowdrop.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD

A LONG, long time ago, there lived in an old castle in the country a knight and his lady. They had everything to make them glad, but most precious of all their treasures were their little children. One was a five-year-old boy, called Humphrey. The other was a little girl of four. She was called Rosie.

Humphrey and Rosie were the fairest, plumpest, happiest little people that ever lived. They danced in the golden sunshine, just because it was so good to be alive. They watched the lark, from its nest in the grass, soar up, up, till it was lost in the blue sky, and then they burst into a song as glad as the little brown bird's, just because they were so full of joy that it bubbled over. They gathered the wild flowers that grew along the hedges, they peeped into the nests so skilfully hidden among the sprouting green. They chased the butterflies far into the wood near their home, till, tired out, they would rest on the mossy ground and listen to the hum and the buzz of the insect life around. No, two happier children had never lived.

But one morning Humphrey and Rosie awoke to find their whole world sad, for their father and mother were both very ill. And the next day they were worse, and the next day worse still.

Then the knight said to his lady, "I fear we shall die. Who will take care of our babes?"

And the lady answered, "Let us ask your brother to be a father to them."

So the knight sent for his brother, and said, "Alas, our dear children will soon be orphans. I pray you, be a father to them."

And the brother replied, "Be at ease, I shall do for them all that I can."

Then the knight and his lady trusted that their little ones would be well cared for. And very soon afterwards they died, and the children's uncle came to live at the castle.

For a little while Humphrey and Rosie were kindly treated, but

soon their uncle began to wish that there were no such children. And this was why:—

The knight had been a very rich man and had left all his riches to his little boy and girl. The castle, and everything in it, was theirs. But if they were to die, then all would belong to their uncle. This thought was often in his mind, and he used to say to himself, "If only those children were dead." And this thought grew and grew till it grew into a worse thought still. It was, "I might kill the children, and then the castle and everything in it would be mine." And after this worse thought had taken root in the uncle's mind, it grew stronger and stronger, until he said, "It shall be done. They shall be killed."

Then he sent for two men who lived in the village. "Look at this," he said to them, as he poured gold into two sacks that lay on the floor of his room. "Here is a sack of gold for each of you, if you do my bidding. Take the two children far into the wood and kill them."

The men looked at each other. They were tempted by the gold, but shrank from the task which would make it theirs. At last they said, "We will do your bidding. Give us the gold."

The next day as the children were playing in the garden, two men entered and asked them to go for a ride. Humphrey and Rosie danced for joy at the prospect, and when they rode off each on the front of a saddle, they screamed with delight. Faster and faster galloped the horses, and merrier and merrier grew the children, until they reached a thick part of the wood. There the men dismounted and lifted the little ones from the saddle.

Now one of these rogues was not so hard-hearted as the other. "Look here," he said, "we're not going to do it. We can't."

"What!" said the other, "we were paid for it, and we must."

"I shan't."

"Then I shall."

"No, you shan't. I tell you you shan't touch them."

"But I tell you I will."

The two grew more and more angry, and at last began to fight, and they fought so desperately that before long the hard-hearted man was lying dead on the ground. Then the other lifted up the two bags of gold, and wandered with the children into the depths of the forest.

By and by Rosie whispered to Humphrey that she was very hungry. The man heard her, and said he would go in search of food. So the children sat down beneath the blackthorn and waited, and waited, but the man who had spared their lives never came back. At last they grew terribly hungry and Rosie began to cry.

Then Humphrey said he would find berries for his little sister,

and afterwards he gathered moss, until he had enough to make a little bed on which they could both rest. So they lay down and slept till the bright sunshine pierced the blackthorn blossom, and its warmth woke them.

The next day and the next they wandered hand in hand through the wood, eating only the berries they could find by the way. At last they could walk no further, and sank down among the withered leaves. And there they died of hunger and of cold, and none but the robins knew. Then the little birds hopped to and fro, carrying in their beaks the faded, fallen leaves of the autumn that had gone, and they covered with them the bodies of Humphrey and his little sister.

The wicked uncle who thought that the children had been killed by the men to whom he had given the gold was now lord of the castle. But everything seemed to go against him. His crops were blighted, his cattle were stolen, and his horses died, his servants robbed him, and his castle caught fire and was burned to the ground. So the wicked uncle was now a poor, homeless wanderer.

And what of the man who left the children in the wood? After he had spent all the gold in the two bags, he was caught stealing and was put in prison. And when he was brought before the judge, he told the tale of the Babes in the Wood. Then search was made for the wicked uncle, and he was put in prison, and there he died.

HOP O' MY THUMB

Once upon a time there lived, at the edge of a forest, a woodcutter and his wife. They had seven children, all boys. There were twins of ten years old, twins of nine years old, twins of eight years old, and little Hop o' my Thumb, who was seven. It was because the little boy of seven was only the size of his father's thumb when he was born, that he was called Hop o' my Thumb.

Now there had been very little rain for some months, the corn and potatoes did not grow, and the woodcutter and his wife could not give their children as much food as they had been used to.

One night, after the boys had gone to bed, the father said to his wife, "My dear, the children are starving before our eyes; they will soon die of hunger. Rather than see them suffer, let us take them into the forest and leave them there."

But the mother said, "Oh! no, no! I could not leave them in the forest to die!"

Then the father said again, "But it is better they should die there than before our eyes." At last his wife agreed with him, and went sobbing to bed.

Now while the parents were having this talk they thought their

seven little boys were asleep; but Hop o' my Thumb was not. He had crept out of bed, and hidden beneath the bench where his father and mother sat talking. Now that they had gone, he stole back again, not to sleep, but to think.

Next morning he got up early, and ran to the river. There he filled his pockets with small white pebbles, and then went home.

After breakfast the children went with their parents, as they often did, into the forest. The farther they wandered the denser it became. As they went Hop o' my Thumb from time to time dropped a white pebble.

Soon the father began as usual to cut wood, and the children to gather faggots. The parents, when they saw the boys were all very busy, slipped away.

On finding themselves left alone, the brothers shouted as loud as they could, but Hop o' my Thumb said, "Cheer up, I can lead you safely back." And he did, for they had only to follow the white pebbles to find their way home again. But when they came to the cottage, they were afraid to go in.

Soon after the parents had reached home, the lord, on whose land they lived, sent them a present of venison. The messenger said, "My lord sends you a larger share than your neighbors, because you have seven children." Then he left.

"Oh, my little sons! my little sons!" wept the mother. "I will not touch food while you are at the mercy of the wild beasts. Oh, my boys, where are you?"

"Here we are, mother!" cried seven little voices all at once, and in rushed the three twins and Hop o' my Thumb. Their mother thought she had never been so happy in her life, and their father was glad too.

As long as the venison lasted they were all very merry, and the twins often told the tale of how cleverly Hop o' my Thumb had dropped the white pebbles. But at last the vension was finished, and there was hardly any bread or potatoes to be had.

One night, when the children were in bed, the faggot-maker again said to his wife, "My dear, the children are starving before our eyes; they will soon die of hunger. Rather than see them suffer, let us take them into the forest and leave them there."

But the mother said, "Oh no, I could not again leave them in the forest."

Then said the father, "But it is better they should die there than before our eyes. We must take them deeper into the darkness of the forest than last time." His wife at length agreed with him, and went sobbing to bed.

Hop o' my Thumb heard this talk too, and he made up his mind to play the same trick as before. He got up early next morning,

but found the door double-barred; so there was no hope of going to the river. But soon their mother gave the boys each a slice of dry bread for breakfast. "Oh," thought Hop o' my Thumb to himself, "crumbs will do as well as pebbles," and he put his slice in his pocket.

The parents this time led the little boys into the densest part of the forest, and then slipped away. The brothers played merrily for some time, but when they noticed that they were alone they began to howl.

"Cheer up, I can lead you safely home," said Hop o' my Thumb. But when he looked for the breadcrumbs that he had scattered as he came along, they were nowhere to be seen. The birds had eaten them all up.

Hop o' my Thumb, however, did not lose heart. Through heavy rain he led the way, over the muddy, slippery ground. Many a time the boys fell, and got up soaked and bruised; but on they went, following their little leader.

At last Hop o' my Thumb climbed a tree, and from it he saw a light in the distance. Going in the direction of it, they after some time reached the house from which the light came. They knocked at the door. It was opened by a lady with a kind face, who asked them how they had come there. Hop o' my Thumb told her their story, and begged that they might sleep there that night.

The lady looked sad and said, "Ah, poor children, you little know where you are. This is the house of an ogre who eats up little boys and girls."

"Then what shall we do, kind lady?" asked Hop o' my Thumb. "If we go back to the forest the wolves will eat us. It would be better to be eaten by an ogre than by wolves. But perhaps you could beg him to spare us."

"Come in," said the ogre's wife, "and I will try to hide you till morning. Warm yourselves first." So the seven little boys sat in a row before the big fire, toasting their fingers and toes. Just as they were beginning to feel cozy, a thundering knock was heard at the door. Quick as lightning the ogre's wife popped the seven children beneath the bed. Then she opened the door.

The ogre strode in and sat down to supper. He ate a sheep, and then his eyes fell on the floor. There he saw the dirty foot-marks of many little feet.

"You have children in the house," he roared to his wife, and, at that moment, one of the twins sneezed. The ogre went in the direction of the sound, and dragged from under the bed the seven children.

"Ah! this is how you deceive me," he said to his wife. "I'd eat

you, only you would be too tough. But these boys will be tender morsels for the three ogres that come to dinner to-morrow." And he began to sharpen his knife.

"But," said his wife, "these children are so thin. Had I better not fatten them for a day or two? We have plenty of calves and sheep for to-morrow's feast."

"A good idea," said the ogre, and left them.

Then the ogre's kind wife gave the little boys a good supper. After supper, as they were all thoroughly tired out, she put them to bed in a room where her seven little daughters were asleep in another big bed. The little girls each wore a golden crown. Before leaving the room the ogre's wife put a nightcap on the head of each little boy.

Now Hop o' my Thumb did not fall asleep. He was afraid the ogre would change his mind, and kill them during the night. So he tried to think of some way of escape. At last he had an idea. All his brothers were asleep, and all the ogre's little girls were asleep. Hop o' my Thumb quietly took the nightcaps off his own and his brothers' heads. Then he crept out of bed, and stole the crowns of gold from the little sleeping girls, and on each of their heads popped a nightcap. Then he crept back, put a crown on each of his six brothers' heads, and the seventh on his own.

The ogre had not fallen asleep either. As he thought of the little boys, he grew impatient to taste them, so he said to himself, "I will kill them at once, and have them baked for breakfast." Then he went into the children's room with his axe. In the darkness he put out his hand, and feeling seven golden crowns, said, "These are my girls." Then groping his way across the room, he felt seven little nightcaps in a row. "Now I have them," he muttered to himself, licking his lips as he thought of how tender they would taste, and off he chopped the heads of his seven daughters. Little dreaming what he had done, he went back to bed.

Then Hop o' my Thumb woke his brothers, and told them to dress quickly, and to follow him very quietly. He led them out of the house by the back-door, over the garden wall, and along the moonlit road. Then they ran for their lives.

In the morning the ogre told his wife that he had changed his mind, and wanted the seven boys baked for breakfast. The kind woman went slowly upstairs, wondering how she might still save the poor little fellows, but when she reached the bedroom she gave a loud scream, for there lay her seven little daughters with their heads off.

The ogre hearing the scream went to scold his wife, but when he saw the terrible sight, and understood how it had happened, he roared with rage. "The little rascals shall pay for this; bring my seven-

leagued boots," he thundered. These boots were so big that the ogre could step from mountain to mountain at one step.

The children had nearly reached their father's cottage, when Hop o' my Thumb saw the ogre striding after them. "Let us hide in this hole in the rock," he said to his brothers. And they all crept in.

Now it was a very hot day, and when the ogre reached the rock, he sat down on it to rest. He was so tired that he soon fell asleep, and snored so loudly that the brothers were terrified. But Hop o' my Thumb said, "Cheer up, and run home as fast as you can. Never mind me." And all the twins ran home.

Then Hop o' my Thumb crept quietly up to the ogre, pulling off his seven-leagued boots, and put them on his own legs. As they were magic boots they fitted whoever wore them.

Now the king of that country was at war, and Hop o' my Thumb thought he would be useful to carry news to the court of how the battle went. So he strode to the king, and offered himself as a messenger. The king was glad to employ him, for, by the help of his magic boots, Hop o' my Thumb would carry news more quickly than it could have been carried in any other way. He was well paid for what he did, and soon became rich.

Then Hop o' my Thumb thought he would like to see his father and mother, and his seven-leagued boots quickly carried him to their cottage.

There was great rejoicing in the little home when the youngest son arrived. When he poured money from his pockets, and said, "You shall never be hungry again," his parents and his brothers wept for joy. "Who would have thought," said his mother, "that our little Hop o' my Thumb would one day provide for us all?"

Soon Hop o' my Thumb went off to court again, and because of his great usefulness and kindness, the king made him one of the richest men in his kingdom.

But the wicked ogre fell from the rock where he had slept, and bruised himself too badly to move. So he lay there till a serpent glided from the forest, and stung him so that he died. But the ogre's wife was remembered by Hop o' my Thumb, and he had her brought to the king's court, where she lived more happily than she had ever done before.

And Hop o' my Thumb was known as the wisest and best man in the kingdom, and he was beloved to the end of his life by rich and poor alike.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

Once upon a time there was a poor widow who had one son, called Jack. He was a lazy boy. As time went on, the widow grew poorer and poorer, until she had nothing left in the world but a cow. And Jack grew lazier and lazier.

One day Jack's mother said to him, "To-morrow you must take the cow to market, and the more money you get for her the better."

Next morning Jack got up earlier than usual, hung his cowhorn round his neck, and started for market with the cow. On the way he met a butcher.

"Good-morning, my lad," said the butcher. "And where may you be going?"

"To market," repled Jack.

"And what may you be going to market for?" asked the butcher.

"To sell the cow," said Jack.

"Just look at what I have here," and the butcher held on his hand. In it lay some strange-looking beans. "If you give me the cow, I'll give you the beans."

"That would be a good bargain," thought Jack; so he exchanged the cow for the beans, and returned home to his mother.

"Look," he said gleefully, as he poured the beans into her lap. "I have got all these in exchange for the cow."

"You bad, stupid boy," exclaimed the angry mother, "now we shall have to starve." And she took the beans and flung them out of the open window.

There was no supper for Jack that night, and next morning he woke early, feeling very hungry. But what was that dark shadow across the window? Jack went over to see. It seemed as if a tall tree grew where no tree had been before.

Jack ran to the garden, and found the shadow was not cast by a tree, but by a beanstalk. This beanstalk had sprung up during the night from the beans his mother had thrown out of the window. It had grown so quickly that its top was out of sight.

Jack began to climb, and he climbed, and he climbed, and he climbed. And all the time he grew hungrier, and hungrier, and hungrier. At mid-day he reached the top of the beanstalk, and stepped off into a wild, bare country. Jack walked on till he met an old woman. He thought he had never seen any one look quite so old.

"Good-morning, Jack," she said.

"How in the world does she know my name?" thought Jack to himself, but he only said, "Good-morning, Dame."

"I know who you are, and where you come from, and how you got here, and all about you," said the old woman. "And I will tell

you where you are, and what you are to do."

Then she told Jack that he was in a country belonging to an ogre. This ogre had killed Jack's father, and stolen all he possessed. Jack had only been a baby at that time, and his mother had been too sorry to speak to him about it since. But that was why she was so poor. The old woman next told Jack that he must punish this ogre if his mother and he were ever to be happy again. The task was a difficult one, but Jack must be brave and succeed. Then the old woman went on her way, and he went on his.

Towards evening Jack came to the door of a castle. He blew his horn. A woman opened the door.

"I am very tired and hungry," said Jack. "Can you give me supper, and a night's lodging?"

"You little know, my poor lad, what you ask," said the woman. "My husband is an ogre, and eats people. He would be sure to find you, and eat you for supper. No, no, it would never do," and she shut the door.

But Jack felt too tired to go another step, so he blew his horn again, and begged to rest and be fed.

The ogre's wife began to cry, but at last Jack persuaded her to let him come in. She led him past dungeons where men and women were waiting to be killed. Then they reached the kitchen, and soon Jack was enjoying a good meal so much that he forgot to be afraid. But before he had finished, there was a loud knock, and in less than a moment the ogre's wife had popped him into the oven to hide.

The ogre walked in, and sniffed the air. "I smell a human being," he said.

"You are dreaming," said his wife, and the ogre sniffed no more, but sat down to supper.

Through a hole in the oven peeped Jack at the ogre, and was surprised to see how much and how quickly he ate. When he had finished, he said to his wife, "Bring me my hen." His wife brought a beautiful hen and put it on the table.

"Lay," shouted the ogre, and the hen laid a golden egg.

"Another," roared the ogre, and another golden egg was laid. And again and again the ogre ordered in a voice of thunder and the hen obeyed, till twelve golden eggs were laid on the table. Then the ogre went to sleep and snored so loudly that the house shook.

Jack did not let this chance of escape pass. He crept out of the oven, seized the hen, and ran off as fast as he could. On and on he ran, until he reached the top of the beanstalk. Then he climbed quickly down and carried the wonderful hen to his mother. Day by day the hen laid its golden eggs, and by selling them Jack and his mother lived comfortably for many a long day.

XIX

But at length Jack longed for more adventure, and so again climbed the beanstalk. When he reached the top he stepped off, followed the same path as before, and arrived at the ogre's castle. This time he had disguised himself, so when the ogre's wife came to the door, she did not recognize the boy she had hidden in the oven.

"I should be glad of food and rest, good woman, for I am hungry and tired," said Jack.

"You can't get that here," answered the ogre's wife. "I once took in a tired and hungry lad before, and he stole my husband's precious hen, that lays golden eggs."

Then Jack pretended to think the boy who stole the hen must be a very bad boy. And he chatted to the ogre's wife so pleasantly that she thought it would be unkind to grudge him a meal. So she let him come in. After Jack had had a good supper the ogre's wife hid him in a cupboard. None too soon either, for in stalked the ogre sniffing the air.

"I smell a human being," he said.

"Perfect nonsense," said his wife, as she placed his supper on the table.

After supper the ogre roared, "Fetch me my money-bags." His wife brought them, and Jack, peeping out of the cupboard, thought, "I believe those belonged to my father." And he was quite right. The ogre emptied the money out of the bags, counted it over and over again, and then put it back. Very soon he was fast asleep.

As soon as Jack heard the ogre's loud snores he stole out of the cupboard, and, with the bags slung over his shoulder, ran off as fast as he could. On and on he ran, until he reached the top of the beanstalk. Then he climbed quickly down, and carried the money-bags to his mother.

Jack and his mother were now well off, but Jack felt that the ogre had not been punished enough yet, and looked forward to more adventures. But it was some time before he dared venture again into the ogre's land.

However, at last Jack made up his mind to disguise himself quite differently, and see if he could persuade the ogre's wife to let him enter the castle. He climbed the beanstalk, followed the same path, and arrived at the castle door. The ogre's wife again did not recognize Jack. He begged for a night's rest.

"No, no," she said, "you can't come in here. The last tired lads I took in were thieves. One stole a golden hen, and the other several moneybags. No, no, you can't come in."

But Jack begged and begged, and at last the ogre's wife took pity on him, and after giving him supper, hid him in an empty barrel. Soon the ogre came home, and sniffing the air, roared out,

"I smell a human being."

"A human being?" said his wife; "impossible!" and she placed his supper on the table.

After supper the ogre shouted, "Fetch me my harp." The ogre's wife brought the harp.

"Play," said the ogre, and the harp began to play of its own accord, and it played and played till it had played the ogre to sleep. Then Jack hearing the thundering snores of the giant jumped out of the barrel and seized the harp. But he had no sooner touched it than it called out, "Master, master!" for it was a fairy harp.

Jack, terrified, ran for his life, in the direction of the beanstalk. Looking behind he saw the ogre striding after him. Jack then ran as he had never run before and safely reached the top of the beanstalk. He climbed down it as quick as lightning, and then called out, "Mother, mother, the axe, quick, the ogre's coming!"

Then Jack's mother ran more quickly than she had run since she was a little girl, and gave the axe to Jack. With one blow he cut down the beanstalk. It happened as he hoped, for there was a tremendous thud, and the ogre fell headlong from the top, and now lad dead in the garden. Then, pointing to the dead ogre, Jack said, "He killed my father and robbed us."

Ever after this adventure Jack lived with his mother, and was a good and diligent son.

PUSS IN BOOTS

THERE was once upon a time a miller, who, when he died, had nothing to leave but a mill, an ass, and a cat. The mill he left to his eldest son, the ass to the second, and to the youngest his cat.

The owner of the cat was very unhappy, and sighed, "Alas! Pussy is of no use to me, and I am too poor to feed her."

"Do not grieve, dear master," said Puss; "give me a bag and a pair of boots, and you will find you are not so badly off as you think."

Now this surprised the miller's son very much, and he thought to himself, "A cat that can speak is perhaps wonderful enough to do as she promises." So he brought her the bag and the boots.

Pussy put on the boots with a proud air, slung the bag over her shoulder, and went to the garden. There she gathered some lettuces and put them in the bag. Next she went across the field till she came to a rabbit hole. Then she lay down as if dead, leaving the mouth of her bag open. A plump rabbit soon peeped out of the hole, and, smelling the lettuce, came nearer. It was too tempting, the rabbit's head followed his nose into the bag. Puss quickly pulled the strings, and Bunny was dead.

Proud of her prey, Puss marched with it to the palace and asked to see the King. She was brought before the throne, and there, with a low bow, Puss said, "Your Majesty, pray accept this rabbit as a gift from my lord the Marquis of Carrabas."

"Tell your master," said the King, "that I accept his gift and am much obliged."

Another time Puss lay down again as if dead, in a field, with her sack open beside her. This time she captured two fine partridges. Again Puss went to the King and presented the partridges as she had done the rabbits. They also were accepted, and the King was so pleased that he ordered the cat to be taken to the kitchen and fed.

One day Puss heard that the King and his beautiful daughter were going to drive along the river side. The daughter was the most beautiful Princess in the world.

"My master," said Puss, "if you will do as I tell you, your fortune is made."

"What would you have me do?" inquired the miller's son.

"Only this, dear master. Bathe in the river at a spot I shall show you, and believe that you are not yourself, but the Marquis of Carrabas."

The miller's son was in a gloomy mood, and did not mind much what he did, so he answered, "Very well, Puss," and went to the river. While he was bathing, the King and all his court passed by, and were startled by the cry, "Help, help, my lord the Marquis of Carrabas is drowning!"

The King looked out of his carriage, but could not see any one but Puss in Boots. However, he told his nobles to run quickly to the help of the drowning man. They did, and while they were dragging him out of the water, Puss came to the King, made a low bow, and said, "Your Majesty, what shall my poor master do, for a thief has stolen his clothes?" Now the truth was that Puss had hidden them under a large stone.

"That is most unfortunate," said the King, and he gave orders to a servant to fetch a suit from the castle. When the miller's son was dressed in it, the King asked him to go for a drive.

Puss ran on ahead of the carriage, and reaching a meadow where mowers were cutting the grass, he said, "Unless you tell the King when he asks you, that these meadows belong to the Marquis of Carrabas, you shall be chopped as fine as mince-meat." So when the King drove by and asked whose meadow it was, the mowers answered trembling, "It belongs to the Marquis of Carrabas, your Majesty." The King then turned to the miller's son and said, "You indeed own fine meadows, my lord."

Meantime, Puss had run on further and reached a cornfield, in

which were reapers busy at work. "Now if the King drives by," said Puss to the reapers, "and inquires to whom these fields belong, you must say that they are the property of the Marquis of Carrabas. If you do not, you shall be chopped as fine as mincemeat." So when the King drove by and asked whose fields these were, the frightened reapers answered, "They belong to the Marquis of Carrabas, your Majesty." "What a rich man he must be, and how handsome he looks," said the King to himself as he looked at the miller's son. "I do believe he would be a good husband for my daughter."

Now the fields really belonged to an ogre, and this ogre lived in a castle a little further on. When Puss reached the castle, she knocked at the door, which was opened by the ogre himself.

"Sir," said Puss, "I am on a journey, and as I have often heard how wonderful you are, I have taken the liberty to call to see you."

"Come in," said the ogre, who was always pleased to be thought wonderful.

"I have heard," continued Puss, "that you can change into any animal you like."

"I can," said the ogre, and instantly he changed into a lion. Puss got such a fright that she ran up the wall nearly to the ceiling. But the ogre at once became an ogre again, and Puss jumped down.

"Sir, I must own you frightened me. But you must admit that it is not so wonderful for such a big gentleman to change into a big animal, as it would be if he could change into a little one. I suppose you could not, for instance, change into a mouse."

"Could not?" cried the ogre; "you shall see." And Puss in a moment did see a little brown mouse running about the floor. With one spring she pounced upon it, and gobbled it up. So there was an end to the ogre.

By this time the King had arrived at the castle. Puss, hearing the carriage wheels, ran to the gate and cried, "Welcome, your Majesty, to the castle of the Marquis of Carrabas!"

"What, my lord!" cried the King, turning to the miller's son, "does this castle also belong to you? I have nothing so fine in my whole kingdom."

The miller's son did not speak, but gave his hand to the Princess to help her to alight from the carriage. They entered the castle, and in the dining-hall found a grand feast served, which the ogre had prepared for some guests he had expected. But the ogre's friends did not arrive, as news reached them that the King was in the castle.

Every moment the King became more and more charmed with the miller's son, and after they had feasted, he said, "There is no

one in the world I should like so much to be my son-in-law. I now create you a Prince."

Then the Prince said there was no one in the world he would like so much for his wife as the Princess, and the Princess said there was no one in the world she would like so much for a husband as the Prince. So the two were married, and lived happily in the ogre's castle ever after.

And Puss was made a lady-in-waiting, and was the greatest favorite with King and Prince and Princess, and never again had to hunt mice for a meal, but lived on the fat of the land till the end of her days.

ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP

THERE was once a poor tailor who died of grief, because Aladdin, his only son, was so idle. After he died, his wife cried and cried because not only was her husband dead, but her boy grew lazier and lazier.

One day, as Aladdin played in the street, a magician spoke to him. "I am the brother of your dead father, so I am your uncle," he said, kissing him.

Aladdin ran home and told his mother. She was very much surprised, for she thought Aladdin's uncle had been dead for a long time. However, she prepared supper, and Aladdin brought home the stranger. He said he had been out of the country for forty years, and was very glad to meet his brother's wife and child. Then, turning to Aladdin, he asked him if he was going to be a tailor like his father, or if he had chosen another trade. Aladdin hung his head, and his mother, weeping, said that her son did no work at all.

The false uncle was really, as you know, a magician. He pretended that he was going to stock a shop with wares for his nephew. The next day he told Aladdin's mother that he was going to take the boy with him to choose these wares.

Aladdin and his false uncle started early in the morning. First of all they saw the sights in the city, then they visited the garden beyond the city walls, but nothing was said of the promised purchases. Soon Aladdin began to feel it strange to be so far away from home with a stranger, and asked to go back. But the false uncle led him on, telling him such tales and wonders that Aladdin did not notice that he had reached a strange land. He now discovered that they were in a narrow valley, with high mountains on either side.

"Gather sticks, while I light a fire," said the magician.

Aladdin collected a bundle of faggots, and when the fire was

burning brightly the false uncle threw a powder on it, uttering magic words. The earth in front of them opened, and showed a flat stone with a brass ring in the middle.

"Do exactly as I say," said the magician, "and the treasure that lies hid beneath the stone shall be yours. Grasp the brass ring and call out the names of your father and grandfather. Then pull." Aladdin did as he was told, and lifted the stone. A ladder led down into the darkness beneath.

"Go down," said the magician, "and at the foot you will find a door. Open it, and you will pass through three large halls. The third hall leads into a garden of fruit-trees. Walk through it until you come to a lighted lamp. Pour out its oil and bring it to me." With these words the magician drew a ring from his finger and gave it to Aladdin. He did not tell him that it was a magic ring.

Aladdin found all as the magician had said. When he reached the garden he trembled with excitement, for, yes, there among the trees, resting on a branch laden with ripe fruit, gleamed the lamp. Aladdin seized it, gathered a handful of fruit, and ran back.

"Give me the lamp—quick!" called out the magician, reaching down his hand.

"Not till I have clambed the ladder," answered Aladdin. The magician was very angry, threw a powder on the fire, and muttered some words. In a moment the stone was back in its place, and Aladdin was alone below.

For two long days he wandered in the darkness beneath, and then he clasped his hands in despair. In doing so, he rubbed the magic ring. A frightful being rose before him, "I am the slave of the ring," it said. "You command, and I obey."

"Help me to escape from this dismal abode." said Aladdin.

The earth immediately opened; Aladdin climbed the ladder, ran back through the valley, across the gardens outside the city, and reached home.

"Take these, mother," he cried, thrusting the lamp and fruit into her hand. The fruit, he was amazed to see, had changed into precious stone. "And, pray, give me something to eat, for I am starving."

"There is no food in the house," said the poor mother, "but I have spun some cotton and will sell it."

"No, do not sell your cotton, mother; I will sell the lamp," said Aladdin.

"That dirty lamp! Let me polish it first, then," said his mother, and she began to rub.

At once a frightful being rose before them. "I am the slave of the lamp," it said. "You command, and I obey."

"Bring food," said Aladdin; and then he attended to his mother, who had fainted from fright.

The being, who had left them, soon returned with a silver bowl, twelve silver plates, on which were all sorts of good things to eat, two silver cups, and two bottles of wine.

Aladdin's mother was soon well, and asked, "From where have all these good and beautiful things come?"

"Never mind that, mother," replied Aladdin. "Eat."

But when mother and son sat down together to dinner, Aladdin could speak of nothing but the ring and the lamp. He no longer wanted to sell the Wonderful Lamp, but to use it.

When they had eaten all the food that the being had brought, they sold a silver plate and then another and another, till all were gone. But the being then gave them more, and in this way provided for them for years.

One day the Sultan of the land ordered every one to stay at home, and all shutters to be closed, while the Princess passed to her bath. Aladdin was most anxious to see the face of this Princess who always wore a veil. So he did not stay at home, but hid behind a door near the bath-house. As she entered, the Princess threw back her veil. Aladdin saw her face, fell in love with it, and went home determined to marry her. His mother laughed at him, but still he persisted. At last Aladdin persuaded her to go to the Sultan, and tell him of her son's wish to marry his daughter.

Day after day the mother went to the palace, but the Sultan was too busy to attend to her. At last she was summoned to the foot of the throne.

"What do you want, good woman?" asked the Sultan, who was surrounded by his court. Aladdin's mother felt too shy to speak. The Sultan then sent every one away except the Vizier. The Vizier was the head man of his court.

Then the poor woman told the Sultan how Aladdin wished to marry his daughter, and begged forgiveness for having come on such an errand. And she unfolded a napkin, and took from it brilliant jewels which she hoped the Sultan would accept from her son. The jewels were those which had once been fruit.

When the Sultan saw the sparkling treasures, he said, "Surely a man that possesses such jewels deserves to marry a Princess."

Now the Vizier wanted his own son to marry the Sultan's daughter, so he said, "Shall Aladdin marry the Princess in three months' time?" hoping that, before that, his son might succeed in winning her.

"Let it be so," said the Sultan. "In three months' time, good woman, your son shall marry my daughter."

The mother carried home the good news to Aladdin, who was overjoyed to hear it. For two months he waited patiently.

At the end of that time, he was one day in the city, and could not understand why there should be such great rejoicings. Aladdin asked, and was told that it was because the Vizier's son was going to marry the Princess that evening. Aladdin went home, rubbed the Wonderful Lamp, and the being appeared.

"To-night, bring here from the Sultan's palace the bed in which the bride and bridegroom sleep," commanded Aladdin. And at night the bed appeared in his home. Then Aladdin again rubbed the lamp. The being again appeared.

"Take the Vizier's son and put him out of doors," ordered Aladdin. The being obeyed.

When Aladdin was alone with the Princess, he told her of the Sultan's promise that he should marry her. He also told her not to be afraid, for no harm should befall her.

In the morning the being brought in the shivering bridegroom, and the bed was taken by magic back to the Sultan's palace.

Each night the same thing happened, and each morning when the bride and bridegroom found themselves again in the Sultan's palace, they were so pale and frightened that every one was puzzled. At last the Princess told her parents what had happened. The Vizier's son told his tale too, and vowed he would give up the Princess rather than spend another such night. And he kept his vow.

At the end of the three months, Aladdin's mother reminded the Sultan of his promise to let his daughter marry her son. When the Sultan saw the poor woman he was sorry he had made the promise, and asked the Vizier what he should do. The Vizier spoke some words to him, and then the Sultan said, "My promise shall not be forgotten, but first let your son send me forty basins of gold brimful of jewels, carried by forty black slaves, and led by as many white."

Aladdin's mother made a low bow to the Sultan, went home, and in a sad voice gave the message to her son. But Aladdin looked very glad and said, "I would do a great deal more than that to win the Princess." He then rubbed the Wonderful Lamp to summon the being, who at once provided him with all that the Sultan had said.

Next day forty white slaves led the way to the palace, followed by forty black. And each black slave carried on his head a golden basin, brimful of jewels. Aladdin's mother walked behind. The slaves formed a half-circle round the Sultan's throne. He was so amazed at the sight that he said to Aladdin's mother, "I await your

son." She made a low bow to the Sultan, went home, and in a glad voice gave the message to her son.

Again Aladdin summoned the being by rubbing the Wonderful Lamp, and ordered a scented bath, an embroidered habit, a horse finer than the Sultan's, twenty slaves, and ten purses each containing a thousand pieces of gold. He also ordered six slaves to attend his mother.

The being at once obeyed, and the following day Aladdin mounted his horse. As he rode to the palace, he scattered handfuls of gold along the way. The Sultan welcomed him, and said the wedding might be that day. But Aladdin explained that he must first build a palace fit for his bride.

On reaching home Aladdin once more summoned the being, and ordered a palace to be built of finest marble, set with precious stones. He also ordered that, in the large hall, one window should be left unfinished. The being was told to see about grooms, and horses, and stables, and slaves. The next day the palace was completed. Even a velvet carpet was laid from it to the palace of the Sultan.

Along the velvet carpet walked Aladdin's mother beautifully dressed and attended by her slaves. Behind rode Aladdin attended by his. As they drew near the palace, music greeted them and the air was full of joy. The Princess was very happy to go with Aladdin, and they set out that evening.

When Aladdin and his bride reached their new home, they found a grand feast spread. After the feast they danced till midnight.

The next day the Sultan came to see the palace. He was amazed at its splendor, but asked why one window had been left unfinished. "That you may have the glory of completing the palace," said Aladdin.

Month after month did the Sultan's slaves work at the unfinished window. At last Aladdin sent back to the Sultan all the jewels he had sent to set in it. Then he summoned the being, and the window was at once completed. When the Sultan saw the finished window, he told Aladdin how clever he thought him, but the Vizier said the work could only have been done by magic.

Aladdin and his wife lived happily for many years, loved by everybody.

But far away the false uncle remembered the boy he had left in the cave. When he heard that he had got out of it and married a Princess, he said, "That is because he owns the Wonderful Lamp."

Then this wicked, false uncle traveled day and night that he might reach Aladdin's country and ruin him. As he drew near, he

heard every one speak of a wonderful palace. "Of whose palace do you speak?" he asked.

"Have you not heard of Aladdin's palace?" was the answer. "It is the most wonderful palace in the world. Let me lead you to it."

When the false uncle, who was really a magician, saw the palace, he was more determined than ever to ruin Aladdin. He had not long to wait for a chance, for Aladdin went off for a week's hunting. And this is what the magician did. He bought a dozen copper lamps and put them in a basket. Then he went to the palace, crying out: "New lamps, new lamps, new lamps for old, who'll take my new lamps and give me their old?"

A crowd gathered round the old man and laughed loudly at his offer. The Princess sent a maid to find out the meaning of the crowd and the noise. She came back and said that an old man, with copper lamps in a basket, was calling out, "New lamps, new lamps, new lamps for old, who'll take my new lamps and give me their old?" A slave who heard this said, "There is an old lamp in the corner of the hall." The Princess, not knowing its value, said laughing, "Take it and we shall make a good bargain." The slave took the Wonderful Lamp to the magician, who told him to choose a new one.

Then the false uncle hurried away to a lonely place with his treasure, and when night came he rubbed it. The being at once appeared, and was told that Aladdin's palace, with the Princess in it, was to be removed to a far-away country. The order was obeyed, and when next morning the Sultan looked for the home of his daughter, behold it had vanished. The Vizier said that Aladdin must have done this, too, by magic.

Then the Sultan was angry, and sent thirty men on horseback to find Aladdin, and bring him home in chains. The horsemen met him returning from the hunt. Great was Aladdin's surprise when he was led in chains before the throne. And he was horror-stricken when the Sultan said: "Let him be beheaded." Just as the blow was about to be struck, a crowd rushed to the prisoner's rescue. The Sultan was alarmed, and cried out, "Release him."

"I beseech of you that I may hear the wrong that I have done," said Aladdin. The Sultan led him to a tower from which the marble palace should have been seen. Aladdin looked, rubbed his eyes, and looked again, but no palace was to be seen. As he could not explain its disappearance, he begged for forty days to find out how the strange thing had happened. "And if I fail to find out," said he, "I shall return to die."

For three days did Aladdin wander up and down, asking, "Where is my marble palace?" but every one was as puzzled as he. At the end of the third day, he knelt down to pray on the bank of a river,

before drowning himself in it. In clasping his hands he rubbed his ring. The being that had released him from underground appeared. "I beg of you, O being, bring back my palace and so save my life," said Aladdin.

"Only the slave of the lamp can do that," said the being; "I am the slave of the ring."

"If you cannot bring the palace to me," said Aladdin, "I pray you grant that I may be taken to it, and placed beneath the window of the Princess."

At once Aladdin found himself there, but so tired was he, that he fell asleep at once, and did not wake until morning.

When he awoke the sun was shining brightly and the songs of birds filled the air. Soon the Princess came to the window and saw her husband. How surprised and glad she was! She beckoned to him, and he ran into the palace and kissed her and was glad.

"But tell me first of all," said Aladdin, "where is the old lamp that I left in the corner of the hall?" for he had noticed it was gone, as he ran to meet his wife. The Princess told him how she had allowed it to be exchanged for a new lamp.

"Where is it now?" asked Aladdin.

"The magician carries it in his breast," replied his wife.

"Where is the magician?" asked Aladdin.

"Here, in the palace, and he wants to marry me," said the Princess. "He told me you were beheaded by my father's command."

Aladdin comforted her, and then said he must go into the town. There he exchanged clothes with the first man he met, bought a powder, and returned. "Put on your most beautiful dress," he said to the Princess, "smile upon the magician, and pretend you have forgotten me. Invite him to supper, and say you are anxious to taste his wine. While he goes to fetch it, put this powder in your cup. When he returns, propose that you should exchange cups, each to drink the health of the other."

The Princess did exactly as she was told. The magician had no sooner tasted the wine than he fell back dead. The powder had been poison.

The Princess then opened the door, and Aladdin rushed in and seized the Wonderful Lamp from the breast of the dead man. At once he rubbed it. The being appeared, and Aladdin commanded that the palace should at once be in its old place. And so it was, for in a moment Aladdin and his wife were looking from their windows to the turrets of her old home. And there from his palace gazed the Sultan, who mourned daily because he had lost his daughter. What was his surprise to see the marble palace in its old place. He drove to it as quickly as he could, and was welcomed by his

daughter and Aladdin, who showed him the dead body of the magician.

All was now rejoicing, and Aladdin and his wife lived happily ever after.

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

Once upon a time a widow and her two little girls lived alone in a cottage. There was a pretty little garden in front of the cottage. In the garden were two rose-bushes. One bore white roses and the other red. The rose-bushes were older than the little girls, who were named Snow-White and Rose-Red after them. Rose-Red always wore a wreath of red roses on her hair, and Snow-White a single white rose on hers.

Both children were very good and obedient, and always busy, but they were different in their ways. Snow-White was quiet and gentle, and Rose-Red was merry and wild. The sisters were very fond of each other, and often vowed they would keep together as long as they lived.

Snow-White and Rose-Red lived a great deal in the wood near their home. Wild animals passed near them, but did them no harm. The hares ate from their hands, deer grazed by their side, the stags bounded merrily by, and birds would alight on their uncovered heads. Sometimes the little girls remained in the wood all night, sleeping on a bed of moss, and covered by large ferns.

One morning, when Snow-White and Rose-Red awoke in the wood, they saw beside them a little child, whose robe sparkled like dew. The child gave them a kind look and vanished. The next thing the children noticed was that they had lain all night on the edge of a steep rock. When they told their mother these things, she said, "The little child with sparkling robe must have been a guardian angel."

This was in the summer-time, and all the summer long, little Rose-Red gathered fresh flowers each day and arranged them in a vase for her mother. And in each bouquet was a rose from either rose-bush.

In winter, little Snow-White every day polished the copper kettle till it shone like gold. In the evening, when the snow was falling, the mother and her little girls gathered round the fire, and while the children knitted, their mother read to them from the Good Book. A pet lamb lay on the hearth beside them, and a white dove perched, with its head beneath its wing, on Snow-White's shoulder. Suddenly one evening a loud knock was heard.

"Open the door quickly, Rose-Red," said her mother, "some poor wanderer has lost his way." Rose-Red threw the door wide open,

but when a big brown bear walked in, she ran screaming to her mother, and Snow-White hid behind the bed.

"I have not come to hurt you," said the bear in a gentle voice, "I only want to warm myself by your fire, for I am half frozen."

"Poor bear," said the mother, "come in, and lie down by the fire if you want to, but take care not to burn your furry coat." And the big brown bear lay down.

"Dear children, will you sweep the snow off my fur?" he asked.

Then Snow-White and Rose-Red crept near with the broom, and in turn swept the snow from the bear's coat. By the time this was done, the children lost all fear, and the bear had become their playfellow. When bedtime came the mother said, "Stay here by the fire all night, gentle bear."

In the morning the little girls opened the door, and the bear trotted away through the snow into the wood.

In the evening he returned, and when the door was opened, he walked to the hearth, and lay down as if he had been used to rest there all his life. The next evening he came again, and the next, and the next, nor did he stop his visits until the spring had come and the songbirds were heard in the wood. Then he said, "Good-bye, Snow-White, good-bye, Rose-Red, I must go into the forest to hide my treasures from the wicked dwarfs who live there. In winter these treasures are safe under the frozen earth, but now the warm sun melts the ice, and it will be easy for the dwarfs to dig down and reach what is mine."

The children felt quite sorrowful as the bear left them. As he passed out at the door, the latch caught his fur, and Snow-White thought she caught a glimpse of glittering gold under his coat. But that seemed so impossible that she fancied she must have been dreaming.

Some time afterwards the children were in the forest gathering wildflowers. Rose-Red had her basket nearly filled with blue speedwell, when, as they wandered near a fallen tree, they noticed on the other side a strange little man. As they came nearer, they saw it was a dwarf with an old withered face and a snow-white beard. The end of his beard had caught in a cleft of the fallen tree. The dwarf dance and he danced, and he tugged and he tugged, but he could not set himself free. When he caught sight of the children looking at him, he exclaimed, "Why do you stand there staring instead of helping me? Oh, you are ugly." In spite of these unkind words the children wished to help the unfortunate little man.

"I will run home and call somebody," said Rose-Red.

"What," snarled the dwarf, "bring more ugly mortals to stare and do nothing."

"Let me see what I can do," said Snow-White, and, drawing her

scissors from her pocket, she cut the dwarf's beard where it was caught in the tree and set him free. No sooner was this done than the dwarf seized a bag of gold that was lying at the foot of the fallen tree. He swung it over his shoulder and marched off, muttering, "You bad children to have spoiled my magnificent beard."

Another day, sometime later, Snow-White and Rose-Red were fishing on the banks of a stream. Suddenly they saw a strange little figure jumping about as if he meant to jump into the water. They ran towards him, and found he was the dwarf.

"Why do you wish to jump into the water?" asked Rose-Red.

"I jump into the water, Silly? Can't you see it is that huge fish that is dragging me?"

The truth was that the dwarf's beard had got entangled with his line. Each effort of the fish to free itself of the hook meant a jerk that threatened to pull the dwarf into the water. The children held him fast, but they could not disentangle his beard. At last Rose-Red took her scissors and cut off more than half of it. Although the dwarf knew that this was to save his life and set him free, he was in a terrible rage.

"How dare you make me such a fright?" he shouted. "How can I show myself with this shabby beard? I wish you had to run till you had no soles left on your feet." Then the dwarf lifted a bag of pearls which he had hidden among the rushes, swung it over his shoulder, and disappeared.

Another time Snow-White and Rose-Red were sent by their mother to a town to buy needles, thread, and ribbon. As they crossed a moor, they noticed a large bird hovering over one spot. Suddenly it pounced down, and pitiful cries were heard. Snow-White and Rose-Red rushed forward, and found that the bird, a large eagle, had the dwarf in his talons and was about to carry him off. The children took firm hold of the coat-tails of the little man, and pulled with all their might. At last the eagle let go his hold of the dwarf, and flew away.

"What do you mean by handling me so roughly?" said the angry little man. "You have nearly torn my new coat off my back." Then he lifted up a sack of precious stones, and slipped out of sight among the rocks on the moor.

The little girls went on to the town and bought their needles, thread, and ribbon. On their way back they again came upon the dwarf. He was kneeling on the moor, gazing at the jewels which he had laid out around him. How they glittered and sparkled and flashed! The children thought they had never seen anything so beautiful. Suddenly the dwarf looked up.

"What are you standing there gaping at?" he asked: "can't you see——," but he was interrupted by a terrible growl, and a big

brown bear rushed out of the wood across the moor. The dwarf sprang to his feet terrified. The bear was now close to him, and the little man cried out, "Oh, Mr. Bear, dear Mr. Bear, please, I pray you, I beg of you, dear Mr. Bear, spare, oh spare my life. I am so small, I should only be one mouthful. But there are two wicked girls, they would be tender morsels. Do, Mr. Bear, eat them up and spare me." But the bear paid no attention to what the dwarf said. Without a word he lifted his left fore-paw, and laid the dwarf dead on the ground.

The little girls were running off in a great fright, but the bear called after them, "Snow-White and Rose-Red, don't be afraid, I will go home with you."

"Oh, Snow-White," exclaimed Rose-Red.

"Oh, Rose-Red," screamed Snow-White with delight.

And the little girls joined hands and danced for joy, because the voice was none other than the voice of their own dear lost bear. They both ran to meet him, and he came trotting towards them. Then, as they met, the fur fell from the neck of their old friend, and, instead of a shaggy bear, there stood before them a fair, handsome boy in gold embroidered clothes.

"I am a king's son," he said. "That wicked dwarf robbed me of all I had and then changed me into a bear. Ever since I have wandered about the woods, watching my treasure and waiting for a chance to kill him."

Not many years after this, Snow-White married the Prince, and Rose-Red married his brother. The two Princes shared equally the riches and treasures which the dwarf had hidden for so long.

Snow-White and Rose-Red were great favorites, and there was great rejoicing when the bells pealed for their weddings. Their mother went to the castle and lived happily beside them for many years. And in the castle garden, beneath the windows of the sisters, were planted the two rose-bushes, and each summer they bore as beautiful red and white roses as they had done in the cottage garden of the old home.

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER

Once upon a time, in a cave on the top of a mountain in Cornwall, lived a giant called Cormoran. If three tall men stood one on the top of another, they would be the height of this giant. He was so fat, too, that it would take some time to walk round him.

Now at the foot of this hill, where the giant lived, were several farms. When the giant wanted a meal, he strode down the hillside and robbed the farmers. Sometimes he carried off half a dozen oxen

and a dozen sheep at a time. The oxen he slung over his shoulders, and the sheep he tied round his waist.

The poor farmers were almost ruined, when a brave boy, called Jack, the son of one of them, determined to put an end to the giant's visits.

One dark night Jack dug a pit at the foot of the mountain. Across the mouth of the pit he laid sticks, and mud, and straw, till no one could know there was a pit beneath. Early the next morning Jack blew his cowhorn loudly, and the giant woke with a start.

"Who is disturbing me at this time of day?" he asked, and, dressing quickly, he strode down the mountain-side. At the foot of it sat Jack on a big stone.

"It was you, was it?" roared the giant, catching sight of the farmer's son. "Well, you shall pay for it," and he dashed forward. But the earth gave way beneath him, and in a moment he was lying at the bottom of the pit.

Jack came to the edge, sat down, and laughed at the despair of the giant who slowly picked himself up. When he stood on tip-toe, only his head appeared above the pit. This was Jack's chance. He seized his axe, and with one blow struck off the giant's head.

Soon it was known all round the country-side how clever and brave Jack had been. The people were all very proud of him, and gave him a sword and a belt. On the belt was written:

"This is the valiant Cornishman
Who slew the giant Cormoran."

And this is how Jack first got the name of the Giant-Killer.

After this adventure, Jack longed for more, and made up his mind to kill as many giants as he could.

Before long he set out on his travels, and reached a forest. Through the trees he spied a castle. He asked to whom it belonged, and was told that the giant Blunderbore owned it, and was living in it. This was good news for Jack, but as he was tired, he sat down to rest before going to the castle. He was trying to plan an attack upon the giant, when he fell fast asleep.

Jack had not been asleep very long when Blunderbore came by. As he had just had dinner, he might have passed the sleeping boy, but he noticed two lines of writing on his belt.

"This is the valiant Cornishman
Who slew the giant Cormoran,"

read Blunderbore.

"Ha—ha!" he said, as he picked Jack up and put him in his pocket.

When Jack woke, and found himself there, he was so terrified

that he shook from top to toe. The giant felt him tremble, and so knew he was awake.

"Ha—ha, he—he, ho—ho; so you killed my brother Cormoran, did you? Now I'll kill you. Ha—ha, he—he, ho—ho," and the giant laughed so loudly that Jack felt as if he were in the middle of an earthquake.

When they reached the castle, Blunderbore locked Jack in an upstairs room, and went off to bring another giant to supper. Left alone, Jack looked round the room, determined to find some way of escape. But he could not. However, in one corner lay a bundle of rope. An idea struck Jack. He unrolled the bundle and made two slip-knots. Then he stood by the window and watched.

At last he saw what he was waiting for. The two giants were coming along slowly arm in arm. The path along which they walked passed close under Jack's window. As they drew near, Jack heard Blunderbore say, "I found a plump lad in the forest this morning. We'll have him for breakfast to-morrow."

"Will you?" thought Jack, and at that moment the two giants were beneath his window. Jack, quick as lightning, flung down the rope with its slip-knots. One knot passed over the head of Blunderbore, and one over his friend. Jack pulled with might and main, and in two minutes the two giants were strangled.

Then Jack let himself down from the window by the remainder of the rope. He took the keys from Blunderbore's pockets, and after unlocking the doors of the rooms where many knights and ladies were imprisoned, he made a low bow, and said, "My lords and ladies, the castle is now yours." Then he went on his way.

After Jack passed through the forest, and climbed over a mountain, he found himself in a lonely valley. He was hoping a cottage was near, where he might rest for the night, when, turning a corner, he found himself in front of a castle. As he was too tired to go further, he knocked at the door. It was opened by a giant with two heads.

Whenever Jack saw this two-headed giant he remembered he had heard that he was the owner of four valuable things. And Jack made up his mind to get them. They were a wonderful coat, a wonderful cap, a wonderful sword, and a wonderful pair of shoes. The coat made the wearer invisible. The cap told him whatever he wanted to know. The sword could cut through anything. The shoes could rush as quickly as the wind.

"It is worth while risking a good deal to possess these wonderful things," said Jack to himself, as the giant shut him into a bedroom.

Jack did not sleep. Before long he heard a voice in the next room saying:—

"Though here with me you lodge to-night,
You shall not see the morning light,
My club shall dash your brains outright."

"We'll see about that," said Jack, and he looked round the room. There he found a log of wood. He put it in bed, and hid himself in a corner.

Soon the door opened, and the two-headed giant came in. "I'll make short work of you," he said, and he brought down his club upon Jack's pillow. "Now I've battered his brains," and the giant went away satisfied.

The next morning Jack walked into the room where the giant sat at breakfast. Of course the giant could hardly believe his eyes when he saw him, but he pretended not to be surprised.

"I hope you slept well," he said.

"Pretty well, thank you," answered Jack. "I was disturbed a little. Perhaps there may have been rats in the room. Certainly I heard something."

The giant was very much puzzled. How could he have given that blow with his club, and yet not have killed Jack? That was a question he could not answer, but he hoped to find out.

Jack was right in thinking he might be asked to breakfast. He had fastened a leather bag beneath his coat, for he supposed the giant would expect him to eat a good deal. He sat opposite his host, who helped him to a large plateful of batter pudding, then another, and another.

Now Jack ate very little, and put most of the pudding into his leather bag, when the giant was not looking.

After breakfast Jack said to the giant, "Can you cut yourself open without harm?" and he ripped up the leather bag with a knife, and the pudding fell out.

The giant did not like to be beaten, so he said, "Of course I can cut myself open, if you can." With these words, he plunged his knife into himself, and fell down dead. And so it was that Jack became the possessor of the wonderful coat, and cap, and sword, and shoes.

Once more Jack started on his travels, and once more he reached a lonely castle, and asked for a night's lodging. This time he was welcomed by many knights and ladies, who invited him to have supper with them. It was a merry company, and Jack was enjoying himself thoroughly when a messenger rushed in to say that a two-headed giant was on his way to the castle. Jack at once left the company.

Now this castle was surrounded by a deep moat, and to reach it or to leave it one had to cross the moat by a drawbridge. Jack

quickly set men to work to saw this drawbridge nearly through, so that it could bear no heavy weight. Next he put on his wonderful coat that made him invisible, and his shoes that could carry him as fast as the wind. Then he crossed the bridge to meet the giant, carrying in his hand the sword that could cut through anything.

The giant could not see Jack, because he wore his invisible coat. But he sniffed the air, and sang in a loud voice:—

"Fe, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman;
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread."

"Oh, will you indeed, you must catch me first," said Jack. Then throwing off his coat, he ran before the giant, and every now and again he all but let himself be caught, simply to tease. Then he made good use of his shoes of swiftness, and in a moment was beyond reach. The giant grew more and more furious, as he chased Jack all round the castle.

The lords and ladies watched the chase from one of the towers, and clapped their hands with delight, as they saw Jack lead the giant such a dance. At last Jack crossed the drawbridge. The giant followed, but beneath his heavy weight the sawn bridge snapped, and the giant was hurled headlong into the moat beneath. Jack now stood on the edge of the moat, laughing.

"I thought you were going to grind my bones to make your bread, eh?" asked Jack.

The giant foamed with rage, but could say nothing.

Then Jack ordered a strong rope to be brought. He threw it over the two heads of the giant, and by the help of a team of horses dragged him to the edge of the moat. Next Jack drew his magic sword and cut off the two heads.

Then ringing cheers of "Long live Jack the Giant-Killer," echoed through the castle.

After spending some time with the knights and ladies, Jack set out on his last adventure. He went over hills and dales without meeting any one, till he came to a little hut at the foot of a high mountain. Jack knocked at the door. It was opened by an old man with hair as white as snow.

"I have lost my way, good father," said Jack, "and wonder if you can give me a night's lodging?"

"Come in," said the old man, "if you can be content with humble fare."

Jack said he would be grateful for a meal of any kind, and gladly ate the bread and fruit which were set before him.

After supper the old man said solemnly, "A task lies before you, my son, for your belt tells me that you are Jack the Giant-Killer. At the top of this mountain is an enchanted castle. It belongs to a giant called Galligantus. He, with the help of a magician, changes into a beast each knight and fair lady who approaches his castle, and those who are not so changed are devoured by two fiery dragons which guard the gates. But worse still, Galligantus and the magician, some time ago, strolled into the garden of a duke who lives in a neighboring valley. There, gathering the honeysuckle flowers, they saw the duke's beautiful daughter. The magician spoke a magic word, and instantly a chariot, drawn by the two fiery dragons, appeared in the garden. The giant seized the lady, placed her in the chariot, and the dragons drew her through the air to the enchanted castle. There she was changed into a deer, and a deer she must remain until the enchantment is broken. This is the task that lies before you, my son."

"And I go to it gladly," said Jack.

Next morning he put on his magic cap, and coat, and shoes, and carried his magic sword. Then he wished himself at the castle gate. He was there in a moment, but because of his invisible coat the fiery dragons did not see him. On the gate hung a golden trumpet. Under it were writtens these words:—

"Whoever can this trumpet blow
Shall cause the giant's overthrow."

As soon as Jack read this, he seized the trumpet and blew a shrill blast. The gates at once flew open, and Jack entered the castle.

The giant and the magician were speechless, and unable to move, for they knew that the blast of the golden horn blew their doom.

Jack lost no time in drawing his magic sword, and in a moment the giant Galligantus lay dead before him. Just as he fell, a whirlwind rushed through the castle, carrying away the magician. This was all that was wanted. In a moment all the birds and beasts in the castle became the knights and ladies that they had been before, and a sad-looking deer was again the beautiful duke's daughter who had gathered honeysuckle flowers in her father's garden.

Then all the knights and ladies, and the duke's daughter and Jack came bounding down the mountain-side in delight. When they looked round, the castle had vanished.

At the foot of the mountain, the old hermit welcomed them joyfully, and after he had given them refreshment, they all traveled together to the court of the King. There Jack told of his wonderful adventures with Cormoran, with Blunderbore, with the two-

headed giant who killed himself, with the two-headed giant that fell into the moat, and lastly with Galligantus.

Then Jack's fame spread through the whole country, and the duke said to him, "I should like you to marry my daughter." As this was what Jack wanted to do more than anything in the world, he was very happy, and for the rest of his life he lived in peace, although he was always known far and wide as Jack the Giant-Killer.

CINDERELLA

We do not know what Cinderella was called when she was a little girl and her own mother was alive. It was after her mother was dead, and she was a big girl, that we hear of her first. It was then that she was called Cinderella. Her father had married again, and his new wife had two daughters who were very unkind to his little girl. When she was not hard at work the poor child used to sit alone in the chimney-corner among the cinders. And that is how she got the name of Cinderella.

The step-sisters made Cinderella work from morning till night, while they amused themselves. She carried the coal, and she washed the dishes, and she scrubbed, and she swept, and she dusted, and she mended. She waited, too, on her cross step-sisters. When night came, poor Cinderella went to a cold, lonely attic, to sleep on a straw mattress. But her sisters had a warm, comfortable bedroom.

Now, the King of the city was gong to give two balls, because his son, the Prince, was coming of age. The step-sisters were invited, and were so excited that they could talk of nothing but the balls from morning till night. Of course, Cinderella had no invitation, for she was never seen, except at work, or waiting on her step-sisters, and so she was often taken for their maid.

When the night of the first ball came, Cinderella helped her sisters to put on their finery, and she dressed their hair, and she fastened their gloves. How she would have liked to go too! "What joy," she thought, "to wear a pretty dress, and drive in a carriage, and see the inside of a palace, and perhaps be spoken to by the Prince!" And as Cinderella thought of these things, tears ran down her cheeks.

"What are you crying for?" asked the sisters crossly.

"Oh, I want to—I mean it must be so wonderful to go to a ball," said Cinderella.

"You go to a ball! Nobody would look at you," they answered. Then they drove off in their grand carriage, and little Cinderella sat down among the cinders. She hid her face in her hands, and cried as if her heart would break.

"What is the matter, my dear?" said a kind voice.

Cinderella jumped up quickly, and made a curtesy to the little old lady who had spoken so gently. She was Cinderella's fairy godmother, and, like all fairies, could appear or disappear at any moment.

"O, godmother, I want——" but little Cinderella could say no more.

"You want to go to the ball," said the godmother. "Very well, my dear, you shall go. Only do exactly as I tell you. First, run and find me a big pumpkin."

Cinderella brought the pumpkin. Then the fairy godmother touched it with her wand, and it was at once changed into a gilded carriage.

"Now run and fetch me the mouse-trap from the pantry."

Cinderella brought the mouse-trap. There were six mice in it. With one touch of the fairy wand the door of the trap opened. Out ran the six mice one after another. And one after another they were touched with the magic wand and changed into beautiful grey horses.

"Next run and fetch me the rat-trap."

Cinderella brought the rat-trap. There was a rat in it. Again a touch of the fairy wand opened the door, and as the rat ran out, it was changed into a tall coachman in gay livery.

"One more run, my dear. Bring me the two lizards that are behind the cucumber frame."

Cinderella brought the lizards. The fairy godmother again lifted her wand, and by a single touch the lizards were changed into two grand footmen.

But after her godmother had worked all these wonders, Cinderella still look sad. And the fairy understood why.

"One more touch a magic wand," she said, and in a moment Cinderella looked like a lovely Princess. She wore the daintiest pink and white dress, red roses crowned her golden hair, and slippers of sparkling glass were on her feet.

"Good-bye, my dear," said the fairy godmother; "but remember this—you must leave the palace before the clock strikes twelve, or the coach will become a pumpkin again, the horses mice, the coachman a rat, and the footmen lizards, and you yourself the ragged girl you were." Then she kissed Cinderella, and waved her wand as her godchild rolled off.

So Cinderella drove in state to the ball, and the Prince himself came to help her out of the carriage, and led her to the ballroom. He thought he had never seen so beautiful a Princess, and he and the wicked sisters and every one wondered who the lovely lady could be. The Prince danced with her oftener than with any one else. At a quarter to twelve Cinderella remembered her godmother's warning, and left the palace. Just as the clock struck twelve she reached

home. The fairy awaited her. In a moment she was changed into the ragged girl, and sat down in the chimney-corner.

When Cinderella's sisters came home, they found her among the cinders, rubbing her eyes, and pretending she had been asleep. She heard them talk of the beautiful lady, and wondered who she was.

The next night the King gave the second ball, and Cinderella again helped her sisters to get ready. Then again she sat down among the cinders. Soon her godmother appeared, and the fairy wand worked the same wonders as before. Then Cinderella, looking even more beautiful than on the first night, rolled off in her gilded carriage.

The Prince danced with her the whole evening, and she was so happy that she did not remember how time was flying. Suddenly she glanced at the clock. One minute to twelve! Cinderella, without saying good-bye to the Prince, ran from the palace as quickly as she could. But she had gone no further than the hall-door when the last stroke of twelve sounded. Immediately she was changed into a ragged girl, and nothing was left of her grandeur but the glass slippers, and, in her hurry, Cinderella dropped one of them. She did not dare to turn to look for it, but ran on and on, until she reached home.

The Prince did not know why the beautiful lady had left him so suddenly. He ran after her, and although he did not find her, he found the little glass slipper she had dropped. He picked it up and put it in his pocket.

The next day a herald went through the city, and cried out that the Prince wanted to find the lady that owned the glass slipper, as he meant to marry her. All the ladies who had been at the ball were asked to try it on. So each lady tried to squeeze her foot into the dainty little glass slipper, but not one of them could.

When the herald came to the home of Cindrella's father, the cross sisters had their turn, but they did not succeed. Just as the herald was leaving, Cinderella came in with her mending.

"Oh, let me try," she said.

"You!" said the elder sister. "You!" said the younger. And they both pointed at her ragged dress, and laughed a loud, ugly laugh. But the herald said that Cinderella should try. The slipper fitted her exactly. Then Cinderella drew the other glass slipper from her pocket. To her sisters that seemed like magic.

But they were to get a still greater surprise. The fairy godmother suddenly appeared. She touched Cinderella with her wand, and in a moment the ragged girl was changed into a beautiful Princess. And as the sisters gazed in wonder, they saw that this beautiful Princess was the same lovely lady that every one had admired at the ball. They then fell on their knees and begged Cinderella to forgive them. And she did, and was kinder to them than they deserved.

Then Cinderella said good-bye to them all, and went with the

herald to the palace. The Prince met her, and soon they were married, and lived happily ever after.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Long, long ago, there lived in a town far away a rich merchant. He had three pretty daughters. The youngest, who was the prettiest of all, was called Beauty, and was as good and kind as she was lovely. But her big sisters were not good and kind, although they were pretty. They were proud and selfish.

One day their father came home looking very grave. Then he told his daughters that he was no longer rich, and that they must all leave their beautiful home and go to live in a little cottage in the country. The big sisters were very cross about this, but Beauty thought how nice it would be to live among the woods and fields and flowers.

So they all went to a little cottage with a large garden. The father worked very hard in the garden, and by selling his fruit and vegetables got enough money to live comfortably there. Beauty was very busy too. She was a good little cook, and a good little housemaid, and a good little washerwoman. She did all the work of the house, while the big sisters did nothing but grumble because they were no longer rich.

One day the father told his daughters that he had to go on business to a town a little distance off, and might not return that night. He then asked them if there was any little gift he might bring them home.

"Diamonds for me," said the eldest; "Pearls for me," said the second; but Beauty said, "Please, father, a bunch of white roses for me."

Then their father rode away on horseback, and after finishing his business, set out for home. But before long it grew dark, and he lost his way. He found himself in a wood, and he could find no way out of it. But in the distance he saw a light, coming, he thought, from a cottage. Coming nearer, he found he was at the entrance to an avenue. He rode on, and arrived, to his surprise, in front of a palace. The door stood open, nobody was to be seen, and the merchant walked in. In a room on the right a fire blazed, the table was set, and a comfortable supper served. The merchant was hungry, and thought, if no one was in the room, after he had led his horse to the stable, he would have a good meal. When he returned from the stable, there was still no one in the room, so he enjoyed supper. Then he felt sleepy, and crossing the hall found a bedroom ready for use. He went to bed, and slept soundly till morning.

When Beauty's father awoke his own clothes were nowhere to

be seen, but a new embroidered suit lay on the chair beside him. He put it on, and went to the room where he had had supper. Breakfast was ready. After breakfast he thought he would see his horse. To reach the stable he had to pass a beautiful rose-garden. The sight of a white rose-bush reminded him of Beauty's wish, and he left the path to gather a bunch of the roses. The merchant had only gathered one, when he heard a terrible sound near him. Turning round he saw a big Beast.

The big Beast said, in a big voice, "You ungrateful man! Whose bed have you slept in? whose food have you eaten? and whose clothes are you wearing? Mine, mine, mine. And you repay my kindness by stealing my roses. You shall die."

"Pray do not kill me," said Beauty's father.

"You stole my roses, and you must die," repeated the Beast.

"Can nothing save me?" asked the merchant in despair.

The Beast then told him that if he promised to come back in a month, bringing whatever met him first on his return home, his life should be spared. The merchant promised, wondering, "Will it be my cat or will it be my dog?"

But soon an awful thought struck him. "What if it were Beauty?" On his way home this thought grew and grew. By the time he was in sight of the cottage, he was filled with alarm, and hardly dared look that way.

Meantime Beauty, from the window of her room, was straining her eyes along the white road. Yes, there was her dear father at last! She rushed from the cottage, and danced gaily down the garden path, across the daisy field, and reached the road. Why, there he was only a few steps off! But what was the matter? How troubled and white he looked!

"Father, dear, aren't you glad to see me?" she gasped.

"Glad? Oh, my little Beauty, my little Beauty," was all he could say.

When they reached the cottage, the merchant told his daughters of his adventure and his rash promise to the Beast. "But you shall not return with me, Beauty, whatever happens," he ended.

Beauty, however, begged her father so hard to keep his promise, that he at last said she might go.

We are not told how Beauty and her father spent the month before their journey to the Beast's palace. We can only imagine that the little cottage must have been a sad home and that the weeks passed too quickly.

It was now time for the dreaded visit. Beauty and her father galloped through the wood, and arrived at the palace. As before, no one was to be seen, so the father led Beauty into the room where he had had supper and breakfast on his last visit. A dainty meal for

two was laid, but the guests were not tempted by it, for they had little appetite.

As they sat at table, a terrible sound was heard at the door. The merchant knew, and Beauty guessed what it meant. Yes, it was the Beast! In he walked, and went straight up to Beauty. He gazed at her for long, and then said to her father, "Is this the daughter for whom you gathered the white roses?"

"Yes," said the merchant, "and she would not let me come back without her."

"She need not be sorry," said the Beast, "for everything in the palace is for her use. You must leave to-morrow, and Beauty must stay with me. No harm shall happen to her. Her room is ready now. Good-night." And the Beast left them.

When Beauty reached her room, she found it more beautiful than any she had ever seen. Quite tired out, she was soon fast asleep.

In the morning she had breakfast with her father, and then they said good-bye, both crying bitterly.

Beauty went to her room, and, when she could no longer see her father from the window, she looked at the beautiful pictures and ornaments. On one wall hung a curious mirror, and beneath it, in letters of gold, was written:—

"Little Beauty, dry your eyes,
Needless are those tears and sighs;
Gazing in this looking-glass,
What you wish shall come to pass."

These lines comforted Beauty, for she thought if she were very unhappy she could wish to be at home.

But the days, although long, did not pass drearily, for the Beast had provided her with many interests. She read, and she painted, and she played, and she gathered flowers. And each evening at suppertime the same sound was heard at the door, and a big voice asked, "May I come in?" And each evening Beauty trembling answered, "Yes, Beast." Then Beauty and the Beast had a chat.

Although the Beast's big body and voice terrified Beauty, all he said was so kind that she soon grew less and less afraid.

"Am I very ugly, Beauty?" the Beast asked one evening.

"Yes, Beast."

"And very stupid?"

"No, not stupid, Beast."

"Could you love me, Beauty?"

"Yes, I do love you, Beast, for you are so kind."

"Then will you marry me, Beauty?"

"Oh, no, no, Beast."

The Beast seemed so unhappy that Beauty felt very miserable, for he had become her best friend, and she could not bear to make him sad. "But I could not marry a Beast," she said to herself.

The next morning Beauty's eyes fell on her mirror. "I wish I could know how dear father is," she said; and gazing into the looking-glass she saw a sad picture. Her father was ill in bed, and alone. Beauty cried all day to think of his pain and loneliness.

When the Beast paid his usual visit, he saw how sad Beauty looked. "What is the matter, Beauty?" he asked. She then told him why she was so unhappy, and begged him to let her go home.

"It will break my heart if you go, Beauty," said the Beast. "But still," he added, "better that than that you should grieve. You shall go to-morrow."

"Thank you, oh, thank you, Beast," said Beauty, "but I will not break your heart. I promise to come back in a week."

The Beast looked very doubtful, for he was afraid he was going to lose Beauty for ever. "Take this ring," he said sadly, "and if you should wish to come back, lay it on your table before you go to bed at night. And now, good-bye, good-bye."

That night Beauty looked in her mirror, and wished she might wake up in her father's cottage. And she did. When her father saw her, he began that same minute to get better.

Beauty was a good little nurse, and took great care of the invalid. She was so busy that it was a great surprise to her when she found that a week had passed. As she did not yet want to leave her father alone with her unkind sisters, Beauty said she would stay for another week. But only a day or two had passed when she had a dream.

Beauty dreamed that the Beast was lying on the grass near the white rose-bush in the palace garden. He was murmuring, "Oh, Beauty, Beauty, you said you would come back. I shall die without you."

When Beauty woke, she could not bear to think of her dream. She jumped out of bed and laid the magic ring on her table. Then she fell asleep again. When she woke in the morning she was in her own room in the Beast's palace.

Beauty knew the Beast never came to see her till the evening, and the day seemed as if it would never end. At last supper time came, but no Beast. The clock struck nine, and still the Beast did not come.

Poor Beauty felt miserable. At last a sudden thought struck her. What if her dream were true? What if the Beast were lying on the grass near the white rose-bush? Beauty ran to the spot. Yes, there on the dew-wet grass lay the Beast as if dead. But no, he breathed, and as Beauty bathed his forehead with the dew, his eyes opened.

"I could not live without you, Beauty," he whispered, "so I starved myself to death. But I shall die contentedly now that I have seen your face."

"Oh, dear Beast, live and I will marry you," said Beauty. "I love you; indeed I do. You have such a kind heart."

When Beauty had said this, she hid her face in her hands, and cried and cried. When she looked up, the Beast was gone and a handsome Prince stood by her side. He thanked her for setting him free.

"What can you—what do you mean?" said Beauty, bewildered. "Oh, I want my Beast, my dear Beast, and nobody else."

Then the Prince said, "A wicked fairy enchanted me, and said I must be a Beast and seem stupid and ugly till a beautiful lady should be willing to marry me. You are the beautiful lady, Beauty."

Then the Prince kissed her and led her to the palace, and soon a good fairy appeared bringing with her Beauty's father and sisters.

The sisters were enchanted and stood as statues on either side of the gateway to the palace. But Beauty married the Prince, and, with her dear father near her, lived happily ever after.

THE HISTORY OF TOM THUMB

It is said that in the days of the famed Prince Arthur, who was king of Britain, in the year 516 there lived a great magician, called Merlin, the most learned and skilful enchanter in the world at that time.

This great magician, who could assume any form he pleased, was travelling in the disguise of a poor beggar, and being very much fatigued, he stopped at the cottage of an honest ploughman to rest himself, and asked for some refreshment.

The countryman gave him a hearty welcome, and his wife, who was a very good-hearted, hospitable woman, soon brought him some milk in a wooden bowl, and some coarse brown bread on a platter.

Merlin was much pleased with this homely repast and kindness of the ploughman and his wife; but he could not help seeing that though everything was neat and comfortable in the cottage, they seemed both to be sad and much cast down. He therefore questioned them on the cause of their sadness, and learned that they were miserable because they had no children.

The poor woman declared, with tears in her eyes, that she should be the happiest creature in the world if she had a son; and although he was no bigger than her husband's thumb, she would be satisfied.

Merlin was so much amused with the idea of a boy no bigger than a man's thumb, that he made up his mind to pay a visit to the queen of the fairies, and ask her to grant the poor woman's wish.

The droll fancy of such a little person among the human race pleased the fairy queen too, greatly, and she promised Merlin that the wish should be granted. Accordingly, in a short time after, the ploughman's wife had a son, who, wonderful to relate, was not a bit bigger than his father's thumb.

The fairy queen, wishing to see the little fellow thus born into the world, came in at the window while the mother was sitting up in bed admiring him. The queen kissed the child, and giving it the name of Tom Thumb, sent for some of the fairies, who dressed her little favourite as she bade them.

"An oak-leaf hat he had for his crown;
His shirt of web by spiders spun;
With jacket wove of thistle's down;
His trousers were of feather's done.
His stockings, of apple-rind, they tie
With eyelash from his mother's eye:
His shoes were made of mouse's skin,
Tann'd with the downy hair within."

It is remarkable that Tom never grew any larger than his father's thumb, which was only of an ordinary size; but as he got older he became very cunning and full of tricks. When he was old enough to play with the boys, and had lost all his own cherry-stones, he used to creep into the bags of his playfellows, fill his pockets, and, getting out unseen, would again join in the game,

One day, however, as he was coming out of a bag of cherry-stones, where he had been pilfering as usual, the boy to whom it belonged chanced to see him. "Ah, ha! my little Tommy," said the boy, "so I have caught you stealing my cherry-stones at last, and you shall be rewarded for your thievish tricks." On saying this, he drew the string tight round his neck, and gave the bag such a hearty shake, that poor little Tom's legs, thighs, and body were sadly bruised. He roared out with pain, and begged to be let out, promising never to be guilty of such bad practices again.

A short time afterwards his mother was making a batter-pudding, and Tom being very anxious to see how it was made, climbed up to the edge of the bowl; but unfortunately his foot slipped and he plumped over his head and ears into the batter, unseen by his mother, who stirred him into the pudding-bag, and put him in the pot to boil.

The batter had filled Tom's mouth, and prevented him from crying; but, on feeling the hot water, he kicked and struggled so much in the pot, that his mother thought that the pudding was bewitched, and, instantly pulling it out of the pot, she threw it to the door. A

poor tinker, who passing by, lifted up the pudding, and, putting it into his budget, he then walked off. As Tom had now got his mouth cleared of the batter, he then began to cry aloud, which so frightened the tinker that he flung down the pudding and ran away. The pudding being broke to pieces by the fall, Tom crept out covered over with the batter, and with difficulty walked home. His mother, who was very sorry to see her darling in such a woeful state, put him into a tea-cup, and soon washed off the batter; after which she kissed him, and laid him in bed.

Soon after the adventure of the pudding, Tom's mother went to milk her cow in the meadow, and she took him along with her. As the wind was very high, fearing lest he should be blown away, she tied him to a thistle with a piece of fine thread. The cow soon saw the oak-leaf hat, and, liking the look of it, took poor Tom and the thistle at one mouthful. While the cow was chewing the thistle Tom was afraid of her great teeth, which threatened to crush him in pieces, and he roared out as loud as he could: "Mother, mother!"

"Where are you, Tommy, my dear Tommy?" said his mother.

"Here, mother," replied he, "in the cow's mouth."

His mother began to cry and wring her hands; but the cow, surprised at the odd noise in her throat, opened her mouth and let Tom drop out. Fortunately his mother caught him in her apron as he was falling to the ground, or he would have been dreadfully hurt. She then put Tom in her bosom and ran home with him.

Tom's father made him a whip of a barley straw to drive the cattle with, and having one day gone into the fields, he slipped a foot and rolled into the furrow. A raven, which was flying over, picked him up, and flew with him to the top of a giant's castle that was near the seaside, and there left him.

Tom was in a dreadful state, and did not know what to do; but he was soon more dreadfully frightened; for old Grumbo the giant came up to walk on the terrace, and seeing Tom, he took him up and swallowed him like a pill.

The giant had no sooner swallowed Tom than he began to repent what he had done; for Tom began to kick and jump about so much that he felt very uncomfortable, and at last threw him up again into the sea. A large fish swallowed Tom the moment he fell into the sea, which was soon after caught, and bought for the table of King Arthur. When they opened the fish in order to cook it, everyone was astonished at finding such a little boy, and Tom was quite delighted to be out again. They carried him to the king, who made Tom his dwarf, and he soon grew a great favorite at Court; for by his tricks and gambols he not only amused the king and queen, but also all the knights of the Round Table.

It is said that when the king rode out on horseback, he often took

Tom along with him, and if a shower came on, he used to creep into his majesty's waistcoat pocket, where he slept till the rain was over.

King Arthur one day asked Tom about his parents, wishing to know if they were as small as he was, and whether rich or poor. Tom told the king that his father and mother were as tall as any of the sons about Court, but rather poor. On hearing this, the king carried Tom to his treasury, the place where he kept all his money, and told him to take as much money as he could carry home to his parents, which made the poor little fellow caper with joy. Tom went immediately to fetch a purse, which was made of a water-bubble, and then returned to the treasury, where he got a silver threepenny-piece to put into it.

Our little hero had some trouble in lifting the burden upon his back; but he at last succeeded in getting it placed to his mind, and set forward on his journey. However, without meeting with any accident and after resting himself more than a hundred times by the way, in two days and two nights he reached his father's house in safety.

Tom had travelled forty-eight hours with a huge silver-piece on his back, and was almost tired to death, when his mother ran out to meet him, and carried him into the house.

Tom's parents were both happy to see him, and the more so as he had brought such an amazing sum of money with him; but the poor little fellow was excessively wearied, having travelled half a mile in forty-eight hours, with a huge silver threepenny-piece on his back. His mother, in order to recover him, placed him in a walnut shell by the fireside, and feasted him for three days on a hazel-nut, which made him very sick; for a whole nut used to serve him a month.

Tom was soon well again; but as there had been a fall of rain, and the ground was very wet, he could not travel back to King Arthur's Court; therefore his mother, one day when the wind was blowing in that direction, made a little parasol of cambric paper, and tying Tom to it, she gave him a puff into the air with her mouth, which soon carried him to the king's palace.

Just at the time when Tom came flying across the courtyard, the cook happened to be passing with the king's great bowl of furmenty, which was a dish his majesty was very fond of; but unfortunately the poor little fellow fell plump into the middle of it, and splashed the hot furmenty about the cook's face.

The cook, who was an ill-natured fellow, being in a terrible rage at Tom for frightening and scalding him with the furmenty, went straight to the king, and said that Tom had jumped into the royal furmenty, and thrown it down out of mere mischief. The king was so enraged when he heard this, that he ordered Tom to be seized

and tried for high treason; and there being no person who dared to plead for him, he was condemned to be beheaded immediately.

On hearing this dreadful sentence pronounced, poor Tom fell a-trembling with fear, but, seeing no means of escape, and observing a miller close to him gaping with his great mouth, as country boobies do at a fair, he took a leap, and fairly jumped down his throat. This exploit was done with such activity that not one person present saw it, and even the miller did not know the trick which Tom had played upon him. Now, as Tom had disappeared, the court broke up, and the miller went home to his mill.

When Tom heard the mill at work he knew he was clear of the court, and therefore he began to roll and tumble about, so that the poor miller could get no rest, thinking he was bewitched; so he sent for a doctor. When the doctor came, Tom began to dance and sing; and the doctor, being as much frightened as the miller, sent in haste for five other doctors and twenty learned men.

When they were debating about this extraordinary case, the miller happened to yawn, when Tom, seizing the chance, made another jump, and alighted safely upon his feet on the middle of the table.

The miller, who was very much provoked at being tormented by such a little pigmy creature, fell into a terrible rage, and, laying hold of Tom, ran to the king with him; but his majesty being engaged with state affairs, ordered him to be taken away, and kept in custody till he sent for him.

The cook was determined that Tom should not slip out of his hands this time, so he put him into a mouse-trap, and left him to peep through the wires. Tom had remained in the trap a whole week, when he was sent for by King Arthur, who pardoned him for throwing down the furmenty, and took him again into favor. On account of his wonderful feats of activity, Tom was knighted by the king, and and went under the name of the renowned Sir Thomas Thumb. As Tom's clothes had suffered much in the batter-pudding, the furmenty, and the insides of the giant, miller, and fishes, his majesty ordered him a new suit of clothes, and to be mounted as a knight.

"Of Butterfly's wings his shirt was made,
His boots of chicken's hide;
And by a nimble fairy blade,
Well learned in the tailoring trade,
His clothing was supplied.—
A needle dangled by his side;
A dapper mouse he used to ride,
Thus strutted Tom in stately pride!"

It was certainly very diverting to see Tom in this dress, and

mounted on the mouse, as he rode out a-hunting with the king and nobility, who were all ready to expire with laughter at Tom and his fine prancing charger.

One day, as they were riding by a farmhouse, a large cat, which was lurking about the door, made a spring, and seized both Tom and his mouse. She then ran up a tree with them, and was beginning to devour the mouse; but Tom boldly drew his sword, and attacked the cat so fiercely that she let them both fall, when one of the nobles caught him in his hat, and laid him on a bed of down, in a little ivory cabinet.

The queen of the fairies came soon after to pay Tom a visit, and carried him back to Fairy-land, where he lived several years. During his residence there, King Arthur, and all the persons who knew Tom, had died; and as he was desirous of being at Court, the fairy queen, after dressing him in a suit of clothes, sent him flying through the air to the palace, in the days of King Thunstone, the successor of Arthur. Every one flocked round to see him, and being carried to the king, he was asked who he was—whence he came—and where he lived? Tom answered,—

"My name is Tom Thumb,
From the fairies I've come.
When King Arthur shone,
His Court was my home.
In me he delighted,
By him I was knighted;
Did you never hear of Sir Thomas Thumb?"

The king was so charmed with this address that he ordered a little chair to be made, in order that Tom might sit upon his table, and also a palace of gold, a span high, with a door an inch wide, to live in. He also gave him a coach, drawn by six small mice.

The queen was so enraged at the honor paid to Sir Thomas that she resolved to ruin him, and told the king that the little knight had been saucy to her.

The king sent for Tom in great haste, but being fully aware of the danger of royal anger, he crept into an empty snail-shell, where he lay for a long time, until he was almost starved with hunger; but at last he ventured to peep out, and seeing a fine large butterfly on the ground, near his hiding-place, he approached very cautiously, and getting himself placed astride on it, was immediately carried up into the air. The butterfly flew with him from tree to tree and from field to field, and at last returned to the Court, where the king and nobility all strove to catch him; but at last poor Tom fell from his seat into a water-pot, in which he was almost drowned.

When the queen saw him she was in a rage, and said he should be beheaded; and he was again put into a mouse-trap until the time of his execution.

However, a cat, observing something alive in the trap, patted it about till the wires broke, and set Thomas at liberty.

The king received Tom again into favour, which he did not live to enjoy, for a large spider one day attacked him; and although he drew his sword and fought well, yet spider's poisonous breath at last overcame him;

"He fell dead on the ground where he stood,
And the spider suck'd every drop of his blood."

King Thunstone and his whole Court were so sorry at the loss of their little favorite, that they went into mourning, and raised a fine white marble monument over his grave, with the following epitaph:—

"Here lies Tom Thumb, King Arthur's knight,
Who died by a spider's cruel bite,
He was well known in Arthur's Court,
Where he afforded gallant sport;
He rode at tilt and tournament,
And on a mouse a-hunting went.
Alive he filled the Court with mirth;
His death to sorrow soon gave birth.
Wipe, wipe your eyes, and shake your head
And cry,—Alas! Tom Thumb is dead!"

THE TRUE HISTORY OF JACK SPRAT, HIS WIFE AND HIS CAT

I

When Jack Sprat was young,
He dressed very smart,
He courted Joan Cole,
And he gained her heart;
In his fine leather doublet,
And old greasy hat,
O what a smart fellow
Was little Jack Sprat.

II

Jack Sprat was the bridegroom,
Joan Cole was the bride,
Jack said, from the church

His Joan home should ride;
But no coach could take her,
The lane was so narrow,
Said Jack, then I'll take her
Home in a wheel-barrow.

III

As Jack Sprat was wheeling
His wife by the ditch,
The barrow turned over,
And in she did pitch.
Says Jack, "You'll be drowned!"
But Joan did reply,—
"I don't think I shall,
For the ditch is quite dry."

IV

Jack brought home his Joan,
And she sat on a chair,
When in came his cat,
That had got but one ear.
Says Joan, "I'm come home, puss,
Pray how do you do?"
The cat wagg'd her tail,
And said nothing but "Mew!"

V

Then Joan went to market,
To buy her some fowls,
She bought a jackdaw
And a couple of owls;
The owls they were white,
The jackdaw was black,
"They'll lay brindled eggs,"
Says little Joan Sprat.

VI

Joan Sprat went to brewing
A barrel of ale,
She put in some hops
That it might not turn stale,

But as for the malt,
  She forgot to put that,
"This is sober liquor,"
  Says little Jack Sprat.

VII

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
  His wife could eat no lean,
And so between them both,
  They lick'd the platter clean;
Jack eat all the lean,
  Joan eat all the fat,
The bone they pick'd it clean,
  Then gave it to the cat.

VIII

Jack Sprat went to market,
  And bought him a mare,
She was lame of three legs,
  And as blind as a bat,
Her ribs they went bare,
  For the mare had no fat,
"She looks like a racer,"
  Says little Jack Sprat.

IX

Now I have told you the story
  Of little Jack Sprat,
Of little Joan Cole,
  And the one-ear'd cat.
Now Jack has got rich,
  And has plenty of pelf,
If you'd know any more,
  You may tell it yourself.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

A CHILD'S STORY

I

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
  By famous Hanover city;
The River Weser, deep and wide,

Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II

Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And lick'd the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy,
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, Sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV

An hour they sate in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell,
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—

I'm sure my poor head aches again
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)
"Only a scraping of shoes at the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V

"Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in
There was no guessing his kith and kin
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire:
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

VI

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honours," said he, "I am able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper;

And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self same check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats:
And, as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?
"One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII

Into the street the Piper stepped,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept,
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling:
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,

Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished
—Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And the drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, Oh, rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, Come, bore me!
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

IX

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havock
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish

Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Besides," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And as a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Besides, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

X

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdad, and accept the prime
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

XI

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII

Once more he stepped into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning

Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard where barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill there steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed.
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft

Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And they dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

XIV

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
  There came into many a burgher's pate
  A text which says, that Heaven's Gate
  Opes to the Rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
  Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
  And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
  Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
  On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and Seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor

Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they Hostelry or Tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the Great Church Window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

XV

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers:
And, whether they pipe us free, from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

HUMPHREY'S FAIRY QUEEN

CHAPTER I

THE FAIRY'S PROMISE

"Let go my cloak, Humphrey; do, dearie, and hurry on—there's a good lad. You have nearly choked me with the way you're tugging at me, and father'll be waiting for supper till we come." And Mrs. Clarke, with a sigh, shifted from one arm to the other the heavy bundle of clothes she was carrying, and trudged on more quickly than before through the sloppy lane.

Humphrey, in obedience to his mother's words, let go the long, blue, cloth cloak, at which, in truth, he had been tugging, as with stumbling steps he followed in her wake; but, far from hurrying on, his hobnailed boots clattered along after her more slowly than before, till, as he reached a low, rustic gate which opened from the lane into a prettily-kept flower-garden, he stopped altogether, and crouching down almost to the ground, peered in eagerly through the twisted bars. He had not peered long, however, before his mother's voice summoned him again.

"Humphrey! Humphrey!" she cried wearily, as she rested her bundle for a moment on the low wall at her side, "I'll tell father, surely, when I see him, how you loiter; and if I do, I doubt you will not loiter next time. What there is to hanker for in there, I cannot think, and yet it's as hard to get you past yon gate as it is to drive my old Jimmy past a bunch of carrots."

What with the mention of his father's probable displeasure, and the suggested similarity between himself and his mother's attenuated old donkey, Humphrey raised himself upright, and giving just one more lingering look behind him, he helped his mother to raise her burden again, and the two trudged home together in silence.

His mother did not know what there was to hanker for in there—in beyond the high, closely-clipped hedge which surrounded the rectory gardens; and as she daily passed it by, with her thoughts, poor woman, full of careful provision for the future—the scarcity of milk, the high price of coal, the ominous holes in threadbare garments already mended and remended by her careful fingers—the

flowers and the shrubs, and the gay blossoms to be seen at a distance within the glass-houses, stirred up no longing within her heart, nor raised an envious desire in her mind. Half a dozen loaves of good white bread, or a can of frothing milk, had seemed greater treasures in her eyes than lapfuls of snowdrops or gay crocuses.

But Humphrey's heart and Humphrey's mind were different from hers. He had often heard from village companions wonderful legends of fairies and their beautiful abodes, and as day after day, on one excuse or another, he made his way up to the wicket-gate and gazed longingly through it, the pleasure-grounds within the clipped yew hedge seemed fairyland itself to him. The rector's little daughter, wandering about from bed to bed, picking a flower here and then another there, was surely no other than the fairy queen, the glass-houses were her palaces, the gardeners her slaves, and the feathery pampas grass seemed to grow only to supply her with the fairy wands to carry in her hand.

This very evening it had all looked more beautiful than ever as he watched little May Darrell sitting under the laburnum tree, the evening sun shining through the yellow blossoms, and throwing a glory round her to her very feet. No wonder poor Humphrey sighed as he plowed along the muddy roads, and entered at last the smoky, crowded cottage which was his home.

In silence he seated himself at the table spread for supper, and received the threatened reproof for idleness and loitering, and then in silence he crept into the corner of the large, rickety bed allotted to him, to indulge at first in romances, whispered to himself, of flowers and fairies, wonderful enough, it is true, but which gave way in turn to dreams more strange and fanciful still.

Some days passed away before Humphrey, with the fear of his father's displeasure hanging over him, could creep away unobserved to feast his eyes with a view of the rectory garden. Indeed, he was almost in despair at no opportunity arising, when, to his great delight, one afternoon, as he was sitting on a bench outside the cottage door dancing his little baby brother into good temper on his knee, he heard his mother's voice calling to him from within, and as she took the baby from his arms, she bade him smooth his hair and brush the dust out of his jacket, as she had a parcel for him to carry to the housekeeper at the rectory.

An hour or two later in the afternoon, as May Darrell was sitting on her favorite seat under the laburnum tree, deeply engrossed in a new story-book, she was startled by hearing the rustic gate hastily opened, and then in a moment more by a loud sigh almost in her ear. She turned round quickly at the sound, and saw the figure of a little boy, apparently about her own age, standing close beside her under the shadow of the tree.

At first she did not recognize him, but with a second glance, the remembrance of seeing Humphrey's pale face and strangely blue eyes in her father's class in Sunday school came to her mind; and closing her book, she asked him kindly whether he had any message to leave with her for the rector. But Humphrey, at the sound of her voice, seemed to waken from the dream or trance in which he stood, and, blushing crimson over face and ears, he dived under the branches of the laburnum, and out through the wicket-gate into the lane.

May was very much surprised, but at the same time amused, at his discomfiture; and wishing to find out what it meant, she threw the book aside, and ran after him across the grass, till she found him hiding in among the bushes and long grass, about a stone's-throw from the rustic gate.

"Come here," she cried, as, finding he had been discovered, he came shyly out into the lane. "Come back, little boy, and tell me what you wanted with me here."

But Humphrey, making no answer, and remaining stolidly silent, May was beginning to retreat, walking backwards towards the garden, when, with a sudden instinct, she seemed to fathom Humphrey's thoughts.

"I know what it was," she cried. "You wanted to see the garden, and all the pretty flowers in it. I am sure that must be it. Come here and tell me if I am right."

Humphrey, as an answer, only blushed a deeper crimson still, only indicating by the hungry way in which he turned his eyes in the direction of the garden that her suspicions had been correct.

"Come, then," she said, as she looked at a tiny little watch which was hanging at her side; "if you make haste I shall just have time to show you all before I must go back into the house;" and re-entering at the wooden gate, she waited until Humphrey was fairly inside, and then pushed it to.

With flushed cheeks and wide-open eyes, and with his hands thrust awkwardly within the pockets of his trousers, Humphrey followed the little girl as she led him up and down the graveled walks, pointing out to him the different flowers as they went, and then on through a cool, dark fernery to the glass-houses filled with scarlet and white camellias and the pure-blossomed primulas. And not a word said Humphrey all this time—not a word even when, dazed and bewildered by all that he had seen, he halted again at the garden gate; and yet little May seemed amply satisfied, as though she understood and approved of the admiration conveyed by his demeanor.

"Now I must go," she said at last, and then she paused. "I should like so much to give you some of these flowers to take home with you, little boy." Here she paused again, while Humphrey's heart thumped with expectation to know what her next words would be. "I

should like to give you some very much, but papa never allows me to do so without asking his leave, and I have none of my own—my very own—but what grow here," she said, pointing with her finger to a narrow border skirting the yew hedge. "The snowdrops, you see, are all withered. There is nothing in it now but violets, and they are not in blossom yet," and she stooped and searched for a minute or two among the thick green leaves. "They will flower very soon," she said, as Humphrey, cap in hand, backed out from the pleasure-ground—"in a week at the furthest; and then if you come up I will give you a whole large handful for yourself, and such beauties as they are you cannot think. Mind you come and get them." And waving her hand to him as she spoke, she turned away from him and crossed the grass to the laburnum tree.

Humphrey watched her with a kind of fascination as she stooped to pick up her book from the ground, and then passed on through the conservatory into the house; at last, with a sigh expressive of very conflicting feelings, he turned his back on the rectory gardens and pursued his way home.

In a week, only one week, he was to come again, and she would give him a handful of sweet violets for himself—the fairy queen would give him flowers from fairyland; and he, little Humphrey Clarke, should have them for his own. With such an assurance as this before him, it is not to be wondered at that everything seemed to be passing in a dream around him, and that reproofs at his long-delayed absence and threats of future punishment fell for the time on heedless ears.

One week—only one short week—were the last words whispered by Humphrey to himself that night, as, curled up in his corner, the events of the day passed and repassed a hundred times before his mind, till he fell fast asleep, happily unconscious, poor child, of the trouble and anxiety which, before that week was over, should have fallen upon the inhabitants of the cottage.

When Humphrey awoke next morning, he had to sit up in bed and rub his eyes and blink them very vigorously for some time before he could quite take in the meaning of what he saw. It was not very early, he knew, for the town clock was just striking nine, and yet his mother was lying still in bed, feebly trying to hush the baby, whose cries had wakened Humphrey. The shutters of the little window had not yet been opened, and it was his father who was setting the breakfast on the table and coaxing the fire to burn brightly. And then, as Humphrey fidgeted about to find his garments, his father came over, and whispered to him how wee Hugh had been very ill all night, and the mother herself was sick too and tired, and he must be a good boy, and rise and give a helping hand at setting things straight.

So Humphrey rose, and for that day and many days afterwards he had but few leisure moments to think of anything but the care of his sick mother and the poor little baby Hugh. His father and his elder brothers must be out betimes to earn the money to pay for medicines and the many things necessitated by heavy illness, and Humphrey had to learn how to be useful. He was the one to get the tea ready for father before he went to his work in the morning, and again when he came home, tired and anxious, in the evening; he grew quite skilful in sweeping the room and holding the baby, while a friendly neighbor would look in to "fix" his mother, as she called it, for the day; and then, as the hours passed on and she tossed restlessly about, he would turn the pillows, and fetch her a mug of fresh spring water, or sit before her and read to her, with all the trustful faith of a little child, a few words from the large-print Testament he had gained as a prize.

Yet, busy as he was, whenever his mother dozed and there came a lull in the cottage, his thoughts would turn with a longing to the appointed meeting in the rectory gardens, and how it could be accomplished. The smell of the violets would surely do his mother good, he thought, and make the whole room sweet and fresh, if he could only leave her long enough to fetch them; and besides this, if he did not go, little Miss May, with her long, golden hair, woud be expecting him, watching for him perhaps, he thought in his simplicity.

So the long-watched-for day came at last, but with it seemed to come no help, no hope of carrying out his cherished plan. His mother, still in bed, was weak and languid, the baby fretful, and the friendlly neighbor, Mrs. Hughes, had failed to turn in as usual; so Humphrey was busier than ever—so busy, indeed, that he had had no time to fret all the long morning. But as the day began to turn, the cottage grew very still, and his mother seemed to be easier than she had been for two or three days past; the baby, wonderful to say, had succumbed to his violent rocking of the cradle, and had fallen asleep, so Humphrey had time now to think of his disappointment. The sun, in spite of the closed shutters, had found out all sorts of queer ways of forcing itself into the room, and was shining right into his face. Always pale, he was paler now than ever after a whole week's watching and confinement in the stuffy room; he felt tired too, and his head ached, and as he leaned it against the wooden cradle, and thought of the pleasant, spring-scented air and green leaves outside, the tears came into his eyes, and fell down in patches on the black hearthstone at his side. His reverie had lasted so very long that it had almost changed to sleep, when he was aroused by the click of the outside gate, and in a minute more Mrs. Hughes's jolly, smiling face appeared at the door.

"Well, laddie," she said, in her loud, cheery voice as she entered,

"and how are all to-day? I could not manage to get away till late;" then, hushing her voice as she peeped into the cradle, and not noticing the boy's downcast appearance, she continued kindly, "Why, Humphrey, you look as blay and downy very nigh as those that are sick. Run out, lad, and take a turn at the hockey sticks along with the village chaps out there; maybe 'twill put a pinch of color in your cheeks."

Humphrey only shook his head, and pointed expressively with his finger first to his mother and then to the cradle.

"Hoot, man," laughed Mrs. Hughes under her breath, as she clapped her hand down heavily on his shoulder. "I suppose you think nobody knows how to rock a cradle but yourself. Run away out there," she continued, raising her voice a little. "I can stay here for a while, now that I'm come; and you don't feel just spry enough in yourself for a game of hockey with yon rough fellows, there's my Johnny going out to fetch the cows home, and he'd be glad enough, I'm bound, to have a bit of company."

Humphrey did not seem much inclined to follow Mrs. Hughes's advice. He got up from beside the cradle, and crept over to the bed to see whether his mother was asleep; but as he leaned over her she raised her hand, and stroked his face lovingly.

"Do, dearie, run away out and get a breath of the sweet air; you're pale, my lamb, and it will do you good." Humphrey made no answer, but pressed the thin fingers down over his face again. "Do, darlin'; Mrs. Hughes will bide her with me till you're back, and the child's asleep and all," and Mrs. Clarke drew down his face and kissed it.

Humphrey did not know what had come over him this afternoon, he felt so queer, for at his mother's words the tears rushed into his eyes. He kissed her again and again in return; and then, watching till Mrs. Hughes's back was turned, that she might not a second time remark upon his looks, he slipped round the wooden table and out into the open air.

For a moment he paused on the threshold, but it was not in hesitation whether to join the village chaps playing at hockey on the green, or to accompany Mrs. Hughes's Johnny on his walk to the grazing fields; no, it was but for a second, to swallow down the rising sob, and then away he went down the village street, along the high-road, and into the green, budding lane, without a stop, without a halt even, till he drew breath beside the yew hedge, and leaned his throbbing head upon the rustic gate.

The sun was shining gloriously down, so gloriously that Humphrey felt almost dazed, as he stood with its rays slanting right upon his eager face. At last the time so eagerly looked forward to had come, and he was here—his hopes were fulfilled, his desire al-

most accomplished; and yet, and yet, as he stood there clinging to the wooden supports, there seemed to come a sudden hush of disappointment over everything.

The greensward lay smooth as velvet before him, the feathery pampas grass stood tall and graceful close at hand, the yellow laburnum tassels were swaying gently down almost to the ground in the breeze, the fairy palaces were there intact, yet the blue eyes turned searchingly round for something more than these.

Why was there no one standing to watch for him in the yellow sunshine? Where was the handful of gathered violets he had been promised? Why was there such a stillness and oppression over everything? The house stood handsome and imposing just away a little to the left. A few of the windows on the ground floor had been thrown open, and the muslin curtains flapped lazily out into the wind, as from time to time some door was opened within; but most of them were closed and shrouded with the long white blinds. All was still, horribly still, and it was to break this silence that Humphrey at last, with a daring hand, pushed open the wicket-gate, and stood within the enchanted ground.

CHAPTER II

AN ACCUSING CONSCIENCE

May Darrell had been right; one week of spring showers and and bright sunshine had brought the violets in the narrow border skirting the yew hedge to their full perfection, and there they were now lying in profusion at his very feet; the smell from the purple and white blossoms seemed delicious beyond all his imaginations, and he was fain to throw himself down on the path beside him to revel in their sweetness.

Poor little waif and wanderer into fairyland, why was there no good fairy near to touch him with her wand, and beckon him away from dangerous ground? Why was the little sovereign of these gay domains not present to fulfill her promise and save him from temptation? Yet, had Humphrey taken but a moment just to pause, he would have remembered One always beside him, whose hands are ever stretched out to help those that are weak, and in whose strength he would have surely conquered. Alas! with a suddenness and power which came upon him in an instant, and against which he made no effort at resistance, a craving to possess some at least of those glossy leaves and shining petals rose within him. He gave but one hasty, searching glance round in all directions, to see that he was safe from view, and then, with trembling fingers and nails, dug deep into the

yielding mould; a handful of the plant—leaves, blossoms, roots and all—was torn from its companions, and conveyed to the dark recess within Humphrey's jacket.

A guilty conscience lends wings to fearful feet, and out through the wicket-gate and down the lane, like a leaf before the wind, Humphrey darted, never pausing till safely out upon the highroad; then, as he neared his home, his steps slackened in their speed, and the inevitable feeling of remorse which follows on wrong-doing seemed with every step to grow more heavy.

But just now he had not time to think it out; he had only a confused feeling of having faltered from the right way, which made the blood throb painfully through his temples, and add weariness to his steps. But when he reached the cottage he found that Mrs. Hughes had been obliged to return to her own business, and his mother was wearied out with her efforts to hush the fretful baby; so Humphrey had but a minute to cram his violets in a broken flower-pot, and hide them away in the cupboard under the dresser. Then, rinsing the mud off his hands in the tub of water outside the door, he hurried in to take the baby in his arms, and pace with it up and down the room till its good-humor was restored.

But shame and contrition were fast gaining possession of his mind —gaining strength with every moment as it passed. When the lights were out and the cottage quiet, and he had crept away to bed, he could not sleep, but all night long he lay awake, counting hour by hour as it was proclaimed by the village clock, thinking, sorrowing—yes, and praying too over the events of the past day, for Humphrey's was a tender little heart, and the deed he had done seemed in his eyes a grievous thing. It was in vain he tried to sleep; he tossed and turned and sobbed out his grief, under the colored counterpane, that he might not disturb his mother, or attract his father's attention, and watched with feverish eagerness for the morning, when he might with the earliest opportunity return his stolen treasures.

With the morning, however, came duties which could not be laid aside; and then—he did not exactly know how, but he supposed it was in consequence of his wakeful night—he fell asleep as he sat on the floor beside the cradle, and slept on the whole day long, only wakening up in the evening dusk. The next day again he felt so tired, so utterly wearied, he could scarcely drag himself about to help his mother, as for the first time she was able to sit up in the wooden chair by the fire; and again he fell asleep with his head resting against her knee, and strange pictures floating before his eyes. After that there came a blank—a long, long blank; for Humphrey was ill now—so ill that his sickness seemed to be unto death.

How little were those who watched beside him able to divine the thoughts which crowded and hurried so eagerly through his mind;

how utterly were they without a clue to the distress and unrest which oppressed him as he turned and turned again to try to escape from the scenes which haunted him! Always down upon his knees among the violets, grubbing with his nails deep into the damp ground, he would grope in his imagination till his back ached and his legs were cramped beneath him; or, with the gathered flowers in his hand, he would rise and try and try to get away out through the rustic gate, pursued for ever and ever by Miss May herself.

How long this all lasted he had no idea; he took no heed of days or hours as they went by, but only felt that as the time passed on he grew more weak and weary, till it seemed to him that he could only lie upon the green grass of the rectory garden too tired to move, while round and round him, and in and out through the trees and flowers, the little girl kept flitting about, never coming close enough for him to look her in the face, or whisper to her his long-pent-up confession.

But at last there came a day when the scene seemed changed, and again he was standing at the wicket-gate, peering in through its twisted bars, and little Miss May was coming down the walk to meet him, looking like a fairy queen indeed, with the sun glittering on her white dress, and on two beautiful wings formed from the golden blossoms of the laburnum tree. She was carrying in her hand a bunch of violets, and as she waved them to him they seemed to perfume the whole air around. He reached out his hand to take them from her, but as he did so he became dimly conscious of voices talking in subdued tones beside him. He heard his name mentioned in a familiar voice, and somehow, and by slow degrees, he realized that he was lying in the corner of the old fourpost bed, and that the rector and his mother were sitting together close at hand.

He closed his eyes again after just one glance round to try to find out how much had been a dream. In that one glance, momentary as it was, his eyes had fallen on the cracked flower-pot upon the dresser with the green leaves peeping just above it; but it was not from these the perfume of violets came which was haunting him even still. Too tired to follow out his thoughts, he listened in a dreamy way to the rector's voice, as he first read and then knelt beside the wooden table and prayed, and Humphrey heard his own name mentioned in that prayer.

Then there came a pause, and his mother's voice came again distinctly upon his ear—"Good-evening, sir, and I'm sure I'm much obliged to you for calling, with so many sick to visit, and with trouble of your own to keep you at home."

Humphrey was not dreaming now, for his eyes were wide open, and he could see the rector's figure standing in the doorway, with the bright light falling on his silver hair.

"Good-evening," he replied; "I will try and see you again as soon as I am able, but that may not be for a few days. Indeed my little girl seemed so far from well to-day that I should not have left her; but she gave me no peace till I promised to gather these violets with my own hand, and bring them down myself, to give them to your little son, to whom she promised them some time ago."

"I'm sure I'm grateful to you, sir, both to you and her, for all your kindness; and so would he too, poor creature, had he the wit to know it," and poor Mrs. Clarke turned away, and covered up her face in her hands.

Humphrey shut his eyes, and pressed his crimson face deep down into the pillow. He heard his mother sobbing for a little while beside the fire, and then she came and leaned over him, and stroked his hair, and laid something—he knew what it was—close beside him, so close that the sweet air seemed almost to stifle him; and yet, when his mother was not looking, he stretched out his trembling fingers and took the flowers in his hand.

So the little girl had not forgotten him; and she was ill, very ill —that he had plainly heard. She had not broken faith with him, but remembered and fulfilled her promise. What would she say now when she heard what he had done? How could he ever tell her, and yet how could he go on living and not tell her?

And so the days went on till Humphrey was better—not well, but still well enough to sit out in front of the cottage door for an hour or two every day, looking like the wraith of his former self, his face white as his mother's apron, and his hair, grown long during his illness, falling limp over his forehead.

He was not happy yet, though daily, as he knelt to say his prayers, he had laid his burden before God, and humbly asked for His forgiveness; yet till he had made a confession to some one else, till he had returned to her the treasures robbed from her garden, he felt that the cloud still remained upon him. He had not told his mother yet the story of his violets, and as each day she watched the drooping plants, she never suspected the cruel fear he felt lest she might question him about them; but to his joy she never seemed to notice them particularly. They had come just in the hurry and confusion of his illness, and she had been too occupied and anxious to inquire by whose hand they came.

More anxiously still he avoided the slightest allusion to the rector or little Miss May. Till all was straight between them and him, he could not bear the mention ever of their names; and strangely enough, though Humphrey did not think of this particularly till long afterwards, his mother did not seem to wish to speak about them either; and more than once, when a chance neighbor began to approach the

subject, Mrs. Clarke, with ready tact, would manage to change the conversation.

Another day and then another rolled by before Humphrey had gained the strength or found the opportunity of doing that which he so longed to do; but one afternoon, when he had been sitting as usual, quiet and unoccupied, sunning himself in the warm corner outside his mother's cottage, a sudden determination seized him to try whether this very day he could not make his way, even though it might cost him pain and weariness, as far as the precincts of the rectory.

The cottage was still and quiet within, and there was no one to take note of what he did, for his mother had taken the baby with her out of doors, while she fetched the clothes home from the bleaching-green; so, happy in escaping all questioning, Humphrey mounted on a wooden chair, and lifted the violets from the broken flower-pot on the shelf.

It was the first time he had taken them in his hands since the day he plucked them, and now it was with a sad remorse he looked at their sickly, blossomless appearance. No fragrant smell or purple petals were to be found. Roughly transplanted from the soft mould and fresh open air to the close, fever-tainted cottage atmosphere, they had pined and drooped, so that Humphrey found it hard to recognize them. He did not care to look at them a second time, but, drawing his cap determinedly down over his eyes, he sallied out.

Weak as he was, and much as his timid nature shrank from the telling of his story, Humphrey went bravely along down the village street, and along the highroad, though the way seemed to have doubled in length since last he had been on it; and when he stopped, as he had to do very often, to rest and draw his breath, his knees trembled and shook from feebleness.

He went bravely on till the lane was left behind, and he was standing again beside the rustic gate, peering in through the twisted bars; and then, bravely still, he pushed it open, and stood within, upon the graveled path. How beautiful it all seemed in the soft freshness of the spring afternoon, the sun gleaming down upon the long rows of glass-houses, making them glitter and take strange colors like precious stones, the flower-beds rich with sweet and gay-looking blossoms! A lark was singing high up above him in the blue sky, and the thrushes and blackbirds were piping to each other all around. The yellow laburnums alone hung down and shrivelled on the tree, and there was no little May Darrell sitting on the seat beneath it.

No, she was not there, as she had been on that day when he had seen her last, with the yellow sunshine falling on her hair; but some one else was there, whose kindly eyes and face, so grave and gentle, filled Humphrey's heart at once with a strange calm and courage. It

was the rector himself, looking away from and beyond the scene immediately at hand to the graceful outline of the hills which bounded the horizon; an open book was lying unheeded on the seat beside him, its pages flapping over one another in the sunshine. As Humphrey stood beside him, his eyes seemed to wander slowly back from contemplating the land that is very far off, and to fall for a minute or two on the little figure without realizing his presence.

But the small face, bleached with illness, and the questioning eyes raised to his, touched a chord within the kind heart, and roused him from his dreaming with a start. "You are Humphrey, are you not—Humphrey Clarke, that was so ill? Why, child, what brings you here to-day? Sit down and tell me," and Mr. Darrell tried to take his hand and draw him nearer to himself.

But Humphrey took no notice of the kindly movement. The battle he was fighting with himself was a hard one; if he faltered for a moment he might lose it altogether. "I want Miss May," he said. The words burst out with a vehemence which showed how hard it had been to say them. "I must see her just for a moment to tell her something."

The story once begun, Humphrey took no heed of the anguished face before him, or the hand upraised to check him.

"Oh, let me see Miss May!" he pleaded—"just for one minute. These flowers are hers," he added, crushing the violets into the rector's hand; "I took them from her garden once, and now—now they're faded, but I've brought them back again."

All poor Humphrey's strength had failed him here, and with a sob that broke from lips as white as paper, he fell down on his knees, and leaned his head upon the wooden seat.

More than once as he was kneeling there the rector leaned forward and his lips moved as though to speak; but the silvered head was bent low again, the eyes shaded close with trembling fingers, and it was Humphrey's voice that broke the silence first. "She told me I might come again," he sobbed, in full confession; "and when I came she was not there; and then I took them, and I could not come back again till now. May I not see her, just to tell her how it was?"

The rector raised him from the ground, making him stand beside him at his knee; he parted the hair from his forehead, and laid his hand upon his head as though in blessing, and then he looked into his eyes until their dimness was reflected in his own.

"You want to see my little May," he said; "and I," he added yearningly, "would give all I have—yes, doubly all—to give one look into her face again; and yet we may not do this. She is not here, Humphrey; she is risen."

Too much awed by the strange sadness in the rector's voice to make any reply, Humphrey could only turn his eyes and follow his

companion's longing gaze into the blue arch high above them. Then Mr. Darrell whispered into Humphrey's ear—

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours."

Humphrey was beginning to understand it at last—his dear Miss May was now indeed no fairy queen, but one of the holy ones in God's sight; and still he did not realize it all till, the rector leading him by the hand, they entered the peaceful little churchyard together, and planted at the foot of the pure white stone which bore her name the plant of fading violets.

Thus given back, and watered by tears of repentance, such as are precious in God's sight, the drooping leaves revived, and the sweet blossoms came again; and Humphrey, conscious of the rector's full forgiveness, and trustful of a higher pardon still, felt peace and happiness spring up once more within his heart.

THE GOLDEN GOOSE

THERE was a man who had three sons. The youngest was called Dummling—which is much the same as Dunderhead, for all thought he was more than half a fool—and he was at all times mocked and ill-treated by the whole household.

It happened that the eldest son took it into his head one day to go into the wood to cut fuel; and his mother gave him a nice pasty and a bottle of wine to take with him, that he might refresh himself at his work. As he went into the wood, a little old man bid him good day, and said, "Give me a little piece of meat from your plate, and a little wine out of your bottle, for I am very hungry and thirsty." But this clever young man said, "Give you my meat and wine? No, I thank you, I should not have enough for myself:" and away he went. He soon began to cut down a tree; but he had not worked long before he missed his stroke, and cut himself, and was forced to go home to have the wound dressed. Now it was the little old man that sent him this mischief.

Next went out the second son to work: and his mother gave him a pasty and a bottle of wine. And the same little old man met him also, and asked him for something to eat and drink. But he too thought himself very clever, and said, "The more you eat the less there would be for me: so go your way!" The little man took care that he too should have his reward, and the second stroke that he aimed against a tree hit him on the leg; so that he too was forced to go home.

Then Dummling said, "Father, I should like to go and cut wood too." But his father said, "Your brothers have both lamed themselves; you had better stay at home, for you know nothing about the business of wood-cutting." But Dummling was very pressing; and at last his father said, "Go your way! you will be wiser when you have smarted for your folly." And his mother gave him only some dry bread and a bottle of sour beer. But when he went into the wood, he met the little old man, who said, "Give me some meat and drink, for I am very hungry and thirsty." Dummling said, "I have only dry bread and sour beer; if that will suit you, we will sit down

and eat it, such as it is, together." So they sat down; and when the lad pulled out his bread, behold it was turned into a rich pastry: and his sour beer, when they tasted it, was delightful wine. They ate and drank heartily; and when they had done, the little man said, "As you have a kind heart, and have been willing to share everything with me, I will send a blessing upon you. There stands an old tree; cut it down, and you will find something at the root." Then he took his leave, and went his way.

Dummling set to work, and cut down the tree; and when it fell, he found, in a hollow under the roots, a goose with feathers of pure gold. He took it up, and went on to a little inn by the roadside, where he thought to sleep for the night on his way home. Now the landlord had three daughters; and when they saw the goose they were very eager to look what this wonderful bird could be, and wished very much to pluck one of the feathers out of its tail. At last the eldest said, "I must and will have a feather." So she waited till Dummling was gone to bed, and then seized the goose by the wing; but to her great wonder there she stuck, for neither hand nor finger could she get away again. Then in came the second sister, and thought to have a feather too; but the moment she touched her sister, there she too hung fast. At last came the third, and she also wanted a feather; but the other two cried out "Keep away! for Heaven's sake, keep away!" However, she did not understand what they meant. "If they are there," thought she, "I may as well be there too." So she went up to them; but the moment she touched her sisters she stuck fast, and hung to the goose as they did. And so they kept company with the goose all night in the cold.

The next morning Dummling got up and carried off the goose under his arm. He took no notice of all of the three girls, but went out with them sticking fast behind. So wherever he travelled, they too were forced to follow, whether they would or no, as fast as their legs could carry them.

In the middle of a field the parson met them; and when he saw the train, he said, "Are you not ashamed of yourselves, you bold girls, to run after a young man in that way over the fields? Is that good behaviour?" Then he took the youngest by the hand to lead her away; but as soon as he touched her he too hung fast, and followed in the train; though sorely against his will, for he was not only in rather too good plight for running fast, but just then he had a little touch of the gout in the great toe of his right foot. By and by up came the clerk; and when he saw his master, the parson, running after the three girls, he wondered greatly and said, "Holla! holla! your reverence! whither so fast? there is a christening to-day." Then he ran up and took him by the gown; when, lo and behold, he stuck fast too. As the five were thus trudging along, one behind another,

they met two labourers with their mattocks coming from work; and the parson cried out lustily to them to help him. But scarcely had they laid hands on him, when they too fell into the rank; and so they made seven, all running together after Dummling and his goose.

Now Dummling thought he would see a little of the world before he went home; so he and his train journeyed on, till at last they came to a city where there was a king who had an only daughter. The princess was of so thoughtful and moody a turn of mind that no one could make her laugh; and the king had made known to all the world, that whoever could make her laugh should have her for his wife. When the young man heard this, he went to her, with his goose and all its train; and as soon as she saw the seven all hanging together, and running along, treading on each other's heels, she could not help bursting into a long and loud laugh. Then Dummling claimed her for his wife, and married her; and he was heir to the kingdom, and lived long and happily with his wife.

But what became of the goose and the goose's tail I never could hear.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

THERE was once a fisherman who lived with his wife in a pigstye, close by the sea-side. The fisherman used to go out all day long a-fishing; and one day, as he sat on the shore with his rod, looking at the sparkling waves and watching his line, all on a sudden his float was dragged away deep into the water: and in drawing it up he pulled out a great fish. But the fish said, "Pray let me live! I am not a real fish; I am an enchanted prince: put me in the water again, and let me go!" "Oh! ho!" said the man, "you need not make so many words about the matter; I will have nothing to do with a fish that can talk: so swim away, Sir, as soon as you please!" Then he put him back into the water, and the fish darted straight down to the bottom, and left a long streak of blood behind him on the wave.

When the fisherman went home to his wife in the pigstye, he told her how he had caught a great fish, and how it had told him it was an enchanted prince, and how, on hearing it speak, he had let it go again. Did not you ask it for anything?" said the wife. "No," said the man; "what should I ask for?" "Ah!" said the wife, "we live very wretchedly here, in this nasty dirty pigstye; do go back and tell the fish we want a snug little cottage."

The fisherman did not much like the business: however, he went to the sea-shore; and when he came back there the water looked all yellow and green. And he stood at the water's edge, and said,—

"O man of the sea!
Hearken to me!
My wife Ilsabill
Will have her own will,
And hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

Then the fish came swimming to him, and said, "Well, what is her will? what does your wife want?" "Ah!" said the fisherman, "she says that when I had caught you, I ought to have asked you for something before I let you go; she does not like living any longer in the pigstye, and wants a snug little cottage." "Go home, then," said the fish; "she is in the cottage already!" So the man went home, and saw his wife standing at the door of a nice trim little cottage. "Come in, come in!" said she; "is not this much better than the filthy pigstye we had?" And there was a parlor, and a bedchamber, and a kitchen; and behind the cottage there was a little garden, planted with all sorts of flowers and fruits; and there was a court-yard behind, full of ducks and chickens. "Ah!" said the fisherman, "how happily we shall live now!" "We will try to do so, at least," said his wife.

Everything went right for a week or two, and then Dame Ilsabill said, "Husband, there is not near room enough for us in this cottage; the courtyard and the garden are a great deal too small; I should like to have a large stone castle to live in: go to the fish again and tell him to give us a castle." "Wife," said the fisherman, "I don't like to go to him again, for perhaps he will be angry; we ought to be easy with this pretty cottage to live in." "Nonsense!" said the wife; "he will do it very willingly, I know; go along and try!"

The fisherman went, but his heart was very heavy: and when he came to the sea, it looked blue and gloomy, though it was very calm; and he went close to the edge of the waves, and said,—

"O man of the sea!
Hearken to me!
My wife Ilsabill
Will have her own will,
And hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"Well, what does she want now?" said the fish. "Ah said the man, dolefully, "my wife wants to live in a stone castle." "Go home, then," said the fish; "she is standing at the gate of it already." So away went the fisherman, and found his wife standing before the gate of a great castle. "See," said she, "is not this grand?" With that they went into the castle together, and found a great many servants there, and the rooms all richly furnished, and full of golden

chairs and tables; and behind the castle was a garden, and around it was a park half a mile long, full of sheep, and goats, and hares, and deer; and in the courtyard were stables and cow-houses. "Well," said the man, now we will live cheerful and happy in this beautiful castle for the rest of our lives." "Perhaps we may," said the wife; "but let us sleep upon it, before we make up our minds to that." So they went to bed.

The next morning when Dame Ilsabill awoke it was broad daylight, and she jogged the fisherman with her elbow, and said, "Get up, husband, and bestir yourself, for we must be king of all the land." "Wife, wife," said the man, "why should we wish to be king? I will not be a king." "Then I will," said she. "But wife," said the fisherman, "how can you be king? the fish cannot make you a king." "Husband," said she, "say no more about it, but go and try! I will be king." So the man went away quite sorrowful to think that his wife should want to be king. This time the sea looked a dark grey color, and was overspread with curling waves and ridges of foam as he cried out,—

"O man of the sea!
Hearken to me!
My wife Ilsabill
Will have her own will,
And hath sent me to ask a boon of thee!"

"Well what would she have now?" said the fish. "Alas!" said the poor man, "my wife wants to be king." "Go home," said the fish! "she is king already."

Then the fisherman went home; and as he came close to the palace he saw a troop of soldiers, and heard the sound of drums and trumpets. And when he went in he saw his wife sitting on a high throne of gold and diamonds, with a golden crown upon her head; and on each side of her stood six fair maidens, each a head taller than the other. "Well, wife," said the fisherman, "are you king?" "Yes," said she, "I am king." And when he had looked at her for a long time, he said, "Ah, wife! what a fine thing it is to be king! now we shall never have anything more to wish for as long as we live." "I don't know how that may be," said she; "never is a long time. I am king, it is true; but I begin to be tired of that, and I think I should like to be emperor." "Alas, wife! why should you wish to be emperor?" said the fisherman. "Husband," said she, "go to the fish! I say I will be emperor." "Ah, wife! replied the fisherman, "the fish cannot make an emperor, I am sure, and I should not like to ask him for such a thing. "I am king," said Ilsabill, "and you are my slave; so go at once!"

So the fisherman was forced to go; and he muttered as he went along, "This will come to no good, it is too much to ask; the fish will be tired at last, and then we shall be sorry for what we have done." He soon came to the seashore; and the water was quite black and muddy, and a mighty whirlwind blew over the waves and rolled them about, but he went as near as he could to the water's brink, and said,—

"O man of the sea!
Hearken to me!
My wife Ilsabill
Will have her own will,
And hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What would she have now?" said the fish. "Ah!" said the fisherman, "she wants to be emperor." "Go home," said the fish; "she is emperor already."

So he went home again; and as he came near he saw his wife Ilsabill sitting on a very lofty throne made of solid gold, with a great crown on her head full two yards high; and on each side of her stood her guards and attendants in a row, each one smaller than the other, from the tallest giant down to a little dwarf no bigger than my finger. And before her stood princes, and dukes, and earls: and the fisherman went up to her and said, "Wife, are you emperor?" "Yes," said she, "I am emperor." "Ah!" said the man, as he gazed upon her, "what a fine thing it is to be emperor!" "Husband," said she, "why should we stop at being emperor? I will be pope next." "O wife, wife!" said he, "how can you be pope? there is but one pope at a time in Christendom." "Husband," said she, "I will be pope this very day." "But," replied the husband, "the fish cannot make you pope." "What nonsense!" said she; "if he can make an emperor, he can make a pope: go and try him."

So the fisherman went. But when he came to the shore the wind was raging and the sea was tossed up and down in boiling waves, and the ships were in trouble, and rolled fearfully upon the tops of the billows. In the middle of the heavens there was a little piece of blue sky, but towards the south all was red, as if a dreadful storm was rising. At this sight the fisherman was dreadfully frightened, and he trembled so that his knees knocked together: but still he went down near to the shore, and said,—

"O man of the sea!
Hearken to me!
My wife Ilsabill
Will have her own will,
And hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What does she want now?" said the fish. "Ah!" said the fisherman, "my wife wants to be pope." "Go home," said the fish; "she is pope already."

Then the fisherman went home, and found Ilsabill sitting on a throne that was two miles high. And she had three great crowns on her head, and around her stood all the pomp and power of the church. And on each side of her were two rows of burning lights, of all sizes, the greatest as large as the highest and biggest tower in the world, and the least no larger than a small rushlight. "Wife," said the fisherman, as he looked at all this greatness, "are you pope?" "Yes," said she, "I am pope." "Well, wife," replied he, "it is a grand thing to be pope; and now you must be easy, for you can be nothing greater." "I will think about that," said the wife. Then they went to bed: but Dame Ilsabill could not sleep all night for thinking what she should be next. At last, as she was dropping asleep, morning broke, and the sun rose. "Ha!" thought she, as she woke up and looked at it through the window, "after all I cannot prevent the sun rising." At this thought she was very angry, and wakened her husband, and said, "Husband, go to the fish and tell him I must be lord of the sun and moon." The fisherman was half asleep, but the thought frightened him so much that he started and fell out of bed. "Alas, wife;" said he, "cannot you be easy with being pope?" "No," said she, "I am very uneasy as long as the sun and moon rise without my leave. Go to the fish at once!"

Then the man went shivering with fear; and as he was going down to the shore a dreadful storm arose, so that the trees and the very rocks shook. And all the heavens became black with stormy clouds, and the lightnings played, and the thunders rolled; and you might have seen in the sea great black waves, swelling up like mountains with crowns of white foam upon their heads. And the fisherman crept towards the sea, and cried out, as well as he could,—

"O man of the sea!
Hearken to me!
My wife Ilsabill
Will have her own will,
And hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What does she want now?" said the fish. "Ah!" said he, "she wants to be lord of the sun and moon." "Go home," said the fish, "to your pigstye again."

And there they live to this very day.

THE ELFIN GROVE

As an honest woodman was sitting one evening, after his work was done, talking with his wife, he said, "I hope the children will not run into that grove by the side of the river; it looks more gloomy than ever; the old oak tree is sadly blasted and torn; and some odd folks, I am sure, are lurking about there, but who they are nobody knows." The woodman, however, could not say that they brought ill luck, whatever they were; for every one said that the village had thriven more than ever of late, that the fields looked gayer and greener, that even the sky was of a deeper blue, and that the moon and stars shed a brighter light. So, not knowing what to think, the good people very wisely let the new comers alone; and, in truth, seldom said or thought anything at all about them.

That very evening, the woodman's daughter Roseken, and her playfellow Martin ran out to have a game of hide-and-seek in the valley. "Where can he be hidden?" said she; "he must have gone towards the grove; perhaps he is behind the old oak tree": and down she went to look. Just then she spied a little dog that jumped and frisked round her, and wagged his tail, and led her on towards the grove. Then he ran into it, and she soon jumped up the bank by the side of the old oak tree to look for him; but was overjoyed to see a beautiful meadow, where flowers and shrubs of every kind grew upon turf of the softest green; gay butterflies flew about; the birds sang sweetly; and what was strangest, the prettiest little children sported about like fairies on all sides; some twining the flowers, and others dancing in rings upon the smooth turf beneath the trees. In the midst of the grove, instead of the hovels of which Roseken had heard, she could see a palace, that dazzled her eyes with its brightness.

For a while she gazed on the fairy scene, till at last one of the little dancers ran up to her, and said, "And so, pretty Roseken, you are come at last to see us? We have often seen you play about, and wished to have you with us." Then she plucked some of the fruit that grew near, and Roseken at the first taste forgot her home, and wished only to see and know more of her fairy friends. So she jumped down from the bank and joined the merry dance.

Then they led her about with them, and showed her all their sports. One while they danced by moonlight on the primrose banks, at another they skipped from bough to bough, among the trees that hung over the cooling streams, for they moved as lightly and easily through the air as on the ground: and Roseken went with them everywhere, for they bore her in their arms wherever they wished to go. Sometimes they would throw seeds on the turf, and little trees would spring up; and then they would set their feet upon the

branches, and rise as the trees grew under them, till they danced upon the boughs in the air, wherever the breezes carried them, singing merry songs.

At other times they would go and visit the palace of their queen: and there the richest food was spread before them, and the softest music was heard; and all round grew flowers, which were always changing their hues, from scarlet to purple, and yellow, and emerald. Sometimes they went to look at the heaps of treasure which were piled up in the royal stores; for little dwarfs were always employed in searching the earth for gold. Small as this fairy land looked from without, it seemed within to have no end; a mist hung around it to shield it from the eyes of men; and some of the little elves sat perched upon the outermost trees, to keep watch lest the step of man should break in and spoil the charm.

"And who are you?" said Roseken one day. "We are what are called elves in the world," said one whose name was Gossamer, and who had become her dearest friend: "we are told you talk a great deal about us. Some of our tribes like to work you mischief, but we who live here seek only to be happy; we meddle little with mankind, and when we do come among them it is to do them good." "And where is your queen?" said Roseken. "Hush! hush! you cannot see or know her: you must leave us before she comes back, which will be now very soon, for mortal step cannot come where she is. But you will know that she is here, when you see the meadows gayer, the rivers more sparkling, and the sun brighter.

Soon after Gossamer told Roseken the time was come to bid her farewell; and she gave her a ring in token of their friendship, and led her to the edge of the grove. "Think of me," said she; "but beware how you tell what you have seen, or try to visit any of us again: for if you do, we shall quit this grove and come back no more." Turning back, Roseken saw nothing but the old oak and the gloomy grove she had known before. "How frightened my father and mother will be!" thought she, as she looked at the sun, which had risen some time. "They will wonder where I have been all night, and yet I must not tell them what I have seen."

Then she hastened homewards, wondering, however, as she went, to see that the leaves, which were yesterday so fresh and green, were now falling dry and yellow around her. The cottage, too, seemed changed; and when she went in, there sat her father, looking some years older than when she saw him last, and her mother, whom she hardly knew, was by his side. Close by was a young man. "Father," said Roseken, "who is this?" "Who are you that call me father?" said he; "are you—no, you cannot be—our long-lost Roseken?" But they soon saw that it was their Roseken; and the young man, who was her old friend and playfellow Martin, said, "No wonder you

had forgotten me in seven years; do not you remember how we parted, seven years ago, while playing in the field? We thought you were quite lost; but I am glad to see that some one has taken care of you, and brought you home at last." Roseken said nothing, for she could not tell all; but she wondered at the strange tale, and felt gloomy at the change from fairy land to her father's cottage.

Little by little she came to herself, thought of her story as a mere dream, and soon became Martin's bride. Everything seemed to thrive around them; and Roseken thought of her friends, and so called her first little girl Elfie. The little thing was loved by every one. It was pretty and very good-tempered. Roseken thought that it was very like a little elf; and all, without knowing why, called it the fairy-child.

One day, while Roseken was dressing her little Elfie, she found a piece of gold hanging round her neck by a silken thread; and knew it to be of the same sort as she had seen in the hands of the fairy dwarfs. Elfie seemed sorry at its being seen, and said that she had found it in the garden. But Roseken watched her, and soon found that she went every afternoon to sit by herself in a shady place behind the house. So one day she hid herself to see what the child did there, and to her great wonder Gossamer was sitting by her side. "Dear Elfie," she was saying, "your mother and I used to sit thus when she was young and lived among us. Oh, if you could but come and do so too! But since our queen came to us it cannot be; yet I will come and see you, and talk to you whilst you are a child; when you grow up we must part for ever." Then she plucked one of the roses that grew around them, and breathed gently upon it, and said, "Take this for my sake! it will now keep fresh for a whole year."

Then Roseken loved her little Elfie more than ever; and when she found that she spent some hours of almost every day with the elf, she used to hide herself and watch them without being seen; till one day, when Gossamer was bearing her little friend through the air from tree to tree, her mother was so frightened lest her child should fall, that she could not help screaming out; and Gossamer set her gently on the ground, and seemed angry, and flew away. But still she used sometimes to come and play with her little friend; and would soon, perhaps, have done so the same as before, had not Roseken one day told her husband the whole story: for she could not bear to hear him always wondering and laughing at their little child's odd ways, and saying he was sure there was something in the grove that brought them no good. So, to show him that all she said was true, she took him to see Elfie and the fairy; but no sooner did Gossamer know that he was there (which she did in an instant), than she changed herself into a raven, and flew off into the grove.

Roseken burst into tears, and so did Elfie, for she knew she should

see her dear friend no more; but Martin was restless and bent upon following up his search after the fairies, so when night came he stole away towards the grove. When he came to it nothing was to be seen but the old oak, and the gloomy grove, and the hovels; and the thunder rolled, and the wind whistled. It seemed that all about him was angry, so he turned homewards, frightened at what he had done.

In the morning all the neighbors flocked around, asking one another what the noise and bustle of the last night could mean: and when they looked about them, their trees seemed blighted and the meadows parched, the streams were dried up, and everything seemed troublesome and sorrowful.

But yet they all thought that, somehow or other, the grove had not near so forbidding a look as it used to have. Strange stories were told: how one had heard flutterings in the air, another had seen the grove as it were alive with little beings, that flew away from it. Each neighbor told his tale, and all wondered what could have happened. But Roseken and her husband knew what was the matter, and bewailed their folly; for they foresaw that their kind neighbors, to whom they owed all their luck, were gone for ever.

Among the bystanders none told a wilder story than the old ferryman, who plied across the river at the foot of the grove. He told how at midnight his boat was carried away, and how hundreds of little beings seemed to load it with treasures: how a strange piece of gold was left for him in the boat as his fare; how the air seemed full of fairy forms fluttering around; and how at last a great train passed over, that seemed to be guarding their leader to the meadows on the other side; and how he heard soft music floating around; and how sweet voices sang as they hovered overhead,—

Fairy Queen!
Fairy Queen!
Mortal steps are on the green;
Come away!
Haste away!
Fairies, guard your Queen!
Hither, hither, Fairy Queen!
Lest thy silvery wing be seen;
O'er the sky.
Fly, fly, fly!
Fairies, guard your lady Queen!
O'er the sky,
Fly, fly, fly!
Fairies guard your Queen!
Fairy Queen!
Fairy Queen!

Mortal steps no more are seen;
Now we may
Down and play
O'er the daisied green.
Lightly, lightly, Fairy Queen!
Trip it gently o'er the green!
Fairies gay,
Trip away,
Round about your lady Queen!
Fairies gay,
Trip away,
Round about your Queen!

Poor Elfie mourned their loss the most; and would spend whole hours in looking upon the rose that her playfellow had given her, and singing over it the pretty airs she had taught her: till at length, when the year's charm had passed away, and it began to fade, she planted the stalk in her garden, and there it grew, till she could sit under the shade of it, and think of her friend Gossamer.

THE JEW IN THE BUSH

A FAITHFUL servant had worked hard for his master, a thrifty farmer, for three long years, and had been paid no wages. At last it came into the man's head that he would not go on thus any longer: so he went to his master and said, "I have worked hard for you a long time, and without pay too. I will trust to you to give me what I ought to have for my trouble; but something I must have, and then I must take a holiday."

The farmer was a sad miser, and knew that this man was simple-hearted; so he took out three crowns, and thus gave him a crown for each year's service. The poor fellow thought it was a great deal of money to have, and said to himself, "Why should I work hard and live here on bad fare any longer? Now that I am rich I can travel into the wide world, and make myself merry." With that he put his money into his purse, and set out, roaming over hill and valley.

As he jogged along over the fields, singing and dancing, a little dwarf met him, and asked him what made him so merry. "Why, what should make me downhearted?" said he; "I am sound in health and rich in purse, what should I care for? I have saved up my three years' earnings, and have it all safe in my pocket." "How much may it come to?" said the manikin. "Three whole crowns," replied the countryman. "I wish you would give them to me," said the other; "I am very poor." Then the good man pitied him, and

gave him all he had; and the little dwarf said, "As you have such a kind heart, I will grant three wishes—one for each crown; so choose whatever you like." Then the countryman rejoiced at his good luck, and said, "I like many things better than money: first, I will have a bow that will bring down everything I shoot at; secondly, a fiddle that will set every one dancing that hears me play upon it; and thirdly, I should like to be able to make every one grant me whatever I ask." The dwarf said he should have his three wishes; so he gave him the bow and fiddle, and went his way.

Our honest friend journeyed on his way too; and if he was merry before, he was now ten times more so. He had not gone far before he met an old Jew. Close by them stood a tree, and on the topmost twig sat a thrush, singing away most joyfully. "Oh, what a pretty bird!" said the Jew: "I would give a great deal of my money to have such a one." "If that's all," said the countryman, "I will soon bring it down." Then he took up his bow—off went his arrow—and down fell the thrush into a bush that grew at the foot of the tree. The Jew, when he saw he could have the bird, thought he would cheat the man; so he put his money into his pocket again, and crept into the bush to find the prize. But as soon as he had got into the middle, his companion took up his fiddle and played away; and the Jew began to dance and spring about, capering higher and higher in the air. The thorns soon began to tear his clothes, till they all hung in rags about him; and he himself was all scratched and wounded, so that the blood ran down. "Oh, for Heaven's sake!" cried the Jew, "mercy, mercy, master! pray stop the fiddle! What have I done to be treated in this way?" "What hast thou done? Why thou hast shaved many a poor soul close enough," said the other; "thou art only meeting thy reward." So he played up another tune yet merrier than the first. Then the Jew began to beg and pray; and at last he said he would give plenty of his money to be set free. But he did not come up to the musician's price for some time, and he danced him along brisker and brisker. The higher the Jew danced, the higher he bid; till at last he offered a round hundred crowns, that he had in his purse, and had just gained by cheating some poor fellow. When the countryman saw so much money, he said, "I will agree to the bargain." So he took the purse, put up his fiddle, and traveled on, very well pleased with his bargain.

Meanwhile, the Jew crept out of the bush, half naked and in a piteous plight; and began to ponder how he should take his revenge, and serve his late companion some trick. At last he went to the judge, and said that a rascal had robbed him of his money, and beaten him soundly into the bargain; and that the fellow who did it carried a bow at his back, and had a fiddle hanging round his neck. Then the judge sent out his bailiffs to bring up the man, wherever

they should find him; and so the poor countryman was soon caught, and brought up to be tried.

The Jew began to tell his tale, and said he had been robbed of his money. "Robbed, indeed!" said the countryman; "why you gave it me for playing you a tune, and teaching you to dance!" But the judge told him that was not likely; and that the Jew, he was sure, knew better what to do with his money. So he cut the matter short by sending him off to the gallows.

And away he was taken; but as he stood at the foot of the ladder he said, "My Lord Judge, may it please your worship to grant me but one boon?" "Anything but thy life," replied the other. "No," said he, "I do not ask my life; only let me play one tune upon my fiddle for the last time." The Jew cried out, "Oh, no! no! no! for Heaven's sake don't listen to him! don't listen to him!" But the judge said, "It is only for this once, poor man! he will soon have done." The fact was, he could not say no, because the dwarf's third gift enabled him to make every one grant whatever he asked, whether they liked it or not.

Then the Jew said, "Bind me fast, bind me fast, for pity's sake!" But the countryman seized his fiddle, and struck up a merry tune; and at the first note, judge, clerks, and gaolers, were set a-going; all began capering, and no one could hold the Jew. At the second note the hangman let his prisoner go, and danced also; and by the time he had played the first bar of the tune all were dancing together—judge, court, Jew, and all the people who had followed to look on. At first the thing was merry and joyous enough; but when it had gone on awhile, and there seemed to be no end of either playing or dancing, all began to cry out, and beg him to leave off: but he stopped not a whit the more for their begging, till the judge not only gave him his life, but paid him back the hundred crowns.

Then he called to the Jew, and said, "Tell us now, you rogue, where you got that gold, or I shall play on for your amusement only." "I stole it," said the Jew, before all the people; "I acknowledge that I stole it, and that you earned it fairly." Then the countryman stopped his fiddle, and left the Jew take his place at the gallows.

THE ROBBER BRIDEGROOM

THERE was once a miller who had one beautiful daughter, and as she was grown up, he was anxious that she should be well married and provided for. He said to himself. "I will give her to the first suitable man who comes and asks for her hand." Not long after a suitor appeared, and as he seemed to be very rich the miller could see nothing in him with which to find fault, he betrothed his daughter to him. But the girl did not care for the man as a girl ought to

care for her betrothed husband. She did not feel that she could trust him, and she could not look at him nor think of him without an inward shudder. One day he said to her, "You have not yet paid me a visit, although we have been betrothed for some time." "I do not know where your house is," she answered. "My house is out there in the dark forest," he said. She tried to excuse herself by saying that she would not be able to find the way thither. Her betrothed only replied, "You must come and see me next Sunday; I have already invited guests for that day, and that you may not mistake the way, I will strew ashes along the path."

When Sunday came, and it was time for the girl to start, a feeling of dread came over her which she could not explain, and that she might be able to find her path again, she filled her pockets with peas and lentils to sprinkle on the ground as she went along. On reaching the entrance to the forest she found the path strewed with ashes, and these she followed, throwing down some peas on either side of her at every step she took. She walked the whole day until she came to the deepest, darkest part of the forest. There she saw a lonely house, looking so grim and mysterious, that it did not please her at all. She stepped inside, but not a soul was to be seen, and a great silence reigned throughout. Suddenly a voice cried:

"Turn back, turn back, young maiden fair,
Linger not in this murderer's lair."

The girl looked up and saw that the voice came from a bird hang-in a cage on the wall. Again it cried:

"Turn back, turn back, young maiden fair,
Linger not in this murderer's lair."

The girl passed on, going from room to room of the house, but they were all empty, and still she saw no one. At last she came to the cellar, and there sat a very, very old woman, who could not keeep her head from shaking. "Can you tell me," asked the girl, "if my betrothed husband lives here?"

"Ah, you poor child," answered the old woman, "what a place for you to come to! This is a murder's den. You think yourself a promised bride, and that your marriage will soon take place, but it is with death that you will keep your marriage-feast. Look do you see that large cauldron of water which I am obliged to keep on the fire! As soon as they have you in their power they will kill you without mercy, and cook and eat you, for they are eaters of men. If I did not take pity on you and save you, you would be lost."

Thereupon the old woman led her behind a large cask, which

quite hid her from view. "Keep as still as a mouse," she said; "do not move or speak, or it will be all over with you. To-night, when the robbers are all asleep, we will flee together. I have long been waiting for an opportunity to escape."

The words were hardly out of her mouth when the godless crew returned, dragging another young girl along with them. They were all drunk, and paid no heed to her cries and lamentations. They gave her wine to drink, three glasses full, one of white wine, one of red, and one of yellow, and with that her heart gave way and she died. Then they tore off her dainty chothing, laid her on a table, and her beautiful body into pieces, and sprinkled salt upon it.

The poor betrothed girl crouched trembling and shuddering behind the cask, for she saw what a terrible fate had been intended for her by the robbers. One of them now noticed a gold ring still remaining on the little finger of the murdered girl, and as he could not draw it off easily, he took a hatchet and cut off the finger; but the finger sprang into the air, and fell behind the cask into the lap of the girl who was hiding there. The robber took a light and began looking for it, but he could not find it. "Have you looked behind the large cask," said one of the others. But the old woman called out, "Come and eat your suppers, and let the thing be till to-morrow; the finger won't run away."

"The old woman is right," said the robbers, and they ceased looking for the finger and sat down.

The old woman then mixed a sleeping draught with their wine, and before long they were all lying on the floor of the cellar, fast asleep and snoring. As soon as the girl was assured of this, she came from behind the cask. She was obliged to step over the bodies of the sleepers, who were lying close together, and every moment she was filled with renewed dread lest she should awaken them. But God helped her, so that she passed safely over them, and then she and the old woman went upstairs, opened the door, and hastened as fast as they could from the murderer's den. They found the ashes scattered by the wind, but the peas and lentils had sprouted, and grown sufficiently above the ground to guide them in the moonlight along the path. All night long they walked, and it was morning before they reached the mill. Then the girl told her father all that had happened.

The day came that had been fixed for the marriage. The bridegroom arrived and also a large company of guests, for the miller had taken care to invite all his friends and relations. As they sat at the feast, each guest in turn was asked to tell a tale; the bride sat still and did not say a word.

"And you, my love," said the bridegroom, turning to her, "is there no tale you know? Tell us something."

"I will tell you a dream, then," said the bride. "I went alone through a forest and came at last to a house; not a soul could I find within, but a bird that was hanging in a cage on the wall cried:

"'Turn back, turn back, young maiden fair,
Linger not in this murderer's lair.'

and again a second time it said these words."

"My darling, this is only a dream."

"I went on through the house from room to room, but they were all empty, and everything was so grim and mysterious. At last I went down to the cellar, and there sat a very, very old woman, who could not keep her head still. I asked her if my betrothed lived here, and she answered, 'Ah, you poor child, you are come to a murderer's den; your betrothed does indeed live here, but he will kill you without mercy and afterwards cook and eat you.'"

"My darling, this is only a dream."

"The old woman hid me behind a large cask, and scarcely had she done this when the robbers returned home, dragging a young girl along with them. They gave her three kinds of wine to drink, white, red and yellow, and with that she died."

"My darling, this is only a dream."

"Then they tore off her dainty clothing, and cut her beautiful body into pieces and sprinkled salt upon it."

"My darling, this is only a dream."

"And one of the robbers saw that there was a gold ring still left on her finger, and as it was difficult to draw off, he took a hatchet and cut off her finger; but the finger sprang into the air and fell behind the great cask into my lap. And here is the finger with the ring," and with these words the bride drew forth the finger and shewed it to the assembled guests.

The bridegroom, who during this recital had grown deadly pale, jumped up and tried to escape, but the guests seized him and held him fast. They delivered him up to justice, and he and all his murderous band were condemned to death for their wicked deeds.

THE SEVEN RAVENS

THERE was once a man who had seven sons, and last of all one daughter. Although the little girl was very pretty, she was so weak and small that they thought she could not live; but they said she should at once be christened.

So the father sent one of his sons in haste to the spring to get some water, but the other six ran with him. Each wanted to be first at drawing the water, and so they were in such a hurry that all let their pitchers fall into the well, and they stood very foolishly

looking at one another, and did not know what to do, for none dared go home. In the meantime the father was uneasy, and could not tell what made the young men stay so long. "Surely," said he, "the whole seven must have forgotten themselves over some game of play;" and when he had waited still longer and they yet did not come, he flew into a rage and wished them all turned into ravens. Scarcely had he spoken these words when he heard a croaking over his head, and looked up and saw seven ravens as black as coals flying round and round. Sorry as he was to see his wish so fulfilled, he did not know how what was done could be undone, and comforted himself as well as he could for the loss of his seven sons with his dear little daughter, who soon became stronger and every day more beautiful.

For a long time she did not know that she had ever had any brothers; for her father and mother took care not to speak of them before her: but one day by chance she heard the people about her speak of them. "Yes," said they, "she is beautiful indeed, but still 'tis a pity that her brothers should have been lost for her sake." Then she was much grieved, and went to her father and mother, and asked if she had any brothers, and what had become of them. So they dared no longer hide the truth from her, but said it was the will of heaven, and that her birth was only the innocent cause of it; but the little girl mourned sadly about it every day, and thought herself bound to do all she could to bring her brothers back; and she had neither rest nor ease, till at length one day she stole away, and set out into the wide world to find her brothers, wherever they might be, and free them, whatever it might cost her.

She took nothing with her but a little ring which her father and mother had given her, a loaf of bread in case she should be hungry, a little pitcher of water in case she should be thirsty, and a little stool to rest upon when she should be weary. Thus she went on and on, and journeyed till she came to the world's end; then she came to the sun, but the sun looked much too hot and fiery; so she ran away quickly to the moon, but the moon was cold and chilly, and said, "I smell flesh and blood this way!" so she took herself away in a hurry and came to the stars, and the stars were friendly and kind to her, and each star sat upon his own little stool; but the morning star rose up and gave her a little piece of wood, and said, "If you have not this little piece of wood, you cannot unlock the castle that stands on the glass-mountain, and there your brothers live." The little girl took the piece of wood, rolled it up in a little cloth, and went on again until she came to the glass-mountain, and found the door shut. Then she felt for the little piece of wood; but when she unwrapped the cloth it was not there, and she saw she had lost the gift of the good stars. What was to be done? she wanted to save

her brothers, and had no key of the castle of the glass-mountain; so this faithful little sister took a knife out of her pocket and cut off her little finger, that was just the size of the piece of wood she had lost, and put it in the door and opened it.

As she went in, a little dwarf came up to her, and said, "What are you seeking for?" "I seek for my brothers, the seven ravens," answered she. Then the dwarf said, "My masters are not at home; but if you will wait till they come, pray step in." Now the little dwarf was getting their dinner ready, and he brought their food upon seven little plates, and their drink in seven little glasses, and set them upon the table, and out of each little plate their sister ate a small piece, and out of each little glass she drank a small drop; and she let the ring that she had brought with her fall into the last glass.

On a sudden she heard a fluttering and croaking in the air, and the dwarf said, "Here come my masters." When they came in, they wanted to eat and drink, and looked for their little plates and glasses. Then said one after the other, "Who has eaten from my little plate? and who has been drinking out of my little glass?

"Caw! Caw! well I ween
Mortal lips have this way been."

When the seventh came to the bottom of his glass, and found there the ring, he looked at it, and knew that it was his father's and mother's, and said, "O that our little sister would but come! then we should be free." When the little girl heard this (for she stood behind the door all the time and listened), she ran forward, and in an instant all the ravens took their right form again; and all hugged and kissed each other, and went merrily home.

HANS IN LUCK

Some men are born to good luck: all they do or try to do comes right:—all that falls to them is so much gain:—all their geese are swans:—all their cards are trumps:—toss them which way you will, they will always, like poor puss, alight upon their legs, and only move on so much the faster. The world may very likely not always think of them as they think of themselves, but what care they for the world? what can it know about the matter?

One of these lucky beings was neighbor Hans. Seven long years he had worked hard for his master. At last he said, "Master, my time is up; I must go home and see my poor mother once more: so pray pay me my wages and let me go." And the master said, "You have been a faithful and good servant, Hans, so your pay shall

be handsome." Then he gave him a lump of silver as big as his head.

Hans took out his pocket-handkerchief, put the piece of silver into it, threw it over his shoulder, and jogged off on his road homewards. As he went lazily on, dragging one foot after another, a man came in sight, trotting gaily along on a capital horse. "Ah!" said Hans aloud, "what a fine thing it is to ride on horseback! There he sits as easy and happy as if he was at home, in the chair by his fireside; he trips against no stones, saves shoe-leather, and gets on he hardly knows how." Hans did not speak so softly but that the roseman heard it all, and said, "Well, friend, why do you go on foot then?" "Ah!" said he, "I have this load to carry: to be sure it is silver, but it is so heavy that I can't hold up my head, and you must know it hurts my shoulder sadly." "What do you say of making an exchange?" said the horseman. "I will give you my horse, and you shall give me the silver; which will save you a great deal of trouble in carrying such a heavy load about with you." "With all my heart," said Hans: "but as you are so kind to me, I must tell you one thing,—you will have a weary task to draw that silver about with you." However, the horseman got off, took the silver, helped Hans up, gave him the bridle into one hand and the whip into the other, and said, "When you want to go very fast, smack your lips loudly together, and cry 'Jip!'"

Hans was delighted as he sat on the horse, drew himself up, squared his elbows, turned out his toes, cracked his whip, and rode merrily off, one minute whistling a merry tune, and another singing—

"No care and no sorrow,
A fig for the morrow!
We'll laugh and be merry,
Sing heigh down derry!"

After a time he thought he should like to go a little faster, so he smacked his lips and cried "Jip!" Away went the horse full gallop; and before Hans knew what he was about, he was thrown off, and lay on his back on the road-side. His horse would have run off, if a shepherd who was coming by, driving a cow, had not stopped it. Hans soon came to himself, and got upon his legs again, sadly vexed, and said to the shepherd, "This riding is no joke, when a man has the luck to get upon a beast like this that stumbles and flings him off as if it would break his neck. However, I'm off now once for all: I like your cow now a great deal better than this smart beast that played me this trick, and has spoiled my best coat, you see, in this puddle; which, by the by, smells not very like a nosegay. One can walk along at one's leisure behind that cow—

keep good company, and have milk, butter, and cheese, every day, into the bargain. What would I give to have such a prize!" "Well," said the shepherd, "if you are so fond of her, I will change my cow for your horse; I like to do good to my neighbors, even though I lose by it myself." "Done!" said Hans, merrily. "What a noble heart that good man has!" thought he. Then the shepherd jumped upon the horse, wished Hans and the cow good-morning, and away he rode.

Hans brushed his coat, wiped his face and hands, rested a while, and then drove off his cow quietly, and thought his bargain a very lucky one. "If I have only a piece of bread (and I certainly shall always be able to get that), I can, whenever I like, eat my butter and cheese with it; and when I am thirsty I can milk my cow and drink the milk: and what can I wish for more?" When he came to an inn, he halted, ate up all his bread, and gave away his last penny for a glass of beer. When he had rested himself he set off again, driving his cow towards his mother's village. But the heat grew greater as noon came on, till at last, as he found himself on a wide heath that would take him more than an hour to cross, he began to be so hot and parched that his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. "I can find a cure for this," thought he; "now I will milk my cow and quench my thirst:" so he tied her to the stump of a tree, and held his leathern cap to milk into; but not a drop was to be had. Who would have thought that this cow, which was to bring him milk and butter and cheese, was all the time utterly dry? Hans had not thought of looking to that.

While he was trying his luck in milking, and managing the matter very clumsily, the uneasy beast began to think him very troublesome; and at last gave him such a kick on the head as knocked him down; and there he lay a long while senseless. Luckily a butcher soon came by, driving a pig in a wheelbarrow. "What is the matter with you, my man?" said the butcher, as he helped him up. Hans told him what had happened, how he was dry, and wanted to milk his cow, but found the cow was dry too. Then the butcher gave him a flask of ale, saying, "There, drink and refresh yourself; your cow will give you no milk: don't you see she is an old beast, good for nothing but the slaughter-house?" "Alas, alas!" said Hans, "who would have thought it? What a shame to take my horse, and give me only a dry cow! If I kill her, what will she be good for? I hate cow-beef; it is not tender enough for me. If it were a pig now,—like that fat gentleman you are driving along at his ease,—one could do something with it; it would at any rate make sausages." "Well," said the butcher, "I don't like to say no, when one is asked to do a kind, neighborly thing. To please you I will change, and give you my fine fat pig for the cow." "Heaven reward you for your kind-

ness and self-denial!" said Hans, as he gave the butcher the cow; and taking the pig off the wheel-barrow, drove it away, holding it by the string that was tied to its leg.

So on he jogged, and all seemed now to go right with him: he had met with some misfortunes, to be sure; but he was now well repaid for all. How could it be otherwise with such a traveling companion as he had at last got?

The next man he met was a countryman carrying a fine white goose. The countryman stopped to ask what was o'clock; this led to further chat; and Hans told him all his luck, how he had made so many good bargains, and how all the world went gay and smiling with him. The countryman then began to tell his tale, and said he was going to take the goose to a christening. "Feel," said he, "how heavy it is, and yet it is only eight weeks old. Whoever roasts and eats it will find plenty of fat upon it, it has lived so well!" "You're right," said Hans, as he weighed it in his hand; "but if you talk of fat, my pig is no trifle." Meantime the countryman began to look grave, and shook his head. "Hark ye!" said he, "my worthy friend, you seem a good sort of fellow, so I can't help doing you a kind turn. Your pig may get you into a scrape. In the village I just came from, the squire has had a pig stolen out of his sty. I was dreadfully afraid when I saw you that you had got the squire's pig. If you have, and they catch you, it will be a bad job for you. The least they will do will be to throw you into the horse-pond Can you swim?"

Poor Hans was sadly frightened. "Good man," cried he, "pray get me out of this scrape. I know nothing of where the pig was either bred or born; but he may have been the squire's for aught I can tell: you know this country better than I do, take my pig and give me the goose." "I ought to have something into the bargain," said the countryman; "give a fat goose for a pig, indeed! 'Tis not every one would do so much for you as that. However, I will not bear hard upon you, as you are in trouble." Then he took the string in his hand, and drove off the pig by a side path; while Hans went on the way homewards free from care. "After all," thought he, "that chap is pretty well taken in. I don't care whose pig it is, but wherever it came from it has been a very good friend to me. I have much the best of the bargain. First there will be a capital roast; then the fat will find me in goose-greese for six months; and then there are all the beautiful white feathers. I will put them into my pillow, and then I am sure I shall sleep soundly without rocking. How happy my mother will be! Talk of a pig, indeed! Give me a fine fat goose."

As he came to the next village, he saw a scissor-grinder with his wheel, working and singing—

"O'er hill and o'er dale
So happy I roam,
Work light and live well,
All the world is my home;
Then who so blythe, so merry as I?"

Hans stood looking on for a while, and at last said, "You must be well off, master grinder! you seem so happy at your work." "Yes," said the other, "mine is a golden trade; a good grinder never puts his hand into his pocket without finding money in it:—but where did you get that beautiful goose?" "I did not buy it, I gave a pig for it." "And where did you get the pig?" "I gave a cow for it." "And the cow?" "I gave a horse for it." "And the horse?" "I gave a lump of silver as big as my head for it." "And the silver?" "Oh! I worked hard for that seven long years." "You have thriven well in the world hitherto," said the grinder, "now if you could find money in your pocket whenever you put your hand in it, your fortune would be made." "Very true: but how is that to be managed?" "How? Why you must turn grinder like myself," said the other; "you only want a grindstone; the rest will come of itself. Here is one that is but little the worse for wear: I would not ask more than the value of your goose for it:—will you buy?" "How can you ask?" said Hans; "I should be the happiest man in the world, if I could have money whenever I put my hand in my pocket: what could I want more? there's the goose." "Now," said the grinder, as he gave him a common rough stone that lay by his side, "this is a most capital stone; do but work it well enough, and you can make an old nail cut with it."

Hans took the stone, and went his way with a light heart: his eyes sparkled for joy, and he said to himself, "Surely I must have been born in a lucky hour; everything I could want or wish for comes of itself. People are so kind; they seem really to think I do them a favor in letting them make me rich, and giving me good bargains."

Meantime he began to be tired, and hungry too, for he had given his last penny in his joy at getting the cow.

At last he could go no farther, for the stone tired him sadly: and he dragged himself to the side of a river, that he might take a drink of water, and rest a while. So he laid the stone carefully by his side on the bank: but, as he stooped down to drink, he forgot it, pushed it a little, and down it rolled, plump into the stream.

For a while he watched it sinking in the deep clear water; then sprang up and danced for joy, and again fell upon his knees and thanked Heaven, with tears in his eyes, for its kindness in taking away his only plague, the ugly heavy stone.

"How happy am I!" cried he; "nobody was ever so lucky as I." Then up he got with a light heart, free from all his troubles, and walked on till he reached his mother's house, and told her how very easy the road to good luck was.

THUMBLING THE DWARF AND THUMBLING THE GIANT

An honest husbandman had once upon a time a son born to him who was no bigger than my thumb, and who for many years did not grow one hair's breadth taller. One day, as the father was going to plough in his field, the little fellow said, "Father, let me go too." "No," said his father, "stay where you are; you can do no good out of doors, and if you go perhaps I may lose you." Then little Thumbling fell a-crying: and his father, to quiet him, at last said he might go. So he put him in his pocket, and when he was in the field pulled him out, and set him upon the top of a newly-made furrow, that he might be able to look about him.

While he was sitting there, a great giant came striding over the hill. "Do you see that steeple-man?" said the father; "if you don't take care he will run away with you." Now he only said this to frighten the little boy and keep him from straying away. But the giant had long legs, and with two or three strides he really came close to the furrow, and picked up Master Thumbling, to look at him as he would at a beetle or a cockchafer. Then he let him run about his broad hand, and taking a liking to the little chap went off with him. The father stood by all the time, but could not say a word for fright; for he thought his child was really lost, and that he should never see him again.

But the giant took care of him at his house in the woods, and laid him in his bosom, and fed him with the same food that he lived upon himself. To Thumbling, instead of being a little dwarf, became like the giant—tall, and stout, and strong:—so that at the end of two years, when the old giant took him into the woods to try him, and said, "Pull up that birch-tree for yourself to walk with," the lad was so strong that he tore it up by the root. The giant thought he would make him a still stronger man than this: so after taking care of him two years more he took him into the wood to try his strength again. This time he took hold of one of the thickest oaks, and pulled it up as if it were mere sport to him. Then the old giant said, "Well done, my man! you will do now." So he carried him back to the field where he first found him.

His father happened to be just then ploughing his field again, as he was when he lost his son. The young giant went up to him and said, "Look here, father, see who I am:—don't you know your own son?" But the husbandman was frightened and cried out, "No, no,

you are not my son; begone about your business." "Indeed, I am your son; let me plough a little, I can plough as well as you." "No, go your ways," said the father; but as he was afraid of the tall man, he at last let go the plough, and sat down on the ground beside it. Then the youth laid hold of the ploughshare, and though he only pushed with one hand, he drove it deep into the earth. The ploughman cried out, "If you must plough, pray do not push so hard; you are doing more harm than good": but his son took off the horses, and said, "Father, go home, and tell my mother to get ready a good dinner; I'll go round the field meanwhile. So he went on driving the plough without any horses, till he had done two mornings' work by himself. Then he harrowed it; and when all was over, took up plough, harrow, horses and all, and carried them home like a bundle of straw.

When he reached the house he sat himself down on the bench, saying, "Now, mother, is dinner ready?" "Yes," said she, for she dared not deny him anything, so she brought two large dishes full, enough to have lasted herself and her husband eight days; however, he soon ate it all up, and said that was but a taste. "I see very well, father, that I shall not get enough to eat at your house; so if you will give me an iron walking-stick, so strong that I cannot break it against my knees, I will go away again." The husbandman very gladly put his two horses to the cart, and drove them to the forge; and brought back a bar of iron, as long and as thick as his two horses could draw: but the lad laid it against his knee, and snap it went, like a beanstalk. "I see, father," said he, "you can get no stick that will do for me, so I'll go and try my luck myself."

Then away he went, and turned blacksmith, and traveled till he came to a village where lived a miserly smith, who earned a good deal of money, but kept all he got to himself and gave nothing away to anybody. The first thing he did was to step into the smithy, and ask if the smith did not want a journeyman. "Ay," said the cunning fellow, as he looked at him and thought what a stout chap he was, and how lustily he would work and earn his bread,—"What wages do you ask?" "I want no pay," said he; "but every fortnight when the other workmen are paid, you shall let me give you two strokes over the shoulders, just to amuse myself." The old smith thought to himself he could bear this very well, and reckoned on saving a great deal of money, so the bargain was soon struck.

The next morning the new workman was about to begin to work, but at the first stroke that he hit, when his master brought him the iron red hot, he shivered it in pieces, and the anvil sunk so deep into the earth that he could not get it out again. This made the old fellow very angry: "Holla!" cried he, "I can't have you for a workman, you are too clumsy; we must put an end to our bargain."

"Very well," said the other, "but you must pay for what I have done; so let me give you only one little stroke, and then the bargain is all over." So saying, he gave him a thump that tossed him over a load of hay that stood near. Then he took the thickest bar of iron in the forge for a walking-stick, and went on his way.

When he had journeyed some way he came to a farmhouse, and ased the farmer if he wanted a foreman. The farmer said, "Yes," and the same wages were agreed for as before with the blacksmith. The next morning the workmen were all to go into the wood; but the giant was found to be fast asleep in his bed when the rest were all up and ready to start, "Come, get up," said one of them to him; "it is high time to be stirring: you must go with us." "Go your way," muttered he, sulkily; "I shall have done my work and get home long before you." So he lay in bed two hours longer, and at last got up and cooked and ate his breakfast, and then at his leisure harnessed his horses to go to the wood.

Just before the wood was a hollow way, through which all must pass; so he drove the cart on first, and built up behind him such a mound of faggots and briers that no horse could pass. This done, he drove on, and as he was going into the wood met the others coming out on their road home. "Drive away," said he, "I shall be home before you still." However, he only went a very little way into the wood, and tearing up one of the largest timber trees, put it into his cart, and turned about homewards. When he came to the pile of faggots he found all the others standing there, not being able to pass by. "So," said he, "you see if you had staid with me, you would have been home just as soon, and might have slept an hour or two longer." Then he took his tree on one shoulder, and his cart on the other, and pushed through as easily as though he were laden with feathers; and when he reached the yard he showed the tree to the farmer, and asked if it was not a famous walking-stick. "Wife," said the farmer, "this man is worth something; if he sleeps longer, still he works better than the rest."

Time rolled on, and he had worked for the farmer his whole year; so when his fellow-laborers were paid, he said he also had a right to take his wages. But great dread came upon the farmer, at the thought of the blows he was to have, so he begged him to give up the old bargain, and take his whole farm and stock instead. "Not I," said he. "I will be no farmer; I am foreman, and so I mean to keep, and to be paid as we agreed." Finding he could do nothing with him, the farmer only begged one fortnight's respite, and called together all his friends, to ask their advice in the matter. They bethought themselves for a long time, and at last agreed that the shortest way was to kill this troublesome foreman. The next thing was to settle how it was to be done; and it was agreed that he should

be ordered to carry into the yard some great mill-stones, and to put them on the edge of the well; that then he should be sent down to clean it out, and when he was at the bottom, the mill-stones should be pushed down upon his head.

Everything went right, and when the foreman was safe in the well, the stones were rolled in. As they struck the bottom, the water splashed to the very top. Of course they thought his head must be crushed to pieces; but he only cried, "Drive away the chickens from the well; they are scratching about in the sand above, and they throw it into my eyes, so that I cannot see." When his job was done, up he sprang from the well, saying, "Look here! see what a fine neckcloth I have!" as he pointed to one of the millstones that had fallen over his head and hung about his neck.

The farmer was again overcome with fear, and begged another fortnight to think of it. So his friends were called together again, and at last give this advice; that the foreman should be sent and made to grind corn by night at the haunted mill, whence no man had ever yet come out in the morning alive. That very evening he was told to carry eight bushels of corn to the mill, and grind them in the night. Away he went to the loft, put two bushels into his right pocket, two into his left, and four into a long sack slung over his shoulders, and then set off to the mill. The miller told him he might grind there in the day time, but not by night; for the mill was bewitched, and whoever went in at night had been found dead in the morning. "Never mind, miller, I shall come out safe," said he; "only make haste and get out of the way, and look out for me in the morning."

So he went into the mill, and put the corn into the hopper, and about twelve o'clock sat himself down on the bench in the miller's room. After a little time the door all at once opened of itself, and in came a large table. On the table stood wine and meat, and many good things besides. All seemed placed there by themselves; at any rate there was no one to be seen. The chairs next moved themselves round it, but still neither guests nor servants came; till all at once he saw fingers handling the knives and forks, and putting food on the plates, but still nothing else was to be seen. Now our friend felt somewhat hungry as he looked at the dishes, so he sat himself down at the table and ate whatever he liked best. "A little wine would be well after this cheer," said he; "but the good folks of this house seem to take but little of it." Just as he spoke, however, a flagon of the best moved on, and our guest filled a bumper, smacked his lips, and drank "Health and long life to all the company, and success to our next merry meeting!"

When they had had enough, and the plates and dishes, bottle and glasses, were all empty, on a sudden he heard something blow out

the lights. "Never mind!" thought he; "one wants no candle to show one light to go to sleep by." But now that it was pitch dark he felt a huge blow fall upon his head. "Foul play!" cried he; "if I get such another box on the ear I shall just give it back again": and this he really did when the next blow came. Thus the game went on all night; and he never let fear get the better of him, but kept dealing his blows round, till at daybreak all was still. "Well, miller," said he in the morning, "I have had some little slaps on the face, but I've given as good, I warrant you; and meantime I have eaten just as much as I liked." The miller was glad to find the charm was broken and would have given him a great deal of money. "I want no money, I have quite enough," said he, as he took his meal on his back, and went home to his master to claim his wages.

But the farmer was in great trouble, knowing there was now no help for him; and he paced the room up and down, while the drops of sweat ran down his forehead. Then he opened the window for a little fresh air, and before he was aware his foreman gave him the first blow, and such a blow, that off he flew over the hills and far away. The next blow sent his wife after him, and for aught I know, they may not have reached the ground yet; but, without waiting to know, the young giant took up his iron walking-stick and walked off.

THE JUNIPER TREE

Long, long ago, some two thousand years ago or so, there lived a rich man with a good and beautiful wife. They loved each other dearly, but sorrowed much that they had no children. So greatly did they desire to have one, that the wife prayed for it day and night, but still they remained childless.

In front of the house there was a court, in which grew a juniper tree. One winter's day the wife stood under the tree to peel some apples, and as she was peeling them, she cut her finger, and the blood fell on the snow. "Ah," sighed the woman heavily, "if I had but a child, as red as blood and as white as snow," and as she spoke the words, her heart grew light within her, and it seemed to her that her wish was granted, and she returned to the house feeling glad and comforted. A month passed, and the snow had all disappeared; then another month went by, and all the earth was green. So the months followed one another, and first the trees budded in the woods, and soon the green branches grew thickly intertwined, and then the blossoms began to fall. Once again the wife stood under the juniper tree, and it was so full of sweet scent that her heart leaped for joy, and she was so overcome with her happiness, that she fell on her knees. Presently the fruit became round and

firm, and she was glad and at peace; but when they were fully ripe she picked the berries and ate eagerly of them, and then she grew sad and ill. A little while later she called her husband, and said to him, weeping, "If I die, bury me under the juniper tree." Then she felt comforted and happy again, and before another month had passed she had a little child, and when she saw that it was as white as snow and as red as blood, her joy was so great that she died.

Her husband buried her under the juniper tree, and wept bitterly for her. By degrees, however, his sorrow grew less, and although at times he still grieved over his loss, he was able to go about as usual, and later on he married again.

He now had a little daughter born to him; the child of his first wife was a boy, who was as red as blood and as white as snow. The mother loved her daughter very much, and when she looked at her and then looked at the boy, it pierced her heart to think that he would always stand in the way of her own child, and she was continually thinking how she could get the whole of the property for her. This evil thought took possession of her more and more, and made her behave very unkindly to the boy. She drove him from place to place with cuffings and buffetings, so that the poor child went about in fear, and had no peace from the time he left school to the time he went back.

One day the little daughter came running to her mother in the store-room, and said, "Mother, give me an apple." "Yes, my child," said the wife, and she gave her a beautiful apple out of the chest; the chest had a very heavy lid and a large iron lock.

"Mother," said the little daughter again, "may not brother have one too?" The mother was angry at this, but she answered, "Yes, when he comes out of school."

Just then she looked out of the window and saw him coming, and it seemed as if an evil spirit entered into her, for she snatched the apple out of her little daughter's hand, and said, "You shall not have one before your brother." She threw the apple into the chest and shut it to. The little boy now came in, and the evil spirit in the wife made her say kindly to him, "My son, will you have an apple," but she gave him a wicked look. "Mother," said the boy, "how dreadful you look! yes, give me an apple." The thought came to her that she would kill him. "Come with me," she said, and she lifted up the lid of the chest, "take one out for yourself." And as he bent over to do so, the evil spirit urged her, and crash! down went the lid, and off went the little boy's head. Then she was overwhelmed with fear at the thought of what she had done. "If only I can prevent anyone knowing that I did it," she thought. So she went upstairs to her room, and took a white handkerchief out of her top drawer; then she set the boy's head again on his shoulders,

and bound it with the handkerchief so that nothing could be seen, and placed him on a chair by the door with an apple in his hand.

Soon after this, little Marleen came up to her mother who was stirring a pot of boiling water over the fire, and said, "Mother," brother is sitting by the door with an apple in his hand, and he looks so pale; and when I asked him to give me the apple, he did not answer, and that frightened me."

"Go to him again," said her mother, "and if he does not answer, give him a box on the ear." So little Marleen went, and said, "Brother, give me that apple," but he did not say a word; then she gave him a box on the ear, and his head rolled off. She was so terrified at this, that she ran crying and screaming to her mother. "Oh!" she said, "I have knocked off brother's head," and then she wept and wept, and nothing would stop her.

"What have you done!" said her mother, "but no one must know about it, so you must keep silence; what is done can't be undone; we will make him into puddings." And she took the little boy and cut him up, made him into puddings, and put him in the pot. But Marleen stood looking on, and wept and wept, and her tears fell into the pot, so that there was no need of salt.

Presently the father came home and sat down to his dinner; he asked, "Where is my son?" The mother said nothing, but gave him a large dish of black pudding, and Marleen still wept without ceasing.

"The father again asked, "Where is my son?"

"Oh," answered the wife, "he is gone into the country to his mother's great uncle; he is going to stay there some time."

"What has he gone there for? and he never even said good-bye to me!"

"Well, he likes being there, and he told me he should be away quite six weeks; he is well looked after there."

"I feel very unhappy about it," said the husband, "in case it should not be all right, and he ought to have said good-bye to me." With this he went on with his dinner, and said, "Little Marleen, why do you weep? Brother will soon be back." Then he asked his wife for more pudding, and as he ate, he threw the bones under the table.

Little Marleen went upstairs and took her best silk handkerchief out of her bottom drawer, and in it she wrapped all the bones from under the table and carried them outside, and all the time she did nothing but weep. Then she laid them in the green grass under the juniper tree, and she had no sooner done so, than all her sadness seemed to leave her, and she wept no more. And now the juniper tree began to move, and the branches waved backwards and forwards, first away from one another, and then together again,

as it might be someone clapping their hands for joy. After this a mist came round the tree, and in the midst of it there was a burning as of fire, and out of the fire there flew a beautiful bird, that rose high into the air, singing magnificently, and when it could no more be seen, the juniper tree stood there as before, and the silk handkerchief and the bones were gone.

Little Marleen now felt as light-hearted and happy as if her brother were still alive, and she went back to the house and sat down cheerfully to the table and ate.

The bird flew away and alighted on the house of a goldsmith, and began to sing—

"My mother killed her little son;
My father grieved when I was gone;
My sister loved me best of all;
She laid her kerchief over me,
And took my bones that they might lie
Underneath the juniper tree.
Kywitt, Kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!"

The goldsmith was in his workshop making a gold chain, when he heard the song of the bird on his roof. He thought it so beautiful that he got up and ran out, and as he crossed the threshold he lost one of his slippers. But he ran on into the middle of the street, with a slipper on one foot and a sock on the other; he still had on his apron, and still held the gold chain and the pincers in his hands, and so he stood gazing up at the bird, while the sun came shining brightly down on the street.

"Bird," he said, "how beautifully you sing! sing me that song again."

"Nay," said the bird, "I do not sing twice for nothing. Give me that gold chain and I will sing it you again."

"Here is the chain, take it," said the goldsmith. "Only sing me that again."

The bird flew down and took the gold chain in his right claw, and then he alighted again in front of the goldsmith and sang—

"My mother killed her little son;
My father grieved when I was gone;
My sister loved me best of all;
She laid her kerchief over me,
And took my bones that they might lie
Underneath the juniper tree.
Kywitt, Kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!"

Then he flew away, and settled on the roof of a shoemaker's house and sang—

"My mother killed her little son;
My father grieved when I was gone;
My sister loved me best of all;
She laid her kerchief over me,
And took my bones that they might lie
Underneath the juniper tree.
Kywitt, Kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!"

The shoemaker heard him, and he jumped up and ran out in his shirt-sleeves, and stood looking up at the bird on the roof with his hand over his eyes to keep himself from being blinded by the sun.

"Bird," he said, "how beautifully you sing!" Then he called through the door to his wife; "Wife, come out; here is a bird, come and look at it and hear how beautifully it sings." Then he called his daughter and the children, and then the apprentices, girls and boys, and they all ran up the street to look at the bird, and saw how splendid it was with its red and green feathers, and its neck like burnished gold, and eyes like two bright stars in its head.

"Bird," said the shoemaker, "sing me that song again."

"Nay," answered the bird, "I do not sing twice for nothing; you must give me something."

"Wife," said the man, "go into the garret, on the upper shelf you will see a pair of red shoes; bring them to me." The wife went in and fetched the shoes.

"There, bird," said the shoemaker, "now sing me that song again."

The bird flew down and took the red shoes in his left claw, and then he went back to the roof and sang—

"My mother killed her little son;
My father grieved when I was gone;
My sister loved me best of all;
She laid her kerchief over me,
And took my bones that they might lie
Underneath the juniper tree.
Kywitt, Kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!"

When he had finished, he flew away. He had the chain in his right claw and the shoes in his left, and he flew right away to a mill, and the mill went "Click clack, click clack, click clack." Inside the mill were twenty miller's men hewing a stone, and as they went "Hick hack, hick hack, hick hack," the mill went "click clack, click clack, click clack."

The bird settled on a lime-tree in front of the mill and sang—

"My mother killed her little son;

then one of the men left off,

My father grieved when I was gone;

two more men left off and listened,

My sister loved me best of all;

then four more left off,

She laid her kerchief over me,
And took my bones that they might lie

now there were only eight at work,

Underneath

and now only five,

the juniper tree.

and now only one,

Kywitt, Kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!"

then he too looked up and the last one had left off work.

"Bird," he said, "what a beautiful song that is you sing! let me hear it too, sing it again."

"Nay," answered the bird, "I do not sing twice for nothing; give me that mill-stone, and I will sing it again."

"If it belong to me alone," said the man, "you should have it."

"Yes, yes," said the others, "if he will sing again, he can have it."

The bird came down, and all the twenty millers set to and lifted up the stone with a beam; then the bird put his head through the whole and took the stone round his neck like a collar, and flew back with it to the tree and sang—

"My mother killed her little son;
My father grieved when I was gone;
My sister loved me best of all;
She laid her kerchief over me,
And took my bones that they might lie
Underneath the juniper tree.
Kywitt, Kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!"

And when he had finished his song, he spread his wings, and with the chain in his right claw, the shoes in his left, and the mill-stone round is neck, he flew right away to his father's house.

The father, the mother, and little Marleen were having their dinner.

"How lighthearted I feel," said the father, "so pleased and cheerful."

"And I," said the mother, "I feel so uneasy, as if a heavy thunderstorm were coming."

But little Marleen sat and wept and wept.

Then the bird came flying towards the house and settled on the roof.

"I do feel so happy," said the father, "and how beautifully the sun shines; I feel just as if I were going to see an old friend again."

"Ah!" said the wife, "and I am so full of distress and uneasiness that my teeth chatter, and I feel as if there were a fire in my veins," and she tore open her dress; and all the while little Marleen sat in the corner and wept, and the plate on her knees was wet with her tears.

The bird now flew to the juniper tree and began singing—

"My mother killed her little son;

the mother shut her eyes and her ears, that she might see and hear nothing, but there was a roaring sound in her ears like that of a violent storm, and in her eyes a burning and flashing like lightning—

My father grieved when I was gone;

"Look, mother," said the man, "at the beautiful bird, that is singing so magnificently; and how warm and bright the sun is, and what a delicious scent of spice in the air!"

My sister loved me best of all;

then little Marleen laid her head down on her knees and sobbed.

"I must go outside and see the bird nearer," said the man.

"Ah, do not go," cried his wife, "I feel as if the whole house were in flames."

But the man went out and looked at the bird.

She laid her kerchief over me,
And took my bones that they might lie
Underneath the juniper tree.
Kywitt, Kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!"

With that the bird let fall the gold chain, and it fell just round the man's neck, so that it fitted him exactly.

He went inside, and said, "See, what a splendid bird that is, he has given me this beautiful gold chain, and looks so beautiful himself."

But the wife was in such fear and trouble, that she fell on the floor, and her cap fell from her head.

Then the bird began again—

"My mother killed her little son;

"Ah me!" cried the wife, "if I were but a thousand feet beneath the earth, that I might not hear that song."

My father grieved when I was gone;

then the woman fell down again as if dead.

My sister loved me best of all;

"Well, said little Marleen, "I will go out too and see if the bird will give me anything."

So she went out.

She laid her kerchief over me,
And took my bones that they might lie

and he threw down the shoes to her,

Underneath the juniper tree.
Kywitt, Kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!"

And she now felt quite happy and lighthearted; she put on the shoes and danced and jumped about in them. "I was so miserable," she said, "when I came out, but that has all passed away; that is indeed a splendid bird, and he has given me a pair of red shoes."

The wife sprang up, with her hair standing out from her head like flames of fire, "Then I will go out too," she said, "and see if it will lighten my misery, for I feel as if the world were coming to an end."

But as she crossed the threshold, crash! the bird threw the millstone down on her head, and she was crushed to death.

The father and little Marleen heard the sound and ran out, but they only saw mist and flame and fire rising from the spot, and when these had passed, there stood the little brother, and he took the father and little Marleen by the hand; then they all three rejoiced, and went inside together and sat down to their dinners and ate.

THE ELVES AND THE COBBLER

THERE was once a cobbler, who worked very hard and was very honest; but still he could not earn enough to live upon; and at last all he had in the world was gone, save just leather enough to make one pair of shoes.

Then he cut his leather out, all ready to make up the next day, meaning to rise early in the morning to his work. His conscience was clear and his heart light amidst all his troubles; so he went peaceably to bed, left all his cares to Heaven, and soon fell asleep. In the morning after he had said his prayers, he sat himself down to his work; when, to his great wonder, there stood the shoes all ready made, upon the table. The good man knew not what to say or think at such an odd thing happening. He looked at the workmanship; there was not one false stitch in the whole job; all was so neat and true, that it was quite a masterpiece.

The same day a customer came in, and the shoes suited him so well that he willingly paid a price higher than usual for them; and the poor shoemaker, with the money, bought leather enough to make two pair more. In the evening he cut out the work, and went to bed early, that he might get up and begin betimes next day; but he was saved all the trouble, for when he got up in the morning the work was done ready to his hand. Soon in came buyers, who paid him handsomely for his goods, so that he bought leather enough for four pair more. He cut out the work again over-night and found it done in the morning, as before; and so it went on for some time: what was got ready in the evening was always done by daybreak, and the good man soon became thriving and well off again.

One evening, about Christmas time, as he and his wife were sitting over the fire chatting together, he said to her, "I should like to sit up and watch to-night, that we may see who it is that comes and does my work for me." The wife liked the thought; so they left a light burning, and hid themselves in a corner of the room, behind a curtain that was hung up there, and watched what should happen.

As soon as it was midnight, there came in two little naked dwarfs; and they sat themselves upon the shoe-maker's bench, took up all the work that was cut out, and began to ply with their little fingers, stitching and rapping and tapping away at such a rate, that the shoemaker was all wonder, and could not take his eyes off them. And on they went, till the job was quite done, and the shoes stood ready for use upon the table. This was long before daybreak; and then they bustled away as quick as lightning.

The next day the wife said to the shoemaker, "These little wights have made us rich, and we ought to be thankful to them, and do them a good turn if we can. I am quite sorry to see them run about as

they do; and indeed it is not very decent, for they have nothing upon their backs to keep of the cold. I'll tell you what, I will make each of them a shirt, and a coat and waistcoat, and a pair of pantaloons into the bargain; and do you make each of them a little pair of shoes."

The thought pleased the good cobbler very much; and one evening, when all the things were ready, they laid them on the table, instead of the work that they used to cut out, and then went and hid themselves, to watch what the little elves would do .

About midnight in they came, dancing and skipping, hopped round the room, and then went to sit down to their work as usual; but when they saw the clothes lying for them, they laughed and chuckled, and seemed mightily delighted.

Then they dressed themselves in the twinkling of an eye, and danced and capered and sprang about, as merry as could be; till at last they danced out at the door, and away over the green.

The good couple saw them no more; but every thing went well with them from that time forward, as long as they lived.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN MOUNTAIN

THERE was once a merchant who had only one child, a son, that was very young, and barely able to run alone. He had two richly laden ships then making a voyage upon the seas, in which he had embarked all his wealth, in the hope of making great gains, when the news came that both were lost. Thus from being a rich man he became all at once so very poor that nothing was left to him but one small plot of land; and there he often went in an evening to take his walk, and ease his mind of a little of his trouble.

One day, as he was roaming along in a brown study, thinking with no great comfort on what he had been and what he now was, and was like to be, all on a sudden there stood before him a little rough-looking black dwarf. "Prithee, friend, why so sorrowful?" said he to the merchant; "what is it you take so deeply to heart?" "If you could do me any good I would willingly tell you," said the merchant. "Who knows but I may?" said the little man: "tell me what ails you, and perhaps you will find I may be of some use." Then the merchant told him how all his wealth was gone to the bottom of the sea, and how he had nothing left but that little plot of land. "Oh! trouble not yourself about that," said the dwarf; "only undertake to bring me here, twelve years hence, whatever meets you first on your going home, and I will give you as much as you please." The merchant thought this was no great thing to ask; that it would most likely be his dog or his cat, or something of that sort, but forgot his little boy Heinel; so he agreed to the bargain, and signed and sealed the bond to do what was asked of him.

But as he drew near home, his little boy was so glad to see him that he crept behind him, and laid fast hold of his legs, and looked up in his face and laughed. Then the father started, trembling with fear and horror, and saw what it was that he had bound himself to do; but as no gold was come, he made himself easy, by thinking that it was only a joke that the dwarf was playing on him, and that, at any rate, when the money came, he should see the bearer, and would not take it in.

About a month afterwards he went up stairs into a lumber-room to look for some old iron, that he might sell it and raise a little money; and there, instead of his iron, he saw a large pile of gold lying on the floor. At the sight of this he was overjoyed, and forgetting all about his son, went into trade again, and became a richer merchant than before.

Meantime little Heinel grew up, and as the end of the twelve years drew near the merchant began to call to mind his bond, and became very sad and thoughtful; so that care and sorrow were written upon his face. The boy one day asked what was the matter, but his father would not tell for some time; at last, however, he said that he had, without knowing it, sold him for gold to a little, ugly-looking, black dwarf, and that the twelve years were coming round when he must keep his word. Then Heinel said, "Father, give yourself very little trouble about that; I shall be too much for the little man."

When the time came, the father and son went out together to the place agreed upon: and the son drew a circle on the ground, and set himself and his father in the middle of it. The little black dwarf soon came, and walked round and round about the circle, but could not find any way to get into it, and he either could not, or dared not, jump over it. At last the boy said to him, "Have you anything to say to us, my friend, or what do you want?" Now Heinel had found a friend in a good fairy, that was fond of him, and had told him what to do; for this fairy knew what good luck was in store for him. "Have you brought me what you said you would?" said the dwarf to the merchant. The old man held his tongue, but Heinel said again, "What do you want here?" The dwarf said, "I come to talk with your father, not with you." "You have cheated and taken in my father," said the son; "pray give him up his bond at once." "Fair and softly," said the little old man; "right is right. I have paid my money, and your father has had it, and spent it; so be so good as to let me have what I paid for." "You must have my consent to that first," said Heinel; "so please to step in here, and let us talk it over." The old man grinned, and showed his teeth, as if he should have been very glad to get into the circle if he could. Then at last, after a long talk, they came to terms. Heinel agreed that his father must give him up, and that so far the dwarf should have his way: but, on the other

hand, the fairy had told Heinel what fortune was in store for him, if he followed his own course; and he did not choose to be given up to his humpbacked friend, who seemed so anxious for his company.

So, to make a sort of drawn battle of the matter, it was settled that Heinel should be put into an open boat, that lay on the sea-shore hard by; that the father should push him off with his own hand, and that he should thus be set adrift, and left to the bad or good luck of wind and weather. Then he took leave of his father, and set himself in the boat; but before it got far off a wave struck it, and it fell with one side low in the water, so the merchant thought that poor Heinel was lost, and went home very sorrowful, while the dwarf went his way, thinking that at any rate he had had his revenge.

The boat, however, did not sink, for the good fairy took care of her friend, and soon raised the boat up again, and it went safely on. The young man sat safe within, till at length it ran ashore upon an unknown land. As he jumped upon the shore he saw before him a beautiful castle, but empty and dreary within, for it was enchanted. "Here," said he to himself, "must I find the prize the good fairy told me of." So he once more searched the whole palace through, till at last he found a white snake, lying coiled up on a cushion in one of the chambers.

Now the white snake was an enchanted princess; and she was very glad to see him, and said, "Are you at last come to set me free? Twelve long years have I waited here for the fairy to bring you hither as she promised, for you alone can save me. This night twelve men will come: their faces will be black, and they will be dressed in chain armor. They will ask what you do here, but give no answer; and let them do what they will, beat, whip, pinch, prick, or torment you, bear all; only speak not a word, and at twelve o'clock they must go away. The second night twelve others will come: and the third night twenty-four, who will even cut off your head; but at the twelfth hour of that night their power is gone, and I shall be free, and will come and bring you the water of life, and will wash you with it, and bring you back to life and health." And all came to pass as she had said; Heinel bore all, and spoke not a word; and the third night the princess came, and fell on his neck and kissed him. Joy and gladness burst forth throughout the castle, the wedding was celebrated, and he was crowned king of the Golden Mountain.

They lived together very happily, and the queen had a son. And thus eight years had passed over their heads, when the king thought of his father; and he began to long to see him once again. But the queen was against his going, and said, "I know well that misfortunes will come upon us if you go." However, he gave her no rest till she agreed. At his going away she gave him a wishing-ring, and said, "Take this ring, and put it on your finger, whatever you

wish it will bring you: only promise never to make use of it to bring me hence to your father's house." Then he said he would do what she asked, and put the ring on his finger, and wished himself near the town where his father lived.

Heinel found himself at the gates in a moment; but the guards would not let him go in, because he was so strangely clad. So he went up to a neighbouring hill, where a shepherd dwelt, and borrowed his old frock, and thus passed unknown into the town. When he came to his father's house, he said he was his son; but the merchant would not believe him, and said he had had but one son, his poor Heinel, who he knew was long since dead: and as he was only dressed like a poor shepherd, he would not even give him anything to eat. The king, however, still vowed that he was his son, and said, "Is there no mark by which you would know me if I am really your son?" "Yes," said his mother, "our Heinel had a mark like a raspberry on his right arm." Then he showed them the mark, and they knew that what he had said was true.

He next told them how he was king of the Golden Mountain, and was married to a princess, and had a son seven years old. But the merchant said, "That can never be true; he must be a fine king truly who travels about in a shepherd's frock!" At this the son was vexed; and forgetting his word, turned his ring, and wished for his queen and son. In an instant they stood before him; but the queen wept, and said he had broken his word, and bad luck would follow. He did all he could to soothe her, and she at last seemed to be appeased; but she was not so in truth, and was only thinking how she should punish him.

One day he took her to walk with him out of the town, and showed her the spot where the boat was set adrift upon the wide waters. Then he set himself down, and said, "I am very much tired; sit by me, I will rest my head in your lap, and sleep awhile." As soon as he had fallen asleep, however, she drew the ring from his finger, and crept softly away, and wished herself and her son at home in their kingdom. And when he awoke he found himself alone, and saw that the ring was gone from his finger. "I can never go back to my father's house," said he, "they would say I am a sorcerer: I will journey forth into the world, till I come again to my kingdom."

So saying, he set out and travelled till he came to a hill, where three giants were sharing their father's goods; and as they saw him pass, they cried out and said, "Little men have sharp wits; he shall part the goods between us." Now there was a sword, that cut off an enemy's head whenever the wearer gave the words, "Heads off!" a cloak, that made the owner invisible, or gave him any form he pleased; and a pair of boots that carried the wearer wherever he wished. Heinel said they must first let him try these wonderful

things, then he might know how to set a value upon them. Then they gave him the cloak, and he wished himself a fly, and in a moment he was a fly. "The cloak is very well," said he; "now give me the sword." "No," said they; "not unless you undertake not to say, 'Heads off!' for if you do, we are dead men." So they gave it him, charging him to try it on a tree. He next asked for the boots also; and the moment he had all three in his power, he wished himself at the Golden Mountain; and there he was there at once. So the giants were left behind with no goods to share or quarrel about.

As Heinel come near his castle he heard the sound of merry music; and the people around told him that his queen was about to marry another husband. Then he threw his cloak around him, and passed through the castlehall, and placed himself by the side of his queen, where no one saw him. But when anything to eat was put upon her plate, he took it away and ate it himself; and when a glass of wine was handed to her, he took it and drank it: and thus, though they kept on giving her meat and drink, her plate and cup were always empty.

Upon this fear and remorse came over her, and she went into her chamber alone, and sat there weeping; and he followed her there. "Alas!" said she to herself, "was I not once set free? why then does this enchantment still seem to bind me?"

"False and fickle one!" said he, "one indeed came who set thee free, and he is now near thee again; but how have you used him? ought he to have had such treatment from thee?" Then he went out and sent away the company, and said the wedding was at an end, for that he was come back to the kingdom. But the princes, peers, and great men mocked at him. However, he would enter into no parley with them, but only asked them if they would go in peace or not. Then they turned upon him and tried to seize him; but he drew his sword; "Heads off!" cried he; and with the word, the traitors' heads fell before him, and Heinel was once more king of the Golden Mountain.

LITTLE THUMB

THERE was once a woman who was very lonely, and had a very strong desire to have a little child for a companion, but did not at all know how it was to be managed, and therefore went to an old witch, to whom she said, "I do so heartily desire to have a little, little child; will you not tell me how I am to come by one?"

"Yes, that is easily done," the witch said; "there is a barley-corn, in no way like what the farmers sow, or is given to chickens to eat; set that in a flower pot, and then you shall see what you shall see."

"I thank you," the woman said, and giving her a shilling, went home, where she set the barley-corn, and immediately there sprang up a magnificent, large flower, which looked like a tulip, but the leaves of the flower were closed, as if it were only in bud.

"That is a pretty flower," the woman said, and kissed the red and yellow leaves, but just as she did so the flower opened with an explosion. It was a real tulip, as now could easily be seen, but seated in the middle of the flower was a quiet little girl. She was so pretty and delicate, and not being above the length of one's thumb, she was called Little Thumb.

She had a neat lackered walnut-shell for a cradle, blue violet leaves were her mattress, and a roseleaf her covering. There she slept at nights, but during the day she played on the table, on which the woman placed a plateful of water, with flowers all round the edge, and a lily-leaf floating in the middle. On this Little Thumb could sit and row herself from one side to the other, which looked very pretty. She could sing too, and so sweetly that the like had never been heard.

One night, as she was lying in her beautiful bed, an ugly toad came hopping through the window, one of the panes of glass being broken. The toad was a big, wet, and frightfully ugly creature, and happened just to hop on to the table on which Little Thumb was asleep, under her roseleaf.

"That would be a charming wife for my son," the toad said, and taking up the walnut-shell, in which Little Thumb was lying, hopped with it through the broken window, down into the garden.

There flowed a broad river, the banks of which were muddy and marshy, and it was here the toad lived with her son. Oh, dear! how ugly and disgusting he was too, exactly like his mother. "Koar, koar, croak, croak!" was all that he could say when he saw the pretty little girl in the walnut-shell.

"Do not speak so loud, or she may wake up," the old toad said, "and might escape us, for she is as light as swansdown. We will put her on one of the water-lily leaves out in the river, for, to her, who is so light, that will just be like an island, and from there she cannot get away, whilst we are busy preparing the state-room under the marsh where you are to live."

In the water grew a quantity of water-lilies, with their broad green leaves, which seemed to be floating on the top of the water, and the one which was the furthest out from the banks was also the largest. To this the old toad swam, and placed Little Thumb, with her walnut-shell, upon it.

The little thing awoke early in the morning, and when she saw where she was, she began to cry bitterly, for there was water on all sides of the large green leaf, and there was no reaching the land.

The old toad was busy, down in the marsh, decorating her room with rushes and yellow flowers, for she wanted all to be very smart for her new daughter-in-law; and when she had finished she swam, with her ugly son, out to the leaf, where Little Thumb stood, for she wanted to fetch the pretty bed, to place it in the bridal-chamber. The old toad bowed low to her and said, "Here you see my son, who is to be your husband, and you will live splendidly together, below under the marsh."

"Koar, koar, croak, croak," was all the son could say.

Then they took the pretty little bed and swam away with it, but Little Thumb sat all alone on the green leaf and cried, for she could not bear the idea of living with the ugly old toad, or of having her ugly son for a husband. The little fishes that swam about in the water had seen the toad and heard all she said, so they popped up their heads to see the little girl, and finding her so pretty, they grieved to think that she should have to live with the ugly toads. "No, that must never be." So they assembled together, round the green stalk of the leaf on which Little Thumb stood, and bit it through, so that the leaf floated down the river, far away, where the toads could not reach it.

Little Thumb floated past many cities, and the little birds, as they sat in the bushes, saw her and sang, "What a lovely little girl!" The leaf swam on with her, further and further, and they got into another country.

A pretty little white butterfly fluttered round her constantly, and

at last settled down on the leaf, for Little Thumb pleased him. She was very happy, for the toad could not now reach her, and it was very beautiful all around, the sun shining on the water so that it glittered like the brightest gold. She now took her girdle, tied one end of it round the butterfly, whilst she fastened the other to the leaf, which glided on much faster, and she as well, for she was standing upon it.

Then came a large cockchafer, and seeing her, instantly caught hold of her slender body with its claws, and flew with her into a tree. The green leaf swam on down the river, and the butterfly too, for it was tied to it and could not get away.

Oh! how frightened poor Little Thumb was when she found herself carried away by the cockchafer, but she felt more sad, on account of the beautiful white butterfly, which she had fastened to the leaf, for it could not get away and must starve. But the cockchafer did not care a pin about that. He seated himself with her upon the largest leaf of the tree, gave her honey out of the flowers to eat, and said that she was very pretty, though not a bit like a cockchafer. Later, all the other cockchafers that lived in the tree came to visit her, and the young ladies, turning up their feelers, said, "What can any one see to admire in her! Why, she has only two legs, how ridiculous that looks!" "She has no feelers," another said, "and how small she is in the waist. Oh my, she is like a human being!" "And how ugly she is!" all the young ladies joined in. Now Little Thumb was exceedingly pretty, which the cockchafer that had carried her off knew well enough; but as all the others said she was ugly, he began to believe it himself at last, and would have nothing to do with her, so he carried her down from the tree, and placed her on a daisy. There she sat and cried, because she was so ugly that even the cockchafers would have nothing to do with her, and yet she was the prettiest and most delightful girl that can be imagined, as clear and blooming as the most beautiful rose-leaf.

During the whole summer poor Little Thumb lived all alone in a large forest. She plaited herself a bed of grass, and hung it up under a burdock leaf, where she was sheltered from the rain. She ate the honey out of the flowers and drank the dew that lay every morning upon the leaves. In this manner passed summer and autumn, but now came winter—the cold, long winter. The birds that had sung so sweetly to her flew away; the flowers died and the trees lost their leaves; the large burdock leaf, under which her dwelling was, rolled up, and nothing remained but a yellow, withered stalk, and she was dreadfully cold, for her clothes were worn out, so that she was nearly frozen to death. It began to snow, and each flake that fell upon her was as if a whole shovelful were thrown upon one

of us, for she was so little, not more than an inch in height. She wrapped herself up in a dry leaf, but that did not warm her, and she shook with cold.

She wandered out of the forest with difficulty, and came to a cornfield, but the corn had long gone, and only that short dry stubble stood out of the frozen earth, which to her was like another forest. Oh! how she shook with cold. At length she reached the door of the dwelling of a field-mouse. There the mouse lived warm and well, having a whole room full of corn and every comfort. Poor Little Thumb stood inside the door, just like any other poor beggar-girl, and begged for a small piece of a barley-corn, for she had not eaten a morsel of anything for two days.

"You poor little being," the field-mouse said, for at heart she was was a good old field-mouse; "come into my warm room and dine with me."

Now as Little Thumb pleased her much, she said, "You may remain with me here all the winter, but you must keep my room tidy and clean as well as tell me stories, of which I am very fond;" and Little Thumb did what the good old field-mouse desired, and in return was made uncommonly comfortable.

"We shall now soon have a visitor," the field-mouse said; "my neighbor is in the habit of visiting me once a week. He is still better off than I, has large rooms, and wears the beautiful black fur coat. If you could only get him for a husband, you would be well provided for, but he cannot see. You must tell him the very prettiest stories that you know."

But Little Thumb was not at all anxious to see the neighbour, for he was a mole.

He came, however, and paid his visit in his black fur coat. The field-mouse said he was so clever and so rich; that his house was more than twenty times larger than hers, and that his learning was very great, but the sun and the beautiful flowers he could not bear, and had little to say of them, for he had never seen them.

Little Thumb had to sing to him. She sang "Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home," and, "Sir frog he would a-wooing go," and he fell in love with her on account of her sweet voice, but he said nothing, for he was a very prudent man.

He had lately dug himself a walk underground, from his own house to the field-mouse's, in which she and Little Thumb received permission to walk as much as they liked, but he warned them not to be frightened at the dead bird which lay there, in the walk he had made, for it was a perfect bird with feathers and beak and all, which could only lately have died and got buried there.

Then the mole took a piece of rotten wood in its mouth, for that shines in the dark like fire, and went on in front to light them in the

long dark passage. When he came to the place where the dead bird was, the mole, thrusting its broad nose into the roof of the passage, began throwing up the earth till it had worked a large hole, through which the light shone. In the middle of the walk lay a dead swallow, with its beautiful wings pressed closs to its sides, and its feet drawn in under the feathers. The poor bird had eveidently died of cold. That grieved Little Thumb so much, for she was very fond of all little birds, they having chirped and sung so beautifully to her all the summer; but the mole pushed it on one side with its short legs and said, "We'll sing no more; how miserable it must be to be born a bird! Thank goodness that will not happen to any of my children. What has a bird but its twittering and chirping, and in winter it dies of hunger!"

"Yes, a sensible man like you may well say so," the field-mouse said; "what does a bird get by all its twittering when the winter comes? It must die of cold and hunger; and yet how proud they are!"

Little Thumb said nothing, but as soon as the other two had turned their backs upon the bird, she bent down, and dividing the feathers that covered the head, kissed it on the closed eyes.

"Perhaps it was he who sang so beautifully to me in the summer," she thought. "What pleasure has he not caused me, the dear, beautiful bird!"

The mole now filled up the hole which let in the light, and accompanied the two ladies home. But that night Little Thumb could not sleep, so, getting up, she plaited a beautiful large mat with hay, which she carried with her, and covered up the bird, laying some soft wool, which she had found in the mouse's room, at both its sides so that it might lie warm in the cold earth.

"Farewell, you beautiful little bird," she said; "farewell, and many thanks for the delightful songs during the summer, when the trees were green, and the sun shone warm, down upon us." She then laid her head upon the bird's breast, but was frightened, for it was just as if there were some noise within. It was the bird's heart beating, for he was not dead, but only benumbed by the cold, and being now warmed, had come to life again.

In autumn all the swallows fly away to warmer countries; but if one remains by chance till it is too cold, it falls down like dead, and lies there, where it fell, till the cold snow covers it.

Little Thumb trembled violently, she had been so frightened, for the bird was big, very big compared to her, who was only an inch in height, but she mustered courage, and laid the wool still closer to the bird's sides, fetching, besides, the mint-leaf, which had served her as a bed-covering, and laid it over the bird's head.

The next night she stole away to him again, and found him quite

alive, but very weak, so that he could only for a moment open his eyes and look at Little Thumb, who stood before him with a piece of rotten wood in her hand, for that was the only lantern she had.

"I thank you, my pretty little girl," the invalid said; "you have warmed me so nicely that I shall soon get my strength back, and shall then be able to fly about again, outside in the warm sunshine."

"Alas!" she said, "it is very cold, it snows, and freezes; so you must still remain in your warm bed, and I will nurse you."

She then brought some water in the leaf of a flower, and the swallow drank, and told her how it had wounded one of its wings in a thorn-bush, so that it could not fly so well as the others, which had gone off to a warmer country, and that at last it had fallen to the ground, when it could remember no more, and did not know at all how it had got there, where it was.

The whole winter the swallow remained underground, and Little Thumb attended to it with the utmost care, without the mole or the field-mouse knowing anything about it, for they could not bear the swallow.

As soon as spring came and warmed the earth, the swallow said farewell to Little Thumb, who opened the hole which the mole had made above. The sun shone so beautifully down upon them, and the swallow asked, "Will you not go with me, for you can sit on my back, and we will fly far away into the green woods?" But Little Thumb knew that the old field-mouse would feel much hurt if she left in that manner, so she said,—

"No, I cannot go with you."

"Farewell, then, farewell, you good, charming girl," the swallow said and flew out into the sunshine. Little Thumb looked after it, and the tears came into her eyes, for she was very fond of the swallow.

"Quiwit, quiwit," the bird sang, as it flew away into the wood, and Little Thumb was very sorrowful. The poor little thing could get no permission to go out at all into the warm sunshine, though all was so beautiful; and the corn, which grew over the field-mouse's house, had shot up so high, that it was quite like a forest of tall trees to her who was only an inch high.

"Now in the summer you must work at your wedding outfit," the field-mouse said to her, for their neighbour, the tedious old mole, with the black fur coat, had proposed for her. "You must have a good stock of wollen, as well as linen clothes, for there must not be anything wanting when you are the mole's wife."

Little Thumb had to work at her spindle, and the field-mouse hired four spiders as well to spin and weave day and night for her. Every evening the mole visited her, and his constant theme was, that, when the summer should be over, the sun, which now baked the

earth as hard as a stone, would not be nearly so hot, and that then they would be married. The prospect of this did not afford Little Thumb much pleasure, for she could not bear this tedious mole. Each morning, when the sun rose, and each evening when it set, she stole outside the door; and when the wind separated the ears of corn so that she could see the blue sky, she thought how light and beautiful it was out there, and wished with all her heart that she could see the dear swallow again; but it did not come back, and was, no doubt, far away in the beautiful green wood.

When autumn came, Little Thumb's wedding outfit was all ready. "In four weeks' time your wedding will take place," the field-mouse said to her. But Little Thumb cried, and said that she would not have the tedious mole.

"Fiddledeedee," the old mouse said. "Don't be perverse, or I'll bite you with my white teeth. Your future husband is a handsome man, and the queen herself has not such a fur coat. His kitchen and cellar are well stored, so, bless your stars that you make such a match."

The time for the wedding had now come. The mole had arrived to fetch away Little Thumb to live with him deep under ground and never to come up to the warm sunshine, which he was not at all fond of. The poor child was very sad, for she was now to bid the beautiful sun good-bye, which she had had permission to look at from the door at any rate, whilst living with the field-mouse.

"Farewell, you bright sun!" she asked, raising up her hand toward it, and she went a few steps outside the door, for the corn was carried, and there was now only the dry stubble. "Farewell! farewell!" she again said, and flung her arms round a little red flower which stood there. "Remember me to the little swallow, when you happen to see it."

"Quiwit, quiwit!" sounded at that moment from above, and when she looked up she saw the little swallow just flying over her head. When it perceived Little Thumb, it was much rejoiced: and she told her story, how unwillingly she was about to marry the ugly mole, when she would have to live underground, where the sun never shone, and she could not help crying.

"The cold winter is now coming," the swallow said, "and I am about to fly off to a warmer country. Will you go with me? You can sit on my back; only tie yourself fast with your girdle, and we will fly away from the ugly mole and his dark room, far, far away to a warmer country, where the sun shines more brightly than here; where it is always summer, and there are the most beautiful flowers. Come with me, you dear little girl, you who saved my life, when I lay frozen and buried."

"Yes, I will go with you," Little Thumb said, and seating herself on the bird's back, she tied herself fast with her girdle to one of the

strongest feathers, when the swallow flew up high into the air, over forests and seas; high up over mountains that are always covered with snow, and she shivered in the cold air, but she crept under the bird's warm feathers, only having her head out, that she might admire the wonders and beauties below.

They at length reached a warmer country, where the sun shines much more brightly than here, where the sky is twice as deep a blue, and where the most beautiful grapes grow in the hedges. There were forests of orange and citron trees, and the air was sweet with the scent of myrtles and mint, whilst on the roads there were charming children, playing with the most beautifully painted butterflies. The swallow, however, flew on still further, and it grew more beautiful, till they came to a delightful blue lake, where there stood a marble palace, from olden times surrounded by sweet-scented trees. The vine wound round the high columns, and at the top there were many swallow's nests, one of which belonged to Little Thumb's companion.

"This is my house," the swallow said; "but if you choose yourself one of the most beautiful of the flowers that grow there below, I will place you in it, and you may be as happy as the day is long."

"That will be delightful," she cried, and clapped her little hands with joy.

There lay a large white marble column, which had fallen to the ground and broken into three pieces, and from between these grew up the most beautiful large white flowers. The swallow flew down with Little Thumb, and placed her upon a broad leaf of one of these, but how astonished she was when in the flower she saw a little man sitting, so white and transparent, as if he were of glass. He wore a beautiful gold crown upon his head, and had the most lovely gauzy wings, being scarcely bigger in body than Little Thumb himself. This was the Spirit of the Flowers. In each flower there lived a like little man or woman, but this was the king of them all.

"Oh, how beautiful he is!" Little Thumb whispered to the swallow.

The little Prince was greatly frightened at the swallow, for compared to him it was a monstrous bird; but when he saw Little Thumb, he was as much rejoiced, for she was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. He took off his crown, and placed it upon her head, asking at the same time what her name was, and if she would marry him, when she should be queen over all the flowers. This was, indeed, a very different being from the toad's son and the mole with his fur coat; so she answered "Yes" to the delightful Prince; and immediately there came a little man or woman from the different flowers, all so charming that it was quite a pleasure to look at them, and each brought her a present, the best of which was a beautiful pair of wings, taken from a large white fly. These were fastened to her shoulders, so that now she could fly from flower to flower;

and all was happiness. The little swallow sat above in its nest, and sang its best to them, but at heart it was sad, for it loved Little Thumb, and wished never to be parted from her.

"You shall not be called Little Thumb," the king of the flowers said, "for that is an ugly name, and you are so beautiful. Your name shall be Maga.

"Farewell, farewell!" the little swallow said, and flew away from the warm country again back to Denmark. There it had a nest, above the window of the man who tells stories, and there it sang, "Quiwit, quiwit!" and that is how we know the whole story.

LITTLE CLAUS AND BIG CLAUS

In a village there lived two men of the same name, both being called Claus, but one had four horses, whereas the other only possessed one; and to distinguished them from each other, the one that had four horses was called Big Claus, and he who had only one horse, Little Claus.

The whole week through Little Claus had to plough for Big Claus, and lend him his single horse, for which Big Claus in return helped him with his four horses, but only once a week. How Little Claus clacked with his whip over the five horses, for they were as good as his on that one day! Now when the people saw Little Claus ploughing with the five horses, he was highly delighted, and again clacking his whip, cried, "Gee, woh! all my horses!"

"You must not say that," Big Claus said, "for only one of the horses is yours."

But when the next person passed, Little Claus forgot that he was not to say it, and again cried, "Gee, woh! all my horses!"

"Now I'll trouble you not try that again," Big Claus said, "for if I hear it once more, I'll knock your horse on the head, and there'll be an end of that."

"Well, now, indeed, it shall not escape me again," Little Claus said, but no sooner did another come by and wish him good day, than he thought how grand he looked ploughing his field with five horses, and then he clacked his whip, crying, "Gee, woh! all my horses!"

"Oh, it is to be, then?" Big Claus said: and taking up a large stone struck Little Claus' horse on the head, so that it fell over and was quite dead.

"Oh, dear, now I have no horse at all," Little Claus said, and began to cry. He then took the skin off his dead horse, and after it had thoroughly dried in the wind, packed it in a sack, which he slung over his shoulder, and started off to the town to sell it there.

He had far to go, besides having to pass through a great dark

forest, and the weather came on very bad. He now quite lost his way, and before he found it again it was growing dark, and he was too far off from the town or his home to be able to reach either before night thoroughly set in.

Close by the road-side there stood a large farm-house, and though the shutters were closed, the light could still be seen shining above them. "There I shall no doubt obtain permission to pass the night," Little Claus thought, so he went and knocked at the door.

The farmer's wife opened it, but when she heard what he wanted, she said he might trudge on, for her husband was not at home, and she could not admit any strangers.

"Well, then, I suppose I must stop outside," Little Claus said, and the woman slammed the door in his face.

Close by there was a large haystack, and between that and the house a small shed with a flat straw roof.

"I can lie up there," Little Claus said, when he saw the roof, "and a first-rate bed it will be, but I hope the stork won't come down and bite my legs." For on the roof of the house there stood a stork, which had its nest there.

Little Claus now climbed up on to the shed, where he turned and turned till he made himself comfortable, and it so happened that just as he lay he could see right into the room of the farm-house, for the wooden shutters did not close at the top.

He saw a large table laid with wine and roast meat, besides a magnificent fish, the farmer's wife and the sexton sitting there all alone, and she filled his glass whilst he stuck his fork into the fish, for that was his favourite dish.

"If I could but have some of that," Little Claus thought, and he stretched out his neck to see further into the room. There was also a beautiful cake. That was, indeed, a feast.

Just then he heard some one come riding along the road toward the house, which was the farmer coming home.

He was the very best-natured man, but had one peculiarity—he could not bear to see the sexton at his house. If he even met a sexton he at once got into a rage. That was the reason why the sexton had gone in to wish the woman a good evening, knowing her husband was from home, and she in gratitude had put all that good cheer before him; but when she heard her husband, she was frightened and begged the sexton to get into a large empty box that stood in the room as she well knew her poor husband would be in a great rage if he saw him. The woman hastily hid all the eatables as well as the wine in the oven, for if her husband had seen them he would certainly have asked the reason for all those preparations.

"Oh, dear!" Little Claus sighed from the top of his shed when he saw all the good things disappear.

"Is any one up there?" the farmer asked, looking up. "Why are you lying there? it will be better to go into the house with me."

Little Claus then told him how he had lost his way, and begged for a night's lodging.

"Certainly," the farmer answered; "but the first thing to do will be to get something to eat."

The wife received them cheerfully, laid the cloth for them, and brought a large bowl of oatmeal porridge. The farmer was hungry and ate with a right good appetite, but Little Claus could not help thinking of all the delicacies which he knew to be in the oven.

Under the table at his feet, he had thrown the sack with the horse's skin, to sell which he had come out, as we already know.

The porridge was not at all to his taste, so he pressed his foot upon the sack, and the dry skin made a loud crackling noise.

"Be quiet, there!" Little Claus said to his sack, but as he pressed his foot more heavily upon it at the same time, it crackled louder than before.

"What have you got in your sack?" the farmer asked.

"Oh, it's a magician," Little Claus answered; "and he says we should not be eating porridge, for that by his witchcraft he has filled the oven with roast meat, fish, and cakes."

"Bless me, can it be possible?" the farmer exclaimed, and opening the oven, he discovered all the dainties his wife had hidden there, but which he believed the magician in the sack had provided for them. His wife dared not say anything, so she placed all on the table, and they ate of the fish, meat, and cake. Little Claus trod again upon the sack till it crackled.

"What does he say now?" the farmer asked.

"He says," Little Claus answered, "that there are three bottles of wine for us in the oven." The farmer's wife was obliged to fetch the wine, and her husband drank and grew as merry as possible. Such a magician as Little Claus had in his sack he would give anything to possess.

"Can he call up the evil one?" he asked, "for I am right merry now and should like to see him."

"Yes, my magician can do all I ask him. Can't you?" he said, pressing his foot upon the sack, and when it crackled he continued, "Don't you hear? he says the evil one is so ugly that we had better not see him."

"Oh, I am not at all afraid! I wonder what he looks like!"

"Why he looks exactly like a sexton."

"Whew!" the farmer cried, "that is ugly; for you must know that, of all things, I hate a sexton. But it doesn't matter, for I shall know it is only the evil one, and shall be the better able to bear the

sight. Now I have courage for it; but he must not come too near me."

"Well, I'll ask my magician," Little Claus said, and, treading on the sack, held down his ear.

"What does he say?"

"He says you may go and open the box that stands there in the corner, and you will see him huddled up in it; but you must not raise the lid too high, or he'll escape."

"Pray help me to hold it," the farmer begged; and he went to the box where the real sexton was hidden, who sat there in a great fright.

The farmer opened the lid a little, and looked in. "Whew!" he cried, and sprang back. "Now I've seen him, and he's exactly like our sexton. That was dreadful."

After that they must have another glass, so they went on till late in the night.

"You must sell me the magician," the farmer said. "Ask whatever you like. I'll give you a whole bushel of money."

"No, I can't sell him," Little Claus said, "for just consider the great use he is to me."

"I should so much like to have him," the farmer said, and he went on importuning him.

"Well," Little Claus at length said, "since you have been so good as to give me shelter this night, I consent, and you shall have the magician for a bushel of money, but I must have the bushel heaped up."

"That you shall," the farmer said; "but you must take yonder box as well, for I won't keep it a minute longer in the house. How should I know, perhaps he is therein still?"

Little Claus gave the farmer his sack with the dry skin, and received a bushel heaped up with money in return. The farmer besides made him a present of a large wheelbarrow to carry his money and the box.

"Goodbye," Little Claus said, and he wheeled off his money and the box, in which the sexton was still huddled up.

On the other side of the forest was a broad, deep river, which ran so rapidly that it was scarcely possible to swim against the stream, and over this river a new bridge had been built, in the middle of which Little Claus stopped, saying out loud, so that the sexton in the box might hear him:—

"What am I to do, I wonder, with this stupid box? It is as heavy as if it were full of stones, and I'm only tiring myself to death by wheeling it along with me. I'll throw it into the river, and if it floats on to my house, well and good, and if it does not, it is no great matter."

He then laid hold of the box with one hand, and lifted it up a little,

just as if he were going to throw it over the side of the bridge.

"Don't do that!" the sexton cried from inside the box. "Let me get out first."

"Whew!" Little Claus cried, pretending to be frightened; "he is in still. I must be quick and throw him into the river, so that he may be drowned."

"No, no!" the sexton screamed. "I'll give you a whole bushel of money if you let me out."

"Well, that's quite another thing," Little Claus said, and opened the box. The sexton made haste to get out, pushed the empty box into the river, and went home, where he gave Little Claus a bushel of money, so that, with the one he had already received, he now had his barrow full.

"I am not badly paid for my horse," he said to himself, when he had got back to his room and heaped the money up in a pyramid in the middle of the floor. "What a rage Big Claus will be in when he hears how rich I have become through my single horse, but I'll not tell him all at once!"

He then sent a boy to Big Claus to borrow a bushel measure.

"What can he want with it?" Big Claus thought; and he smeared some tar at the bottom of the bushel, so that some of whatever was measured might stick to it, which indeed happened, for when he got the bushel measure back, he found three new shilling pieces sticking to the bottom.

"How is this?" Big Claus cried, and ran immediately to the little one. "How did you come by all that quantity of money?"

"Oh, that I got for may horse's skin, which I sold yesterday evening."

"That was well paid," Big Claus said; and, having run home quickly, he took an axe, knocked all his four horses on the head, and, having taken their skins off, drove with them to the town.

"Hides! hides! who will buy hides?" he cried through the streets.

All the shoemakers and tanners came running, and asked how much he wanted for them.

"A bushel of money for each," Big Claus said.

"Are you mad?" all the people cried. "Do you think that we have money by the bushel?"

"Hides! hides! who will buy hides?" he cried again. And to all those who asked the price of them, he answered, "A bushel of money for each."

"He is making fools of us," the people cried. And the shoemakers took up their thongs, and the tanners their leather aprons, and set to thrashing Big Claus with them. "Hides! hides! Yes, we'll tan your hide for you," all cried after him. "Out of the town with you as

quickly as possible!" And Big Claus had to hurry his best. He had never been so thrashed in his life before.

"Wait a bit," he said, when he got home. "Little Claus shall pay for this, for I'll certainly kill him."

Now Little Claus' old grandmother was just dead, and though she had always been cross and malicious he was quite sad, and taking the dead body he laid it in his warm bed to see whether that would restore life. There she should lie the whole night, whilst he sat in the corner and slept in a chair as he had often done before.

As he sat there in the night, the door opened and Big Claus came in with his axe. He knew well where Little Claus' bed stood, so he went straight up to it, and knocked the old grandmother on the head, thinking that it was Little Claus.

"Now we'll see," he said, "whether you'll make a fool of me again," and he went home.

"Well, that is a bad man," Little Claus said, "for he intended to kill me; it was well for my old grandmother that she was already dead, or he certainly would have taken her life."

He then dressed his dead grandmother in her Sunday's best, borrowed a horse from his neighbor, which he put to the cart, and seated her upon the back seat so that she could not fall. Having arranged all this they rolled off through the forest, and by the time the sun rose had reached a large inn where Little Claus stopped and went in to get some refreshments.

The landlord had a great, great quantity of money, and was a very good man, but so hot, as if he had been made up of pepper and tobacco.

"Good morning," he said to Little Claus. "Why, you are early on the stir."

"Yes," Little Claus answered, "I am going to the town with my old grandmother, who is outside in the cart. I wish you would take her out a glass of mead, for she will not come in, but you must speak very loud, as she is rather deaf."

"Most willingly," the landlord answered, and having poured out a large glass of mead, took it to the dead woman, who was seated upright in the cart.

"Here is a glass of mead from your grandson," the landlord said; but the dead woman did not answer a word, sitting perfectly quiet.

"Do you not hear?" he cried as loud as he could. "Here is a glass of mead from your grandson."

Once more he shouted the same words, and then again, but as she did not take the slightest notice nor stir in the least, he got in a passion and threw the glass in her face, so that the mead trickled down her nose, and she fell back into the cart, for she was only seated upright but not bound.

"What is this?" Little Claus cried, and, rushing out, seized the

landlord by the throat. "You have killed my grandmother. Do you not see there is a great hole in her forehead?"

"Oh, what a misfortune!" the landlord cried, wringing his hands. "That comes of my hot temper. My dear Little Claus, I will give you a bushel of money, and have your grandmother buried as if she were my own mother, but do not say a word about it, or I shall lose my head, which would be too bad."

So Little Claus got a bushel of money, and the landlord buried his grandmother just as if she were his own mother.

As soon as Little Claus reached home with all that quantity of money, he sent to Big Claus again to borrow a bushel measure.

"How is this?" Big Claus said. "Have I not killed him? Then I must go myself and see how that is;" so he went himself to Little Claus with the bushel measure.

"Why, where did you get all that money?" he asked, opening his eyes wide at the sight of the addition to his treasure.

"You killed by grandmother and not me," Little Claus said, "so I sold her body for a bushel of money."

"That was a good price," Big Claus said, and hurrying home he took an axe, with which he killed his old grandmother, and laying her in a cart drove to the town where the apothecary lived, whom he asked whether he would buy a dead body.

"Who is it, and where did you get it?" the apothecary asked.

"It is my grandmother," Big Claus said, "and I killed her in order to get a bushel of money for her body."

"The Lord forbid!" the apothecary said. "Surely you are rambling. Don't talk that way or you'll lose your head," He then told him what a sinful act it was, and what a bad man he must be, threatening him besides with punishment, so that Big Claus was frightened, and jumping at once into his cart, he lashed the horses and drove home as fast as possible. The apothecary and all the people thought he was mad, and therefore let him go his way.

"You shall pay for this," Big Claus said, on his road home. "Yes, Little Claus, dearly shall you pay;" and as soon as he reached home he took the largest sack he had, and going with it to Little Claus' house said, "You have made a fool of me a second time. First I knocked my horses on the head, and now I have killed my grandmother. This is all your fault, but you shall not make a fool of me a third time." Thereupon he seized Little Claus round the body, and having put him into the sack threw it across his shoulder, saying, "Now I am going to drown you."

He had a long way to go before reaching the river, and Little Claus was not so light a weight to carry. He had to pass close by a church in which the organ sounded, and the people were singing so beautifully that Big Claus thought he might as well go in and hear

a hymn before going further, so he put down the sack, with Little Claus in it, by the side of the church-door, and went in. He knew well that Little Claus could not get out, and as all the people were in church there was no one to help him.

"Oh, dear me! oh, goodness me!" Little Claus sighed, as he turned and twisted in the sack, but it was impossible to undo the rope that tied the mouth of it, when an old drover, with snow-white hair, and a long staff in his hand, came that way. He was following a drove of cows and oxen, which ran up against the sack in which Little Claus was, so that it was upset.

"Oh, dear me!" Little Claus sighed, "I am still so young to be bound for the kingdom of heaven."

"And I, poor wretch," the drover said, "am so old and yet cannot get there."

"Open the sack, then," Little Claus cried, "and get into it instead of me, and you will soon be there."

"That I will do, with pleasure," the old man said, and no sooner had he unfastened the sack than Little Claus jumped out.

"Will you take care of the cattle for me?" the old man asked, as he crept into the sack, and Little Claus having fastened it, went on with all the cows and the oxen.

Soon after Big Claus came out of the church and took up the sack, which appeared to have grown much lighter, for the old drover was not more than half the weight of Little Claus. "How light it has grown! That comes of having heard a hymn," he said, and went on to the river, which was both wide and deep. He then threw the sack with the drover in it into the water, and called out, "Now I think you will not make a fool of me again."

After this he returned towards home, and when he got to where the roads crossed he met Little Claus driving his cattle along.

"How is this?" Big Claus said. "Did I not drown you?"

"Yes," Little Claus answered, "it's scarcely half-an-hour since you threw me into the river."

"But how came you by all that beautiful cattle?" Big Claus asked.

"It is sea cattle," Little Claus answered. "I will tell you the whole story, and must thank you for having drowned me, for now I am up in the world and am really rich. I was so frightened in the sack, and the wind whistled through my ears when you threw me off the bridge into the cold water. I sank to the bottom immediately, but I was not hurt, for the most beautiful grass grows down there. On that I fell and immediately the sack was opened, when a most lovely girl, dressed in snow-white garments, with a green wreath round her wet hair, took me by the hand, saying 'Are you there, Little Claus? For the present, here are a few head of cattle for you, but about a mile further on the road you will see a whole drove which

I give you.' Then I perceived that the river formed a large road for the people of the sea. Down below they were walking and driving straight from the sea as far inland as the river runs. There were such lovely flowers and such beautiful fresh grass grew by the side of the road, and the fish swimming about in the water shot past my ears like the birds here in the air. What beautiful people they are, and, oh, what magnificent cattle!"

"But why did you come up again to us so soon?" Big Claus asked. "I would not have done so, if it is as beautiful down there as you say."

"Well, you shall see how politic that was on my part," Little Claus said, "for as I told you, the girl said that about a mile further on the road there is a whole drove of cattle for me, and by the road she of course meant the river, for she can walk on no other. Now I know what turns the river takes, first here and then there, so that it is a long way round, and it is much shorter to cut across the dry land here and get to the river again. By that I save at least half a mile, and shall all the sooner come into the possession of my cattle."

"Oh, you are a lucky man," Big Claus said. "And do you think I should get some sea cattle too, if I were down there at the bottom of the river?"

"No doubt about it," Little Claus answered: "but I cannot carry you in the sack as far as the river; you are too heavy for me. If you like to walk there and then get into the sack, I will throw you in with the greatest pleasure imaginable."

"Thank you," Big Claus said. "But if I do not get any cattle when I am down there, take my word for it, I will cudgel you well."

"Oh, no, you won't use me so ill as that." With this they walked towards the river, and as soon as the cattle, which were very thirsty, saw the water they ran as fast as they could to get some to drink, and Little Claus continued, "Just look, what a hurry they are in to get to the bottom again!"

"Yes, I see," Big Claus said, "but you had better make haste and help me, or you'll feel my stick," and he got into the sack which lay across the back of one of the oxen.

"Put a stone in as well," Big Claus said, " or I fear I may not sink."

"It will do as it is," Little Claus said: but for all that he put a large stone in the sack, secured the mouth well, and then pushed it in. Plump! into the water went Big Claus, and sank at once to the bottom.

"I'm afraid he won't find the cattle," Little Claus said, and he went home with that which he had.

THE ELFIN-HILLOCK

Several large lizards were running about in the clefts of an old tree, and they understood each other well enough, for they all spoke the Lizard language.

"What a rumpus and confusion there is in the old Elfin-hillock!" one of the Lizards said. "I have not been able to close my eyes for two nights with the noise, so that I might just as well have had the toothache, for then I cannot sleep either."

"There is evidently something afloat there," another Lizard said, "for the hillock stands raised up on four red poles all night till the the cock crows. It is being thoroughly aired, and the Elfin-maidens have been learning new dances. There is something in the wind."

"Yes, I was speaking with a Worm, who is an acquaintance of mine," a third Lizard said, "just after it had come out of the hillock, where it had been burrowing day and night. It had heard a good deal —see it can't, the miserable creature! but feeling and hearing it is up to. Strangers are expected in the Elfin-hillock—grand strangers —but who they are the Worm would not tell."

Just then the Elfin-hillock opened, and an old Elfin-maiden came tripping out. She was the old Elfin-king's housekeeper, and was distantly related to the family, on which account she wore an amber heart on her forehead. How quickly her legs moved! Trip! trip! Good gracious! how she trips along, and straight to the Carrion Crow!

"You are invited to the Elfin-hillock for to-night," she said; "but will you not first do us a great service, and undertake the invitations? You know that you ought to do something, as you do not give parties yourself. We expect some grand people, magicians, who are of great importance, and on that account the Elfin-king intends to show himself."

"Who is to be invited?" the Crow asked.

"Why, to the ball all the world may come, even human beings, if they do but talk in their sleep, or can do something of that sort; but the dinner is to be very select, to consist only of the very highest. I have had a dispute with the King about it, for it is my opinion that we cannot even admit ghosts. The Water-nix and his daughters must be the first, and, though they will not much like coming on dry land, they shall have a wet stone to sit upon, or, perhaps, something better, and so I think they will not refuse for this once. We must have all the old Demons of the first class with tails, Cobolds and Witches; and I think we can scarcely leave out the Hill-man, the Skeleton-horse, the Kelpies, and the Pixies."

"All right," the Crow said, and flew off to give the invitations.

The Elfin-maidens were already dancing on the Hillock, and they

wore shawls made of mist and moonshine, which look very pretty to those who like them. The great hall in the middle of the hillock was beautifully got up, the floors had been washed with moonshine, and the walls rubbed down with witches' fat, so that in the light they shone like tulip-leaves. In the kitchen there were plenty of frogs on the spits, there were snails' skins, with children's fingers inside, and salads of mushroom, the snouts of mice, and hemlock, and to drink, sparkling saltpeter-wine; everything of the best. The dessert consisted of rusty nails and broken church-window glass.

The old Elfin-king had his golden crown fresh polished, and in the bed-room clean curtains were put up, fastened with snails' horns. What a noise and confusion there was!

"Now the whole place must be fumigated with burnt horse-hair and hog's bristles, and then I think I shall have done my part," the old Elfin-maiden said.

"My own sweet father!" the youngest daughter said, coaxingly, "may I not now know who the noble strangers are?"

"Well, I suppose I must tell," he said. "Two of my daughters must be prepared to marry, for certainly two will be married. The old Cobold from Norway, he who lives in the Dovre-rock, and possesses many stone-quarries and a gold-mine, which is worth more than is generally supposed, is coming with his two sons, who are to choose themselves wives. He is a right-down honest northern old Cobold, merry and straightforward; and I know him from olden times, when he was down here, seeking himself a wife; she was a daughter of the Rock-king of Moen, but she is now dead. Oh, how I long to see the old Cobold again! His sons are said to be pert, forward boys, but, perhaps, it is not true, and, no doubt, they will improve as they grow older. Let me see you girls teach them manners."

"And when are they coming?" another of the daughters asked.

"That depends upon wind and weather," the Elfin-king said, "for they travel economically, and come by water. I wished them to come through Sweden, but my old friend does not fancy that. He does not advance with the age, and that I do not like."

Just then two Will-o'-the-wisps came hopping along, the one faster than the other, and it therefore arrived first.

"They are coming! they are coming!" they cried.

"Give me my crown, and let me stand in the moonshine," the King said.

His daughters raised their shawls, and bowed down to the ground.

There stood the old Cobold of Dovre, with his crown of hardened ice and fir-cocks, dressed in a bear-skin and snow-boots. His sons, on the contrary, had bare necks, without any handkerchief, for they were hard young men.

"Is that a mound?" the youngest of them asked, pointing to the Elfin-hillock. "In Norway, we call that a hole."

"Boys!" the old man said, "a hole goes inwards, a mound upwards. Have you no eyes in your head?"

The only thing they wondered at, they said, was, that they could understand the language down there without any trouble.

"Mind what you are about," their father said, "or people will think you half fools."

They then went into the Elfin-hillock, where the high and polite company were assembled, and that in such haste that one might almost have thought they had been blown together. All the arrangements were perfect; the Water-nixes sat at table in large water tanks, and they said it was exactly as if they were at home. All behaved with the most perfect refinement of manners, with the exception of the two young northern Cobolds, who stretched their legs upon the table; but they thought everything became them.

"Feet off the table!" the old Cobold said, and they obeyed; but they did not do so at once. They made the ladies, who sat by their sides, tickle them with fire-cones, which they carried in their pockets, and gave them their boots to hold, which they took off to be more at their ease. But their father was very different, he talked so well of the proud northern rocks, and of the waterfalls rushing down with a white foam, and a noise like thunder and the notes of an organ. He talked of the salmon that leap up into the falling waters when the Nix plays on her golden harp. He told of the bright winter-nights, when the bells on the sledges tinkle, and the young men with burning torches skate across the ice, which is so clear that they can see how they frighten the fish beneath their feet. Yes, he talked so well, that one seemed to see what he described; it was just like the clapper of a saw-mill.

The Elfin-maidens then danced together, and that showed them off to great advantage; then singly, or the *pas seul*, as it is called. Oh, dear! how quickly they moved their legs; there was no telling where the beginning or end was, nor seeing which were the arms and which the legs; and then they whirled round like tops, so that the Skeleton-horse turned quite giddy and had to leave the table.

"Prrrrr!" the old Cobold cried. "What a commotion there is amongst the legs; but what else can they do besides dance, stick out out their legs and raise a whirlwind?"

"You shall soon see," the Elfin-king said, and he called his youngest daughter. She was very active, and transparent as moonshine; she was the most delicate of all the sisters, and when she took a white chip in her mouth she disappeared altogether. That was her part.

But the old Cobold said it was an art he would not like in a wife, and he did not think that his sons cared about it.

The next could walk by her own side, just as if she had a shadow, which the Elves have not.

The third was of quite a different stamp, for she had learned to brew, bake, and cook, and knew how to lard the Elfin-dumplings with glow-worms.

"She will make a good housewife," the old Cobold said, and he drank to her, but with his eyes only, for he wished to remain sober.

Then the fourth came, and she had a large harp, on which she played, and when she struck the first string all lifted up their legs, for the Cobolds are left-legged; and when she struck the second string they were obliged to do whatever she wished.

That is a dangerous woman," the old Cobold said, whilst both the sons went out, for they found the amusement tedious.

"And what can the next do?" the old Cobold asked.

"I have learned to like the north, and I shall never marry unless it is to go to Norway."

But the youngest of the girls whispered to the old man, "That is only because she has heard from a northern song that when the world is destroyed, the rocks of the north will still remain, and therefore she wishes to go there, for she is so dreadfully afraid of death!"

"Ho, ho! is that her meaning?" he answered. "And what can the seventh and last do?"

"The sixth comes before the seventh," the Elfin-king said, for he could count, but the sixth kept herself in the background.

"I can only tell people the truth," she said, "and therefore no one cares for me, so the best thing I can do is to prepare my shroud."

Then came the seventh, and what could she do? Why, she could tell stories, as many as any one would listen to.

"Here are all my five fingers; tell me a story of each," the old Cobold said.

She laid hold of his wrist, and he laughed till he almost choked, but when she came to the ring-finger, which had a gold ring on, as if it knew there was to be a betrothal, he said, "Keep tight hold of what you have; the hand is yours, for you shall be my wife."

The maiden said that the story of the ring-finger and of the little finger still remained to be told.

"We will have those in winter," the old Cobold said, "and have stories of the Fir-tree, and the Birch-tree, of the Fairy-gifts, and of the Frost. You shall tell stories enough, for there no one understands that properly. We will sit in the warm room, where the pine-logs are burning, and drink mead out of the golden cups of the old northern Kings, and the Echo will visit us and sing you all the songs of the Shepherdesses in the mountains. That will be glorious, and the salmon will leap in the water-fall and beat against our

stone-walls, but he shan't come in. Oh, it is delightful in dear old Norway, but what has become of the boys?"

Ah, where were they? They were running about the fields, blowing out the Will-o'-the-wisps, who had been so good-natured to come and serve as torches.

"What are you up to here?" the old Cobold said. "I have chosen a mother for you, and you may choose yourselves an aunt."

But the boys said they would rather make a speech and then drink healths, for they had no fancy for marriage, so they made speeches and drank healths, turning their glasses upside down to show that they left no heeltaps. Then they took off their coats and laid themselves on the table to sleep, for they did not stand much upon ceremony. But the old Cobold danced about the room with his future wife, and changed boots with her, which is better manners than changing rings.

"The cock is crowing," the old Elfin-maiden, who attended to the house duties, said. "We must now shut the shutters, so that the sun may not scorch us up."

The hillock then closed up.

But outside the Lizards ran about in the split tree, and the one said, "Oh, how much I did like the old Cobold!"

"I like the boys better," the Worm said, but then it could not see, the miserable creature!

THE ROSE-ELF

Many, many years ago, in a large garden, there grew an enormous rose-tree, which was literally covered with roses, and in one of these, the most beautiful of them all, lived an Elf. He was so very small that he was not perceptible to any human eye, but, at the same time, so delightfully and so beautifully made—as one can only imagine an angel to be; and two transparent wings, which reached from his shoulders to the soles of his feet, made him still more like an angel. Beneath each rose-petal he had a soft chamber, and oh! what a delicious scent filled all his apartments, and how beautifully clear and bright were the walls, for they were the delicate, pale red rose-leaves themselves.

The whole day long he luxuriated in the warm sunshine, and danced on the wings of the roving butterflies, and sometimes in the dreamy hours of idleness he would sportively calculate the number of steps he would have to take to walk along all the high-roads, bye-roads, and footpaths, on a single lime or horse-chestnut leaf. The so-called veins in a leaf he looked upon as roads; and, indeed, they were interminable roads to him, for one day, before he had accomplished that long-meditated journey, the sun unfortunately went

down. He should have begun earlier, but the first dawn of morning had failed to wake him.

It was growing cold, the dew fell and the wind blew, and the most prudent thing for the delicate little gentleman to do was to get home as fast as possible. He hurried as much as he could, but before he reached the tree the roses were closed, so that he could not get in, and, alas! there was not a single rose within his reach open for his reception. The poor Elfin-prince was dreadfully frightened, for he had never been out so late before, but at that hour had always been safely slumbering behind the sweet rose-leaf walls. Passing a night in the open air would, no doubt, cause his death in the bloom of youth, and the very thought of it gave him a shivering fit.

At the other end of the garden he knew there was a bower of splendid honeysuckle, and here he determined to pass the night.

Quickly he flew thither—but softly! In the bower were two beings anxious to hide from every obtrusive eye; the one, a handsome young man, and the other, the most charming girl. They were sitting side by side, and their sincerest wish was never to be parted, for they loved each other very much; but the young man said, with a heavy sigh—

"We must part, for your brother is not well-disposed towards me, and, therefore, he now sends me on a disagreeable commission, far from here, across mountains and rivers. Farewell, my dearest, my own beloved!"

They kissed each other again and again, the young girl crying bitterly, and, at parting, she gave him a rose; but, before doing so, she pressed a kiss upon it, so fervently that the flower opened. The little Elf immediately slipped in amongst the leaves and, exhausted, rested his head against the soft, sweet-smelling walls; but he could hear that "Farewell! farewell!" and he felt that the rose had its place on the young man's heart. Oh, how that heart beat! so violently, indeed, that the little Elf could not sleep.

The rose did not long remain quiet in its resting-place, for the young man drew it forth, and as he walked alone through the dark forest he kissed it so often and so passionately that the Elfin-prince was near being squeezed to death. But too sensibly could he feel, through the at least, ten-leaf-thick covering, how the youth's lips burned, and the rose had completely unfolded itself as in the heat of the midday sun.

Another man then appeared, with a fierce, sinister-looking countenance, and this was the wicked brother of the beautiful girl. He held a large, sharp knife in his hand, and whilst the other was kissing the rose treacherously stabbed him in the back. He then cut off his victim's head, which, together with the body, he buried under a large lime-tree, where the ground was soft.

"Now he is gone, and will be forgotten," the villain said. "He was to go a long journey, across rivers and mountains, and, travelling, one may easily lose one's life. He will never return, and never will my sister dare to ask me about him."

With his foot he then drew some dead leaves together over the newly-dug grave, and in the dark night returned home, but not alone, as he thought. The little Elf accompanied him, seated in a withered, curled-up lime leaf, which had fallen into the murderer's hair whilst he was digging the grave, for he had taken off his hat, and when he resumed it the leaf was underneath. The Elf was now in the most terrifying darkness, which made him tremble doubly with fear and anger at the horrible crime.

The wicked man reached home early in the morning, and having taken off his hat, went at once into his sister's bedroom. The beautiful girl was asleep, dreaming of him she loved so inexpressibly, and who, she thought, was then wandering over the mountains; but her unnatural brother, guessing her thoughts as he bent over her, laughed as one would imagine a fiend only could laugh, and, as he did, the withered leaf fell out of his hair upon the bed. He did not notice it, but left the room to seek a few hours' rest in his own. The little Elf now left the leaf, and cautiously creeping into the sleeping girl's ear told her, as if it were a dream, of the horrible murder, minutely describing the place where her lover was buried, and finally said, "That you may not think what I tell you is a mere dream, you will, on awaking, find a withered leaf upon your bed." She woke immediately and found it there.

Oh, what bitter tears she shed! And to no one dared she discover the cause of her sorrow and despair, which bordered upon insanity. The whole day her window stood open, and easily could the tender-hearted Elfin-prince have flown out to the roses and other flowers, but he would not leave the poor girl in her sorrow, so he seated himself in a rose that stood in the window and watched her. Her brother came into the room several times during the day, and the poor girl was obliged to hide the grief which was consuming her heart; but as soon as night approached she stole quietly out of the house and hurried into the forest, which was familiar to her, where she sought the lime-tree under which the darling of her heart lay buried. With her tender hands she dug up the earth, and soon found the lifeless body of her lover. How she cried and prayed to God that she, too, might soon die!

Gladly would she have carried the body home, but unable to do that, she raised the head, kissed its cold lips, and, having filled up the grave again, took it with her, as well as a twig of jasmine which grew near the spot where the murder had been committed.

Having reached her quiet little room, she took a large empty flower-pot, put the head in, and, having covered it with mould, planted the jasmine-twig.

"Farewell, farewell!" the little Elf whispered, and, finding it impossible to witness so much sorrow, he flew into the garden to his rose-tree, but the roses had withered; and as he sought another dwelling he sighed, "Oh, how quickly all that is beautiful and great passes away!"

Every morning, early, he flew to the poor girl's window, and there he always found her crying by the side of the flower-pot in which, watered incessantly by her tears, the jasmine-twig took root; and as, day after day, she grew paler, it sent forth shoots, and at length the little white buds became flowers. But her wicked brother could not imagine why she was always crying over the "foolish flower-pot," and he scolded, asking, since when had she lost her senses, for he did not know what treasure it contained. One day, when the little Elfin-prince came from his rose to pay her a visit he found her dozing, and creeping into her ear, he told her of the night in the bower, of the scent of the rose, and the love of the Elves. She dreamed so delightfully, and during the dream her life passed away; she had died an easy death, and was now in heaven with him whom she loved beyond everything.

The jasmine-flowers opened their white bells and sent forth such a delightfully sweet perfume, for that was the only way they could cry over her who was dead.

The wicked brother thoughtfully examined the beautiful tree, now in full blossom, which he had placed in his bedroom close to the bed, for it was so very pretty, and the scent so delightful; but the little Elf went with it, fluttering from flower to flower, for in each flower dwelt a spirit, and he told of the young man whose head was now under the earth; he told of the wicked brother and his poor sister.

"We know it already," the spirit answered from each of the flowers; "we know it, for have we not sprung up from between the lips and out of the eyes of the dead man? We know it! we know it." And as they said this they nodded their heads in a peculiar manner.

The Rose-elf could not imagine how it was they remained so quiet, and he flew away to the bees, who were gathering honey. He told them the story of the wicked brother, and the bees told their Queen, who immediately ordered that they should kill the hateful murderer the next morning.

But that very night—it was the first night after the sister's death—whilst the brother was lying in bed asleep, close to the jasmine-tree, every flower opened suddenly, and from each issued the spirit of the flower, invisible, but armed with a poisoned spear. They

first whispered horrible dreams into his ear, and then, flying across his lips, pricked the sleeper's tongue with their spears. "Now we have avenged the murdered man," they said, and returned to their flowers.

As soon as it was morning, the window was violently thrown open from the inside, and the Rose-elf with the Queen-bee and the whole swarm flew in to hold judgment on the murderer.

But he was already dead, and by his bed-side people were standing who said, "The strong scent from the jasmine has killed him."

The Rose-elf then understood the revenge of the flowers, and he told it to the Queen-bee, who with her whole swarm surrounded the mysterious flower-pot. They could not be driven off, and when one of the bystanders took it up to carry it away, the bees stung him so severely in the hand that he let it fall, and the broken pieces rolled about the the floor.

With astonishment and horror the people saw the white skull, and they knew that he who was lying dead in his bed was a murderer.

And the Queen of the bees flew out into the open air, humming the revenge of the flowers, the praise of the Rose-elf, and how beneath the smallest leaf dwells one who can expose and avenge crime.

THE SANDMAN

No one in the whole world knows so many stories as the Sandman; yes, he is an incomparable master in story-telling.

Of an evening, as soon as it begins to grow dark, and the children are sitting quietly at the table, or in their little chairs, the Sandman comes; he comes up the stairs without the slightest noise, for he walks in his stockings only; gently he opens the door, and throws sand into the children's eyes—fine, fine sand, but so much of it that they can keep their eyes open no longer, and therefore they cannot see him. He steals close behind them, and as soon as his warm breath touches the backs of their necks their heads become heavy and sink forward. But it does not hurt them—oh, no!—for the good Sandman only plays off that joke upon them, which is in reality his serious effort for the good of his young charges. He only wishes them to be quiet, and it is best for them to be taken to bed. He wants them to be silent, in order to tell them stories, quite undisturbed, as he sits on their beds after they are asleep.

The Sandman's dress, although not according to the last fashion, is handsome, and even elegant. His coat, resembling rather a loose tunic, is of a rich silk, but it is impossible to say what colour, for it is green, red, or blue, according to how the gentleman turns. Under each arm he carries an umbrella, one of which is lined through and through with the most beautiful pictures, and this he holds over the

good children, so that during the whole night they dream the most delightful stories, whereas in the other there is nothing whatever to be seen, and that he opens over the naughty children, so that they sleep heavily, and when they awake of a morning have not dreamed anything.

Now we shall see how the Sandman, during a whole week, came regularly every night to a little boy whose name was Fred; and hear also what he told him. There are exactly seven stories, for the week has seven days.

MONDAY

"Now, pay attention," the Sandman said at night, after he had covered Fred up warm in his soft bed, "for I will show you something worth looking at." Suddenly all the little plants in the china flower-pots grew to large trees, which spread out their long branches picturesquely across the walls of the room, forming a leafy dome at the top, so that it had the appearance of a beautiful green-house. The branches were thickly covered with flowers and buds, and each of the thousands of flowers was more beautiful than a rose, they had such a delightful scent; and if one wished to eat them, were sweeter than any of the preserved fruits the confectioner has in his shop. The fruits themselves shone like pure gold, and altogether it was a scene of splendour such as, perhaps, only Aladdin saw in the enchanted cave. Nor was there any want of the most delicious cakes and tartlets, so full of jam that they could scarcely contain it. That was, indeed, a state of happiness; but at that moment there arose a dreamful moaning and sighing in the table-drawer, where Fred's school-books were kept.

"What can that be?" the Sandman said, going up to the noisy table, the creaking drawer of which he pulled out at once. The moaning and sighing proceeded from a slate, set in a wooden frame, with metal corners, for a wrong figure had got into the sum, which was, in consequence, near upon falling to pieces. The hopping and jumping of the slate-pencil, fastened with a piece of string to the frame, like a chained dog, were truly deafening, in its strained but fruitless efforts to correct the gross mistake in the algebra sum. Then Fred's copy-book began complaining so bitterly that it was quite distressing to listen to it. At the beginning of each line, all the way down the leaves, was written a capital letter of the alphabet, and the small letter next to it, as copies, written, no doubt, by the master, and all along the lines were unreadable hieroglyphics, thinking themselves, in their unpardonable vanity, exact representations of the copies. Fred had scratched these down, and they were all falling,

head first, over the lines, which were intended for them to stand upon.

"Look, this is the way you should hold yourselves," the copies cried, impatiently. "Look here, in this manner, with a graceful bend to one side."

"We would willingly do so," Fred's letters answered, "but we cannot, we are so badly made."

"You must feel the edge of the knife, then," the Sandman said, threateningly holding up his finger.

"Oh, no!" they cried, entreatingly, and they stood upon the line, so straight, and with such ease, that it was quite a pleasure to look at them.

"There will be no stories to-night," the Sandman said, "for I must drill these crazy letters. One, two!" and he drilled them so thoroughly that they stood as gracefully as only the best writing-master could acomplish; but when he had gone, and Fred looked at them in the morning, they were as bad as ever.

Tuesday

As soon as Fred was in bed, the Sandman touched the different pieces of furniture, and all began to chatter; but each only talked of itself, without paying any attention to what the other said. Over the drawers there hung a large painting in a gilt frame, representing a landscape with high, old trees, flowers in the grass, and a large river, which wound round the wood, past several castles, till it was lost in the wild, raging sea.

The Sandman only gently touched the picture, and immediately the birds in it began to sing, the branches of the trees moved, set in motion by the wind, and the flight of the clouds was evident, for their shadows could be plainly seen gliding across the landscape.

The Sandman now held little Fred up towards the frame. Fred put out one leg into the painting, right into the grass, and there he stood. The sun shone through the fresh, green leaves, as if smiling upon him. He ran down to the water, and seated himself in a little boat which lay there, as if on purpose for him. Painted red and white, the little craft looked almost like a Dutch tulip; the sails glittered like silver, and six swans, all with gold crowns on the lower part of their necks, and a bright blue star on their heads, drew the boat swiftly past the green forests, in which the trees spoke eloquently of robbers and witches, and the flowers of the most beautiful little leaves, as well as of other things which their sisters, the butterflies, had told them.

The most beatiful fish, with scales like gold and silver, swam after the boat, one occasionally venturing on a jump into the air, and then

going splash into the water again, whilst birds, blue and red, large and small, followed in two long rows. The gnats danced in the air, and the cock-chafers hummed, "Whoooo! whoooo!" and each had its own particular story to tell.

That was, indeed, a joyous trip along the flowing stream. At one time the forests were thick and dark, then like the most delightful garden, with sunshine and flowers, and to the right and left were vast palaces of glass and marble. Splendidly-dressed princesses leaned over the gilt railings on the terraces, all little girls whom Fred knew well, having formerly played with them, and each of them stretched out her hand towards him, smilingly offering the dearest little sugar-pig that any cake-woman ever sold. As he sailed past, Fred laid hold of one end of the pig, whilst the princesses held tight hold of the other, so that each had a piece; but Fred had the larger. By the side of each palace little princes kept watch, shouldering their gold swords, and throwing regular showers of figs and tin-soldiers, so that there was no doubt about their being real princes.

Now he passed through forests, and then, as it were, through large rooms of imperial cities, till he came to the village where his nurse lived—she who had carried him as a baby in her arms, who depriving herself, had stilled his hunger and thirst, and who had loved him almost as a mother. She nodded to him, and sang the pretty little verse which she herself had composed and sent to him,—

"I think of you, so oft, so oft!—
You know, my love, my darling Fred!—
I've kissed your little lips, so soft,
Your forehead, and your cheeks so red!
I heard you utter your first word,
Then was I forced to say farewell!
But ever, ever, may the Lord
Bless you, my Fred, where'er you dwell!"

And all the birds sang too, the flowers dangled backwards and forwards on their stalks, and the old trees nodded as if the Sandman had been telling them these stories. What will not people imagine!

WEDNESDAY

In what torrents the rain came down, so that Fred could hear it even in his sleep; the whole town seemed one lake, and when the Sandman opened the window the most magnificent ship lay anchored close to the house where the good little boy's parents lived.

"Will you sail with me, little Fred?" the Sandman asked. "You

can visit far, far distant foreign lands during this night, and be back in time for school to-morrow morning."

Then suddenly Fred stood upon the deck of the vessel, the rain left off, and the sky became clear; in short, it could not be more favourable or beautiful than it was. Quickly they sped on, through straight and crooked streets, and, as if flying, turned round to the left of the church, and then there was nothing to be seen but the vast, wild sea, with waves and foam. They had long lost sight of land, when they saw above them, in the air, a numerous body of pilgrims, nothing but long-legged storks, who, like themselves, came from their distant home, bound for a warmer country. One stork flew immediately after the other, in a close column; and they had already left several hundred miles behind them, in consequence of which one of them was so tired that his wings could scarcely carry him any further; he was last in the row, and gradually he remained further and further behind, at the same time sinking lower and lower. He made a few more desperate efforts, but in vain. Already his feet touched the cordage of the ship, and, shaking with fear, he slid down the sail, till, plump, he stood quite confused upon the deck.

He was immediately seized by the ship-boy, who dancing with delight at his catch, put him into the chicken-house with the chickens, geese and ducks. The poor Stork did not know how he ought to behave, whether with dignity, according to his rank, or whether quite humbly, and for consideration his feathered companions left him neither peace nor time.

"Do just have a look at this one," the chickens said.

And the proud Cock, making himself as tall as he could, asked the new-comer, with the airs of a policeman, who and what he really was. The ducks waddled backwards and most awkwardly knocking against each other, cried with a nasal twang. "Be quick! be quick! will you?"

Then the Stork told them about hot Africa, and the Pyramids, and of the ostrich that races across the desert like a wild horse; but the ducks did not understand a word he said, and again sidling and backing against each other, mumbled, "We are all agreed that the new-comer is a stupid and impertinent monsieur."

"Yes, he is stupid—as stupid as an owl!" the Cock cried, letting his shrill voice have unrestrained play. "Stupid, stupid, stupid!" Then the Stork was quite silent, and thought of his dear Africa.

"What inimitable, thin legs you have!" cackled a fat Goose; "how much are they a yard?"

"Quack! quack! quack!" the ducks sneered, but the Stork pretended not to hear.

"You may as well laugh with the rest, Monsieur Longleg," the Goose said, "for it was very wittily spoken; but, perhaps, it is too

low for such a high gentleman. Cackle! cackle! cackle!" and the ducks joined in, "Quack! quack! quack!" as if they had to help the geese in watching the ship, like another Capitol.

But Fred, who was considerably annoyed by the uproar, and the injustice of the whole feathered company to the interesting Egyptian guest, made an attack upon the chicken-house and released the Stork, who had been driven into a corner by his numerous persecutors. The Stork, hearing himself called by name, hopped joyfully on to the deck, and, having now recovered from his fatigue, spread out his wings and flew away, nodding to his little champion, as if to thank him for his assistance. He flew off to a warmer country, where he, no doubt, hoped shortly to be married to a young lady of the same old, noble race; for it could easily be seen that he was carried on the wings of love. The ducks continued to "quack," the geese to "cackle," and the Cock crowed, so that his comb was red as fire with the exertion.

"To-morrow we will make soup of you, you stupid, narrow-minded set!" Fred said, and spoke so loud that it awoke him. Only half awake, he rubbed his eyes, as he lay in his soft, warm bed, when the church clock struck seven, and at eight o'clock exactly he had to be in school, so he had not much time to waste.

It was certainly a wonderful voyage the Sandman had taken him that night.

THURSDAY

"Do you know what is here?" the Sandman said; "but do not be frightened; you shall now see a little mouse;" and he stretched out his hand, in which he held the pretty, nimble creature towards the boy, smiling sweetly in his sleep. "The little Mouse has come to invite you to a wedding, for two little but stately mice are going to be married to-night. It is true they live somewhat low down, namely, under the flooring of your mother's store-room, but it is said to be a most convenient place."

"But how shall I get through the little Mouse's hole in the floor?" Fred asked, in alarm.

"Leave that to me," the Sandman said, with the self-satisfied air of the most perfect confidence. "I shall have no difficulty in making you small enough;" whereupon he touched Fred, who became smaller and smaller, till he was nothing near as big as a finger. "You can now borrow the Tin-soldier's clothes, which, I think, will just fit you, for it always looks well to wear uniform in the company of ladies."

"That is true," Fred said, and the same moment he was dressed in the clothes of the smartest of the Tin-soldiers.

"Will you have the goodness to seat yourself in your mother's thimble?" the pretty little Mouse said with its little voice, "and then I shall have the honour to drag you."

"I am quite ashamed that you should have that trouble," Fred said, with a graceful bow, but, seating himself, was dragged off to the wedding.

The first part of their way lay through a passage running downwards under the floor, which was so narrow that there was scarcely room for the thimble to glide through, and this ingenious tunnel was illuminated by the phosphoric light of dried herrings' heads, instead of torches.

"Does it not smell delightful here?" the little Mouse that dragged him squeaked. "The whole passage has been rubbed in with the hog's lard from top to bottom. What can be more delicious?"

They stopped at the entrance to the tastefully-decorated room, for taste is the first consideration with mice, as well as with many human beings, though their tastes differ. To the right, inside the room, stood the most lovely little lady-mice, giggling and whispering in each other's ears, as if they were making game of each other, and to the left stood the gentlemen-mice, most perseveringly stroking their chins; whilst in the middle, seated side by side, in a piece of transparent rind of cheese, were the bride and bridegroom, kissing each other, quite unabashed by all the company.

Fresh guests were constantly arriving, till the crowd grew so great that they almost squeezed each other to death; and now no one could get either in or out, for the bride and bridegroom thought proper to take their place right in the center of the only door. The whole room was well smeared with the fat of bacon, and that was all the refreshment they got; but ought they not to be satisfied with smelling that? For dessert, however, a pea was shown them, on which an ingenious Mouse had nibbled the names, that is, the first letter of the names, of the newly-married couple. That was something quite extraordinary.

All the mice protested that they had never experienced the pleasure of being present at so splendid and interesting a wedding; and that the conversation, in particular, had been so witty, varied, and rich in material for thought.

Fred then drove home again. There was no denying that he had been in very grand company: but then he had had to make himself very small, besides putting on a Tin-soldier's uniform. Truly, no small sacrifice!

FRIDAY

"It is incredible how many there are among the elder people who would often gladly seize me in my flight," the good-natured Sandman said; "more particularly those who have committed any wicked actions. 'Good old Sandman!' they say to me, 'our eyes will not close at all, and thus we lie the whole night sleepless and see all our bad deeds, which, in the form of frightful little imps, sit at the edge of our beds, sprinkling boiling water over us, and sometimes boiling oil. If you would but come and drive them away, that we might have a little quiet sleep'—and then they sigh so deeply—'we will gladly pay; the money lies there at the window; take as much as you like; take it all.' But I do nothing for money; money is of no use to me," the Sandman said.

"How are we to pass this night?" Fred asked, for he was no longer afraid of his old friend and amusing companion of every night.

"Well, I scarcely know whether you are inclined to come to another wedding, though it will be quite a different fête from that of last night," the Sandman said, with the most serious face in the world. "Your sister's big doll, which looks like a man, and is called Hermann, is going to marry the doll Bertha, and as it is her birthday, there will be no lack of presents."

"Yes, I know that," Fred said, "for when the dolls want new clothes, my sister makes them keep their birthday, or marries them. That has happened at least a hundred times."

"Yes, but to-night will be the hundred-and-first time," the Sandman broke in, "and when the hundred-and-first time is over, all is over, and therefore this fête will be particularly splendid. Just look."

Fred did look, and with the greatest curiosity, towards the table to which the Sandman pointed. There stood the pretty little card-board house, with all the windows lighted up, and in front of the house the Tin-soldiers presented arms. The betrothed sat on the floor, leaning against one of the legs of the table, half cheerfully and half sadly, or, at any rate, thoughtfully, looking down upon the ground, for which, perhaps, in their present position, they might have more reasons than one. But the Sandman married them, or joined them together, giving them a perfectly, but otherwise legal, certificate. After the ceremony all the Furniture joined in the following pretty song, written by the Pencil:—

"To them, ye breezes, waft our song,
To them, of kid so soft and strong,
Press forward with the eager throng,
Our homage does to them belong.

Hurrah, for kid that's soft and strong!
Echo, loudly repeat our song!"

Now appeared all the presents, but eatables the bride and bridegroom had wisely forbidden, as their love would be all-sufficient.

"Shall we take lodgings somewhere in the country here, my dear Bertha?" the bridegroom asked; "or shall we take post and travel on to the Continent?"

The inexperienced Bertha did not know which she would prefer, and it was a long time before they could come to any decision. The difficulty of a choice really became painful, when it was at length determined to consult the Swallow, which had traveled far, and the old Hen in the yard, which had five times reared a brood of chicks. The Swallow told of the warm countries, where the grapes are so beautiful and large, where the air is so soft, and where the mountains appear in colours unknown in colder climates.

"But they have not got our green cabbage, which is not good till there has been a sharp frost," the Hen said. "I was in the country one summer with my little chicks, where there was a sand-pit in which we could scratch to our heart's content, and we had the undisputed right of entrance into a garden of green cabbages—oh, how green they were! I cannot imagine anything more delightful."

"But one cabbage is always exactly like the other," the Swallow objected; "and then there is very bad weather here sometimes."

"But to that we are used," the Hen said.

"And it is, besides, cold here; it snows, it freezes."

"Oh, just that, as I have said, does the cabbage good," the Hen insisted; "and, besides, we have it sometimes warm enough. Had we not a summer four years ago which lasted quite five weeks, and it was so hot, so hot, that one could scarcely breathe? And then, too, we are free from all the venomous creatures which abound in warmer countries, and we have no robbers. Whoever does not acknowledge our favoured country to be the most beautiful of all is, in my opinion, and the opinion of all sensible people, nothing but an order-disturbing rogue, and should not be allowed here at all." And the good, honest Hen cried as she added, "I have travelled, too, and have something to say about it. Shut up in a coop with my dear little ones, I was carried above thirty miles, and I can honestly say that travelling is anything but pleasant."

"Oh, the Hen is a sensible woman," the doll Bertha said; "neither am I much in favour of mountainous country, for it is all up and then down again. No, after due consideration, I decidedly vote for the sand-pit and the cabbage-garden, where we can wander about undisturbed."

And thus matters remained.

SATURDAY

"Am I now to hear more stories?" little Fred said, as soon as the Sandman had quietly put him to sleep.

"To-night we have no time for that," he answered, and opening his most beautiful umbrella over the boy. "Look at these Chinese;" and the umbrella seemed to be a large Chinese plate, with blue trees, pointed bridges, and Chinese men and women, who stood there nodding their heads. "Before to-morrow the whole world must be put in order," the Sandman said, "for to-morrow is a holy day. First I must go into the church-steeples, to see whether the little church-sprites have polished the bells properly, that their sound may be clear; I must go out into the fields to see whether the winds have blown the dust off the grass and leaves; and, the most important of all, I must quickly fetch down all the stars, in order to polish them. I carry them in my coat-tail, but they have all to be numbered first, as well as the holes in which they are fixed up there, so that they may be put back in their proper places, or they might not fit tightly, and we should have too many falling stars."

"Listen to me, I pray, Mr. Sandman," said an old Portrait which hung in the room. "I am Fred's great-grandfather—do you know that? Now, I am certainly very much obliged to you for telling the boy stories, but you must not fill his head with such gross falsehoods. The stars cannot be taken down and polished, for they are regular and perfect heavenly bodies, like our earth."

"Many thanks, old great-grandfather, many thanks!" the Sandman answered, who, in spite of his being so busy, took pleasure in the fun. "You are the venerable head of the family—the real old one, but, for all that, I am older than you. I am, in fact, a real classic heathen, whom the Romans and Greeks used to call the god of dreams. From times immemorial I have been a visitor in the first houses, and still continue so, for I am everywhere received with open arms. I know how to manage big and small—indeed, I am suited to all. But now you can relieve me for once in a way, and amuse the little sleeper with merry tales." And away went the Sandman, not forgetting to take his umbrella with him.

"One has no right, I suppose, to express an opinion," the old Portrait grumbled.

And Fred awoke out of his sweet sleep.

SUNDAY

"Good evening!" the Sandman said, and Fred nodded, but then he jumped up, and quickly turned the portrait of his great-grandfather

with the face to the wall, so that it might not join in the talk, as it did the night before.

"Now you are going to tell me stories, my dear Sandman," the little boy said, coaxingly; "but wait, I will tell you what about. Of the five green peas that lived in the same pod, or of my Lord Cocksleg who made love to Lady Chickenleg, or of the Darning-needle that was so fine that it thought itself a Sewing-needle."

"There may be too much of a good thing even," the Sandman answered. "You know, my dearest Fred, that I prefer showing you things; and now I will show you my brother, who is likewise called the Sandman, but he only comes once to all creatures that have life, and then he takes them with him on his horse, and tells them stories. Unfortunately he only knows two, one of which is so wonderful that no one in the world can imagine it, and the other so horrible that it cannot be described." The Sandman then helped Fred to climb up into the window, and said, "Now you shall see my brother, the other Sandman, who is also called Death, but, believe me, he does not look as bad as he is drawn in picture-books—all bones. That which you see looking so bright on his dress is all silver embroidery. He wears the most beautiful hussar's uniform. A short cloak of black velvet hangs behind him, on to the fiery horse. See, how he gallops past!"

And Fred saw how, as he rode along, he took up both old and young people upon his horse. Some he took before, whilst others he seated behind him, but he always asked them first, "What character does your book show you to bear?"

"Good!" they invariably answered.

"I must see it myself," he then said, and they were oblige to show him their books. All those who bore the characters of "very good," and "exceedingly good," had their places in front of him, to listen to the heavenly story, but those who were marked "pretty good," "middling," or "bad," were seated behind him, and had to hear the horrible story. They trembled and cried, and would have thrown themselves, head first, off the horse, but they could not, for it was as if they had grown to it.

"Why, Death is the more beautiful Sandman of the two!" Fred exclaimed; "I am not in the least afraid of him."

"And you need never fear him," the Sandman said, "if you take care that you have a good character."

"Now that is instructive," the great-grandfather's Portrait mumbled. "It was of some use speaking my mind," and the good man was quite pleased.

Well, that is the story of the Sandman; and now, my children, may he tell you something himself to-night.

THE LOVELIEST ROSE IN THE WORLD

ONCE there reigned a Queen, in whose garden were found the most glorious flowers at all seasons, and from all the lands in the world; but especially she loved roses, and therefore she possessed the most various kinds of this flower, from the wild dog-rose, with the apple-scented green leaves, to the most splendid Provence rose; they grew against the earth walls, wound themselves round pillars and window frames, into the passages and all along the ceiling in all the halls.

But care and sorrow dwelt in these halls; the Queen lay upon a sick-bed, and the doctors declared that she must die.

"But there is still one thing that can save her," said the wisest of them. "Bring her the loveliest rose in the world, the one which is the expression of the brightest and purest love; for if that is brought before her eyes, ere they close, she will not die!"

And young and old came from every side with roses, the loveliest that bloomed in each garden; but they were not the right sort. The flower was to be brought out of the garden of Love; but what rose was it there that expressed the highest and purest love?

And the poets sang of the loveliest rose in the world, and each one named his own, and intelligence was sent far round in the land to every heart that beat with love; to every class and condition, and to every age.

"No one has till now named the flower," said the wise man. "No one has pointed out the place where it bloomed in its splendor. They are not the roses from the coffin in Romeo and Juliet, or from the Walburg's grave; though these roses will be ever fragrant in song, they are not the roses that sprouted forth from Winkelried's blood-stained lances, from the blood that flows in a sacred cause from the breast of the hero who dies for his country; though no death is sweeter than this, and no rose redder than the blood that flows then. Nor is it that wondrous flower, to cherish which man devotes, in a quiet chamber, many a sleepless night and much of his fresh life—the magic flower of silence."

"I know where it blooms," said a happy mother, who came with her pretty child to the bedside of the Queen. "I know where the loveliest rose of the world is found! The rose that is the expression of the highest and purest love springs from the blooming cheek of my sweet child when, strengthened by sleep, it opens its eyes and smiles at me with all its affection!"

"Lovely is this rose; but there is still a lovelier," said the wise man.

"Yes; a far lovelier one," said one of the women. "I have seen it,

and a loftier, purer rose does not bloom. I saw it on the cheeks of the Queen. She had taken off her golden crown, and in the long dreary night she was carrying her sick child in her arms; she wept, kissed it, and prayed for her child as a mother prays in the hour of her anguish!"

Holy and wonderful in its might is the white rose of grief; but it is not the one we seek.

"No, the loveliest rose of the world I saw at the table of the Lord," said the good old bishop. "I saw it shine as if an angel's face had appeared. The young maiden went to the Lord's Table, and roses were blushing, and pale roses shining on their fresh cheeks; a young girl stood there; she looked with all the purity and love of her young spirit up to heaven; that was the expression of the highest and purest love."

"May she be blessed!" said the wise man, "but not one of you has yet named to me the loveliest rose of the world."

Then there came into the room a child, the Queen's little son; tears stood in his eyes and glistened on his cheeks; he carried a great open book, and the binding was of velvet, with great silver clasps.

"Mother," cried the little boy, "only hear what I have read." And the child sat by the bedside, and read from the book of Him who suffered death on the Cross to save men, and even those who were not yet born.

"Greater love there is not——"

And a roseate hue spread over the cheeks of the Queen, and her eyes gleamed, for she saw that from the leaves of the book there bloomed the loveliest rose, that sprang from the blood of Christ shed on the Cross.

"I see it," she said, "he who beholds this, the loveliest rose on earth, shall never die."

THE WICKED PRINCE

THERE was once a wicked Prince. His aim and object was to conquer all the countries in the world, and to inspire all men with fear; he went about with fire and sword, and his soldiers trampled down the corn in the fields, and set fire to the peasant's house, so that the red flames licked the leaves from the trees, and the fruit hung burnt on the black charred branches. With her naked baby in her arms, many a poor mother took refuge behind the still smoking walls of her burnt house; but here even the soldiers sought for their victims, and if they found them, it was new food for their demoniac fury; evil spirits could not have raged worse than did these soldiers; but the Prince thought their deeds were right, and that it must be so. Every day his power increased; his name was feared by all, and fortune

accompanied him in all his actions. From conquered countries he brought vast treasures home; in his capital an amount of wealth was heaped, unequalled in any other place. And he caused gorgeous palaces, churches, and halls to be built, and every one who saw those great buildings and these vast treasures cried out respectfully, "What a great Prince!" They thought not of the misery he had brought upon other lands and cities; they heard not of all the sighs and all the mournings that arose from among the ruins of demolished towns.

The Prince looked upon his gold, and upon his mighty buildings, and his thoughts were like those of the crowd, "What a great Prince am I! But," so his thought ran on, "I must have more, far more! No power may be equal to mine, much less exceed it!" And he made war upon all his neighbors, and overcame them all. The conquered kings he caused to be bound with fetters of gold to his chariot, and thus he drove through the streets of his capital; when he banqueted, those kings were compelled to kneel at his feet, and at the feet of his courtiers, and receive the broken pieces which were thrown to them from the table.

At last the Prince caused his own statue to be set upon in the open squares and in the royal palaces, and he even wished to place it in the churches before the altars; but here the priests stood up against him, and said, "Prince, thou art mighty, but Heaven is mightier, and we dare not fulfil thy commands."

"Good, then," said the Prince, "I will vanquish Heaven likewise." And in his pride and impious haughtiness he caused a costly ship to be built, in which he could sail through the air; it was gay and glaring to behold, like the tail of a peacock, and studded and covered with thousands of eyes; but each eye was the muzzle of a gun. The Prince sat in the midst of the ship, and needed only to press a spring, and a thousand bullets flew out on all sides, while the gun-barrels were reloaded immediately. Hundreds of eagles were harnessed in front of the ship, and with the speed of an arrow they flew upwards towards the sun. How deep the earth lay below them! With its mountains and forests it seemed but a field through which the plow had drawn its furrows, and along which the green bank rose covered with turf; soon it appeared only like a flat map with indistinct lines, and at last it lay completely hidden in mist and cloud. Ever higher flew the eagles, up into the air; then one of the innumerable angels appeared. The wicked Prince hurled thousands of bullets against him; but the bullets sprang back from the angel's shining pinions, and fell down like common hailstones; but a drop of blood, one single drop, fell from one of the white wing feathers, and this fell upon the ship in which the Prince sat, and burned its way deep into the ship, and weighing like a thousand hundredweight of lead dragged down the ships in headlong fall towards the earth; the strongest pinions of the

eagles broke, the wind roared round the Prince's head, and the clouds aroused—formed from the smoke of burned cities—drew themselves together in threatening shapes like huge sea crabs, stretching forth their claws and nippers towards him, and piled themselves up in great overshadowing rocks, with crushing fragments rolling down them, and then to fiery dragons, till the Prince lay half dead in the ship, which at last was caught with a terrible shock in the thick branches of a forest.

"I will conquer Heaven!" said the Prince. "I have sworn it, and my will must be done!" and for seven years he caused his men to work at making ships for sailing through the air, and had thunderbolts made of the hardest steel, for he wished to storm the fortress of Heaven; but of all his dominions he gathered armies together, so that when they were drawn up in a rank and file they covered a space of several miles. The armies went on board the ships, and the Prince approached his own vessel; then there was sent out against him a swarm of gnats, a single little swarm of gnats. The swarm buzzed round the Prince, and stung his face and hands; raging with anger he drew his sword, and struck all round him; but he only struck the empty air, for he could not hit the gnats. Then he commanded his people to bring costly hangings, and to wrap them around him, so that no gnat might further sting him, and the servants did as he commanded them. But a single gnat had attached itself to the inner side of the hangings, and crept into the ear of the Prince and stung him; it burned like fire, and the poison penetrated to his brain; like a madman he tore the hangings from his body and hurled them far away, tore his clothes and danced about before the eyes of his savage soldiers, who now jeered at the mad Prince who wanted to overcome Heaven, and who himself was conquered by one single little gnat.

LITTLE TUK

Yes, that was little Tuk. His name was not really Tuk; but when he could not speak plainly, he used to call himself so. It was to mean "Charley;" and it does very well if one only knows it. Now, he was to take care of his little sister Gustava, who was much smaller than he, and at the same time he was to learn his lesson; but these two things would not suit well together. The poor boy sat there with his little sister on his lap, and sang her all kinds of songs that he knew, and every now and then he gave a glance at the geography-book that lay open before him: by to-morrow morning he was to known all the towns in Zealand by heart, and to know everything about them that one can well know.

Now his mother came home, for she had been out, and took little Gustava in her arms. Tuk ran quickly to the window, and read so

zealously that he had almost read his eyes out, for it became darker and darker; but his mother had no money to buy candles.

"There goes the old washerwoman out of the lane yonder," said his mother, as she looked out of the window. "The poor woman can hardly drag herself along, and now she has to carry the pail of water from the well. Be a good boy, Tuk, and run across, and help the old woman. Won't you?"

And Tuk ran across quickly, and helped her, but when he came back into the room it had become quite dark. There was nothing said about a candle, and now he had to go to bed, and his bed was an old settle. There he lay, and thought of his geography lesson, and of Zealand, and of all the master had said. He ought certainly to have read it again, but he could not do that. So he put the geography-book under his pillow, because he had heard that this is a very good way to learn one's lesson; but one cannot depend upon it. There he lay, and thought and thought; and all at once he fancied some one kissed him upon his eyes and mouth. He slept, and yet he did not sleep; it was just as if the old washerwoman were looking at him with her kind eyes, and saying,—

"It would be a great pity if you did not know your lesson to-morrow. You have helped me, therefore now I will help you; and Providence will help us both."

All at once the book began to crawl, crawl about under Tuk's pillow.

"Kikeliki! Put! put!" It was a Hen that came crawling up, and she came from Kjöge. "I'm a Kjöge hen!" she said, very proudly.

And then she told him how many inhabitants were in the town, and about the battle that had been fought there, though that was really hardly worth mentioning.

"Kribli, kribli, plumps!" Something fell down; it was a wooden bird, the parrot from the shooting match at Prâstôe. He said that there were just as many inhabitants yonder as he had nails in his body; and he was very proud. "Thorwaldsen lived close to me. Plumps! Here I lie very comfortably."

But now little Tuk no longer lay in bed; on a sudden he was on horseback. Gallop, gallop, hop, hop! and so he went on. A splendidly attired knight, with glowing plume, held him on the front of his saddle, and so they went riding on through the wood of the old town of Wordinborg, and that was a great and very busy town. On the King's castle rose high towers, and the radiance of lights streamed from every window; within was song and dancing, and King Waldemar and the young gaily-dressed maids of honor danced together. Now the morning came on, and so soon as the sun appeared, the whole city and the King's castle suddenly sank down, one tower falling after another; and at last only one remained standing on the

hill where the castle had formerly been; and the town was very small and poor, and the schoolboys came with their books under their arms, and said, "Two thousand inhabitants," but that was not true, for the town had not so many.

And little Tuk lay in his bed, as if he dreamed, and yet as if he did not dream; but some one stood close beside him.

"Little Tuk! little Tuk!" said the voice. It was a seaman, quite a little personage, as small as if he had been a cadet; but he was not a cadet. "I'm to bring you a greeting from Corsôr; that is a town which is just in good progress—a lively town that has steamers and mail coaches. In times past they used always to call it ugly, but that is now no longer true.

"'I live by the sea-shore,' said Corsôr. 'I have high roads and pleasure gardens; and I gave birth to a poet who was witty and entertaining, and that cannot be said of all of them. I wanted once to fit out a ship that was to sail round the world; but I did not do that, thought I might have done it. But I smell deliciously, for close to my gates the loveliests roses bloom.'"

Little Tuk looked, and it seemed red and green before his eyes; but when the confusion of color had a little passed by, it changed all at once into a wooded declivity close by a bay, and high above it stood a glorious old church with two high pointed towers. Out of this hill flowed springs of water in thick columns, so that there was a continual splashing, and close by sat an old King with a golden crown upon his white head; that was King Hroar of the springs, close by the town of Roeskilde, as it is now called. And up the hill into the old church went all the Kings and Queens of Denmark, hand in hand, all with golden crowns; and the organ played, and the springs plashed. Little Tuk saw all and heard all.

"Don't forget the towns," said King Hroar.

At once everything had vanished, and whither? It seemed to him like turning a leaf in a book. And now there stood an old peasant woman, who came from Sorôe, where grass grows in the market-place; she had an apron of gray cotton thrown over her head and shoulders, and the apron was very wet; it must have been raining.

"Yes, that it has!" said she; and she knew many pretty things out of Holberg's plays, and about Waldemar and Absalom. But all at once she cowered down, and wagged her head as if she were about to spring. "Koax!" said she, "it is wet! it is wet! There is a very agreeable death silence in Sorôe!" Now she changed all at once into a frog—"Koax!"—and then she became an old woman again. "One must dress according to the weather," she said. "It is wet! it is wet! My town is just like a bottle; one goes in at the cork, and must come out again at the rock. In old times I had capital fish, and now I've

fresh red-cheeked boys in the bottom of the bottle, and they learn wisdom—Hebrew, Greek,—Koax!"

That sounded just like the croak of the frogs, or the sound of someone marching across the moor in great boots; always the same note, so monotonous and wearisome that little Tuk fairly fell asleep, and that could not hurt him at all.

But even in his sleep came a dream, or whatever it was. His little sister Gustava with the blue eyes and the fair curly hair was all at once a tall slender maiden, and without having wings she could fly; and now they flew over Zealand, over the green forests and the blue lakes.

"Do you hear the cock crow, Tuk? Kikeliki! The fowls are flying up out of Kjöge! You shall have a poultry-yard—a great, great poultry-yard. You shall not suffer hunger nor need; and you shall hit the bird, as the saying is; you shall become a rich and happy man. Your house shall rise up like King Waldemar's tower, and shall be richly adorned with marble statues, like those from Prâstoe. You understand me well. Your name shall travel with fame round the whole world, like the ship that was to sail from Corsôr, and in Roeskilde."

"Don't forget the towns," said King Hroar. "You will speak well and sensibly, little Tuk; and when at last you descend to your grave, you shall sleep peacefully——"

"As if I lay in Sorôe," said Tuk, and he awoke. It was bright morning, and he could not remember his dream. But that was not necesssary, for one must not know what is to happen.

Now he sprang quickly out of his bed, and read his book, and all at once he knew his whole lesson. The old washerwoman, too, put her head in at the door, nodded to him in a friendly way, and said "Thank you, you good child, for your help. May your beautiful dreams come true!"

Little Tuk did not know at all what he had dreamed, but there was One above who knew it.

WHAT THE MOON SAW

I AM a poor lad, and live in the narrrowest of lanes, but I am not in want of light, for my room is the attic, with a good prospect over the roofs of the houses. After the first few days of my living in the town, I felt very lonely and low-spirited. Hitherto I had had forests and green hills to look at, but now nothing but chimney-tops met my eye. Not a friend that I knew, not a place that was familiar!

One night as I was sitting by my window, feeling very unhappy and gloomy, I opened it and looked out. What joy leapt up in my heart! I saw a friendly face, the round happy moon, not a bit changed, but

just the same as I had seen her looking at me through the forest trees.

I kissed my hand to her again and again, as her beams shone into my attic, and then she promised to give me just a look in every night when she came out, and this promise she has kept. I am sorry to say that it was only for a few minutes, but whenever she comes, she tells me one thing or another that she has seen either that night or the previous one.

She told me that if I should take down the scenes that she described for me, I should have a most delightful book; so night after night, I have put down the moon's stories, and written what she has told me.

A LITTLE HINDOO MAID

"Last night," said the moon, "I was gliding through the cloudless sky. The waters of the Ganges mirrored my face, my light strove to penetrate the thick leaves of the bannas, curved like the shell of a tortoise. From the grove tripped a Hindoo maid, her step as light as the gazelle's, as beautiful as Eve. Looking as ethereal as a dream, and yet sharply silhouetted from her surrounding shadows, stood this maiden of India. I could read the purpose of her coming in the beautiful features. Swiftly she came forward, although the thorny plants at her feet tore her sandals. The door which had come down to quench his thirst at the river side started, and leaped away from the gleam of the lamp which the maiden bore in her hand. The blood in her delicate finger-tips could be seen, as she spread them around the dancing flames to screen the light. When she reached the side of the river she set the lamp down upon the water and watched it float away. Up and down flickered the flame, which at times seemed to expire; but still it kept alight, and the black, slumbrous eyes behind their beautiful lashes followed it with a gaze of earnest longing.

"She knew well if the lamp continued to burn as long as her eyes could follow it, then her lover lived; but if the light were to suddenly fail, then he was dead. But the lamp still burned bravely on, and she knelt and prayed. Close at hand a venomous serpent lurked in the grass, but she cared not. She thought only of her lover. 'He is alive!' she cried, joyfully; and the echo from the mountains came back to her: 'Alive!'"

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE CHICKENS

"Yesterday," said the moon, "I was looking down upon a small courtyard with houses all around it. In it clucked a hen and her young ones, seven in all. The hen was frightened, and made a great

to-do with her wings over her little brood. A little child was dancing round the hen and her family, and her father came out and scolded her. Then I moved on and the thought passed away.

"But this evening, only a few minutes ago, I looked down into the same yard. There was no sound. Presently the little girl came out, and creeping to the fowl-house drew back the bolt and crept into the apartment of the sleeping hen and her chickens. They came fluttering down from their perches with noisy fear, and ran to and fro in terror, the little girl after them. I could see all that went on, for there was a hole in the wall; and my anger was kindled against the headstrong, wilful child. I felt glad when her father came out again and scolded her even more severely than before, and this time shaking her roughly. She drooped her head, and her eyes were full of tears. 'What are you doing here?' he asked. The tears fell, and she said, 'I wanted to kiss the hen and tell her how sorry I am for frightening her yesterday, but I did not like to tell you so.' The father kissed the innocent brow of the child, and I kissed her mouth and eyes."

AS ONE SEES IT!

"Along the shore stretches a wood of firs and beeches, which are very sweet and fragrant, and is the haunt of myriads of nightingales in the spring. Close by is the sea, separated from the wood only by the broad highroad. Carriage after carriage rolls over it, unfollowed by me, for my eyes love to rest upon the one best spot of all. It is the grave of the Hun, among the stones of which the snail and the blackthorn run riot. Here if anywhere nature is seen in her full beauty. And do men always love nature? I will tell you what I heard last evening. Two rich squires came driving by. 'What splendid trees they are!' said the first. 'Very,' said the other. 'There are ten loads of firewood at least in each. We have a hard winter in front of us, and last year we had at least £3 a load," and off they went. 'A wretched road, this,' said another man as he drove past. 'Oh, that's the fault of those miserable trees!' answered his fellow traveler. 'No breeze can get through them except from the sea;' and they passed on. At this moment the stage coach came along; all its passengers were asleep when they reached this lovely spot. The postilion blew his horn, but all he thought of was how well he could play, and what a splendid echo it made under the trees, and wondering if the inside passengers liked it. And then the coach passed on.

"Then two young fellows galloped up. 'Ah, there's youth and blood here!' thought I, and they certainly did look with approval at the forest and grassy hill. "I should like to take a walk here with a nice girl,' said one, and off they went.

"The air was scented with flowers; there was not the lightest

zephyr. It seemed as if the sky overhead united with the edge of the blue sea. A carriage with six people sitting in it now drove up. Four of them were asleep; the fifth was in deep thought, probably about his next summer suit. The sixth turned to the coachman, and asked if there was any history connected with the mound over there.

"'No,' said the coachman, 'it's only a heap of stones, but the trees are beautiful and worth looking at.' 'Why, how so?' 'Well, they are very fine. In the winter, you know, the snow gets very deep and hides the whole road so that scarcely anything can be seen, and those trees serve as a landmark. I steer by them, so as not to drive into the sea, and that is why they are so remarkable.'

"Now the next to come was an artist. He said nothing, but his looks showed that he was delighted, and he began to whistle. Whereat the nightingales increased their song, and redoubled their exertions! 'Oh, do be quiet!' he cried, testily. He then noted carefully the beautiful effects in color, and the passing of one into the other. 'What a beautiful picture it will make!' he thought. But the view struck him just as a mirror reflects a view, and as he went off he whistled an air by Rossini.

"And now came a poor girl, who put down her burden, and sat to rest on the Grave of the Hun. Her beautiful face turned to the wood, as if she were listening to a message for just herself. Her eyes grew bright, and she prayed with her hands folded. Who could tell what emotions swept through her, but I know that at that moment the beautiful view before her will live in her memory for ever, and will abide with her until the end of her days. I followed her with my rays till the dawn grew bright above her."

THE STORK AND THE BABIES

"There is a path through the wood, where there are two small farmhouses. The doors are set low, the windows are built high up. but there are one or two quite near the ground. Quite close to the houses, thorn and wild berry bushes grow. The roof of each farmhouse is covered with stonecrop and house-leek. There are no flowers in the garden, but the edge can boast of a willow tree.

"Under this willow tree sat a little girl, with her gaze set upon the old oak which grew between the two houses. It has an old withered trunk, which has been sawn down, and there a stork had built his nest. And he stood in his nest twittering his beak.

"A little boy came out from one of the houses and stood by his sister's side. 'What are you looking at?' he said.

"'I'm watching the stork,' she answered. 'Our neighbor said that he would bring us a little baby sister or brother to-day. Let us see him do so.'

"'Oh, that is nonsense!' said the boy. Storks do no such things. Our neighbor told me the same thing, and when I said, "Is that a fact?" she laughed, and then I knew that it was not true, and that it was only said in fun.'

"'But where do babies come from, then?' asked his sister.

"'Why, an angel flies down from heaven with them under his cloak,' answered the boy.

"Just then there was a rustling in the willow branches, and the children caught at each other's hands and looked up. 'It must be the angel bringing the baby.'

"At that moment the door of one of the farmhouses flew open, and the neighbor came out.

"'Come in," she said, 'both of you, and see what the stork has brought. It is a little brother.'

"The children nodded knowingly to each other. They were already quite sure that the baby had come."

THE CLOWN AND THE COLUMBINE

Said the moon, "I know a clown. Whenever he appears the audience give him applause after applause. He can scarcely move without being thought funny, and the audience go into convulsions of laughter. It is natural for him to be funny; nature has made him so, and given him a hump on his back and another on his breast. But he has a depth of feeling and a quickness of thought that are quite a contrast to his profession.

"His ideal world was in the scenes that he played; his heart was possessed by a desire for the heroic. If he had been born with a well-shaped figure, he might have obtained a great position on the stage, but he had to play clown. The melancholy look which he constantly wore only added to the dry humor of his expression, and increased the applause of his audience.

"The lovely Columbine, who was always kind to him, admired him, but yet she chose to marry the harlequin. For Beauty to marry the Beast would have been ridiculous indeed!

"When the clown was out of spirits, it was only the Columbine who could bring a smile from him. At first she would be sad with him, then gradually lead him on to cheerfulness. 'I know what's the matter with you,' she would say; 'you're in love.' And at this he would burst out laughing. 'Love and I! How absurd. How the public would roar.' 'Nevertheless,' she would say, 'you are in love, and with me. One can tell you when a thing is impossible.' Whereat the clown would laugh again, and would turn a somersault, forgetting his grief.

"But she had only spoken the truth. He did love her, with all his

heart. When she was married he was one of the gayest of the guests, but in the darkness of the night, if one could only have seen him then, one would have roared to see his distorted face. In a few days Columbine died, and Harlequin was given leave to attend her funeral. He was a grief stricken man.

"The Manager of the stage had to change his piece, so that the parts played by the Columbine and Harlequin might not be missed. So it was that the clown, who carried a very heavy heart, had to be more funny than ever, while he danced and capered so much that he was encored again and again.

"But last night the poor little clown wended his way to the lonely churchyard. The flowers on her grave were already fading, and as he sat there he was a study for a painter. With his chin in his hand, his eyes turned up towards me, he looked like a grotesque piece of sculpture, a Punch on a gravestone. If his audience could have seen him then, they would have cried, 'Bravo, bravo!'"

WHAT THE DOGS THINK

"I have seen the ensign put on his uniform for the first time. I have seen the happy bride in her bridal dress, and the young queen in her splendid regalia. But never have I seen any joy equal to that of a little girl of four whom I looked down upon to-night. Her new blue dress and pink hat had come home this evening, and she had been trying them on. The light from my rays was not strong enough, so that they called for a candle. There stood the little girl stiff and upright, her arms stretched out away from her sides, and every finger apart. Her face beamed with delight, and her whole countenance showed how happy she was.

"'To-morrow,' said the mother, 'you shall wear your new things out of doors,' and the little maid first looked up at her hat and then down at her dress and smiled with pleasure.

"'Oh, mother,' she cried, 'what will all the little dogs think of me when they see me in these fine new things!'"

THE DOLL AND THE DUCK

"A little child was weeping over the cruel things of this life. She had received a lovely doll for a present. Such a doll it was! so beautifully fair, and too frail for the rough usages of this world. But her big brothers had climbed a tree and put the doll high up in one of the branches, and run away.

"The little maid could not reach up to the doll, neither could she help her down, so this was the cause of her tears. Yes, these are some of the troubles of life, and the little girl was just meeting them.

"Night would soon fall, and when it became dark, what would become of her dolly? It might be that she would have to stay in the tree the livelong night. 'Never mind,' said the little girl, 'I'll stay with you.' But she was far from happy at the thought. Every bush seemed to be peopled with grotesque little gnomes, and in the shadow tall ghosts seemed to be moving. Nearer and nearer they came, and stretched out their pointing fingers at the poor doll. Oh, how terrified the child was.

"'But then,' she argued to herself, 'one need not be afraid if one has done nothing wrong. I wonder have I done anything wrong?' And she thought seriously for a moment. 'Oh, yes,' she said, 'I made fun of a poor duck who had her leg tied up. She made me laugh because she limped so funnily, but its very naughty to laugh at such things as these.'

"Then she looked up at the doll. 'Did you laugh at the duck, too, Dolly?' she asked. And the dolly seemed to shake her head."

THE LITTLE CHIMNEY-SWEEP

"Yesterday, in morning twilight, no fire was lighted in the city, and no curl of smoke rose up. It was at these same chimneys that I was looking. And as I looked, out from the top of one of them poked a little head, followed by the shoulders and arms which rested on the rim of the chimney-pot. 'S-w-e-e-e-p!' cried the voice. It was the little chimney-sweeper, who had for the first time in his life climbed a chimney and stuck his head out of the top. S-w-e-e-e-p! S-w-e-e-e-p!' Yes, this was a great deal better than creeping about in the dark, narrow chimney. The air blew so fresh, and he could look over the chimney tops to the green woods beyond.

"The sun was just rising, and shone on his sooty face, which beamed with pride.

"'Everyone in the town can see me now!' he cried, 'beside the sun and the moon. S-w-e-e-e-p!'"

THE CHILDREN AND THE BEAR

"What I am about to tell you," said the moon, "took place about a year ago, and I saw it quite clearly. The story was told in the papers, but not half so well as it should be.

"The bear-master sat in the bar of the inn, eating his supper. The bear was chained up outside. Poor old fellow, he never did anyone any harm, although he looked fierce enough for anything.

"Up in the garret three children were playing by my light. The eldest was not more than six years old, and the youngest about two. Tramp! tramp! somebody was coming upstairs. Who could it be? The door burst open, and there they saw a greaty shaggy bear, who,

tired of waiting for his master outside the inn, had found his way up the staircase, much to the terror of the children.

"They scattered across the room, creeping to the corner. The bear went up and smelled first one and then the other. 'This must be a big dog,' said one of the children.

"'Oh,' said they, 'he's only a great dog after all,' and they began to pat him. The bear at this laid himself on the floor, and the youngest boy jumped on his back, and hid his golden head in the shaggy fur of the bear, playing at hide-and-seek.

"Then the eldest boy took his drum, and beat upon it till it rattled again. And the bear rose upon its hind legs at the sound, and began to dance. It was a charming sight.

"Then each boy took his gun, and gave one to the bear also, which he held in quite the proper way. So they began marching, left! right! left! right! Suddenly the door opened, and the mother come in. Can you imagine her terror when she saw her children playing with the bear? Her face went as white as chalk, her mouth dropped, and her eyes started, and fixed themseves in a horrified stare. But the youngest boy nodded to her in huge glee, and called out, 'We're playing at soldier, mummy!' and at this moment the bear-master came running up."

A LITTLE MAIDEN'S PRAYER

"I love little children," said the moon, "especially babies. They are so droll. I love to peep into the room between the curtain and the window frame, when they are not thinking of me. It gives me happiness to watch them dressing and undressing. First a little round shoulder comes peeping out of the frock, then the arm; or a sock comes peeling off, and a little fat leg shows, with a dear little white foot for kissing, and I do kiss it, too!

"But about what I was going to tell you. I was peeping to-night through a window, where the curtain was drawn up, for no one lived opposite. I saw a whole family of little children, one of them a little sister of four years old, but she can say her prayers just as well as the rest. Every night her mother sits by her cradle, and hears her; then she kisses her, and stays by her little bed till the child has closed her eyes in sleep. And sleep comes the moment that the eyes close.

"This evening the two elder children were somewhat noisy, one hopping about on one leg in his nightgown, and the other making out that he was a statue. The third and fourth children were laying the clean things in the chest of drawers, which was a duty that had to be done.

"And the mother sat by the bed of the youngest, and asked for quietness while the little one said her prayers.

"I peeped in over the lamp on to the little maiden's bed, where she lay under the white quilt, her little hands folded together and her face looking quite grave. She was saying the Lord's Prayer aloud. When she reached the words 'Give us this day our daily bread,' her mother stopped her, and said, 'What is it you say when you have prayed for daily bread? You always put in something afterwards that I do not understand. Now, tell me what it is.'

"The little maiden lay quite silent, and looked at her mother somewhat confused. 'What is it you say?' repeated the mother, 'after "our daily bread."' 'Dear mother, don't be angry,' said the little maid, 'I only say, "And plenty of butter on it."'"

RIP VAN WINKLE

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

CHAPTER I

RIP VAN WINKLE'S HOME

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson River in America has seen the Catskill Mountains. They stand far away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the country round. Every change in the season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, works some change in the hues and shapes of these mountains; and all the good wives, far and near, can tell by looking at them whether it is going to be wet or fine. When it is fair and settled they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when all around is cloudless, they will gather a hood of grey vapour about their peaks which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will light up and glow like a crown of glory. Then all the people round know that rain is coming.

At the foot of these fairy mountains the traveler may have seen the light smoke curling up from a village, whose roofs gleam among the trees just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of forest and fields. It is a little village and is very old, for it was founded by some Dutchmen in early times, long before the beginning of this story. You must know that in those days all that country belonged to the Dutch; but the English went to war with them and took the land from them. Some of the houses of the first Dutch settlers were still standing, built of small yellow bricks which had been brought from Holland; they had latticed windows, and gabled fronts with weathercocks on the top.

In that village, and in one of these old houses which was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten, there lived, many years ago, when the country still belonged to Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow whose name was Rip Van Winkle. You can see from his name that he came from the old Dutch stock, who were brave men and good fighters. But Rip had little of the fighting spirit of his

forefathers. I have said that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was also a kind neighbor and an obedient, henpecked husband. Indeed the meekness of spirit which gained him so many friends in the village may have been due to the fact that he was always under the thumb of his strong-minded wife. From her he had learnt the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A cross wife may therefore, in some ways, be deemed a blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is that he was a great favorite with all the good wives of the village, who took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked over those matters in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The village children, too, would shout for joy whenever they saw him coming. He helped them at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of witches, ghosts, and Indians. Whenever he went loafing about the village he was always followed by a troop of them hanging on to his coat-tails, clambering on his back, and playing him a thousand tricks. Even the dogs of the village were his friends, and not one of them would bark at him except in sport.

CHAPTER II

RIP NEGLECTS HIS WORK

Rip's great fault was that he had a rooted dislike to any sort of work by which a man may earn his living. This was not due to any lack of patience; for he would sit on a wet rock with a long heavy rod in his hand and fish all day without a murmur of complaint, even though he did not get a single nibble. He would carry a gun over his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, uphill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He never failed to help a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and he was the foremost man at all country frolics or in building stone fences round the fields. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business except his own; but as to doing work at home and keeping his farm in order, he found that impossible.

In fact, he said that it was of no use to work on his farm, because it was the worst piece of ground in the whole country. Everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were always falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker

in his fields than anywhere else, and the rain always made a point of falling just when he had some outdoor work to do. So Rip found it hard to make a living out of his farm, and time after time he had sold parts of it to get money, until there was little more left of it than would grow a patch of corn and potatoes. But still his land was the worst kept in all those parts.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His eldest son—also named Rip—was an urchin who was the image of his father, and seemed likely to grow up in his habits as he did in his cast-off clothes. Young Rip was often seen running like a wild colt at his mother's heels, wearing a pair of his father's worn-out breeches, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand as a fine lady holds up her skirts when the road is muddy.

For all this, Rip Van Winkle was one of those happy people who take the world easily, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with the least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself he would have whistled away life in perfect content; but his wife kept dinning in his ears her complaints of his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin that he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night her tongue was always wagging, and everything he said or did was sure to call forth a storm of abuse.

Rip had but one way of meeting all lectures of this kind, and that, by constant use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, and said nothing. This, however, always called forth a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces and betake himself to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's only friend at home was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle treated them as companions in idlness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is that in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog he was as brave an animal as ever scoured the woods; but what courage can withstand the constant terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs; he sneaked about with an air of fear, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door yelping.

CHAPTER III

RIP AT THE VILLAGE INN

TIMES grew worse for Rip Van Winkle as years rolled on. A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself by visits to the village inn. On a bench in front of this inn, above which hung a portrait of his Majesty King George the Third with a very ruddy face, the elders of the village used to sit by the hour together. They sat there in the shade throughout a long, lazy summer's day, talking listlessly about village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any man's while to have heard the wise talk that took place over an old newspaper, if by chance one fell into their hands from a passing traveler. They would listen solemnly to the contents of that newspaper as they were drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper, learned little man, who hardly ever stumbled over even the longest words. Then they would debate sagely upon the news that they had heard, and discuss public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of all these good people were quite controlled by Nicholas Vedder, an ancient man, the landlord of the inn. Nicholas Vedder took his seat at the door of his inn in the morning and stayed there till night, leaving it only when he had to go inside to serve his customers with drink. As the day went on he moved his seat just enough to avoid the sun and to keep in the shade of a large tree, so that the neighbors could tell the time of day by his movements as truly as they could read it on a sundial. He was rarely heard to speak, and he smoked his pipe without ceasing. But for all that his friends perfectly understood him, and knew what he was thinking. When anything was read or told that did not please him, he was seen to smoke his pipe quickly, and to send forth short, angry puffs. But when he was pleased, he would draw in the smoke slowly and quietly, and then blow it out again in light and placid clouds. Sometimes, taking his pipe from his mouth and letting the smoke curl about his nose, he would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approval.

From even this peaceful retreat the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his angry wife, who would suddenly break in upon this quiet party and call the members all sorts of bad names. Nor was that great man, Nicholas Vedder himself, free from the daring tongue of this dreadful woman, who charged him outright with abetting her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last driven almost to despair, and his only chance of escape from the labor of his farm and the clamor of his wife was to take gun in hand stroll away into the woods. There he would share the food in his wallet with Wolf, who, he felt, was a fellow-sufferer in all his troubles. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee." Then Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face; and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe that Wolf pitied poor Rip with all his heart.

CHAPTER IV

RIP GOES OUT SHOOTING

In a long ramble of this kind, on a fine autumn day, Rip had scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Catskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the hills had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and tired, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green bank, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a steep cliff. Through an opening between the trees he could scan all the lower country for many a mile around. He saw in the distance the broad river Hudson flowing on its silent course, with the reflection of a purple cloud or the sail of a slowly moving ship here and there sleeping on its glassy waters, and at last losing itself among the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild and lonely, the bottom of which was strewn with rocks which had fallen from the cliffs above, and was scarcely lighted by the rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay gazing at this scene: evening was slowly drawing on; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows across the valleys. Rip saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of what he would have to suffer from the sharp tongue of Dame Van Winkle when he returned to his cottage.

As he was about to go down the mountain he heard a voice, far away, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but he could see nothing but a crow winging its lonely flight across the mountain. He thought that his ears must have deceived him, and he was turning again to go on his way homeward when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air—"Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a loud growl, skulked to his master's side

and looked fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague fear stealing over him; he looked anxiously into the glen, and he saw a strange figure toiling up the rocks, bending under the weight of something that he carried on his back. Rip was surprised to see any human being in this wild and lonely place; but thinking that it must be one of his neighbors in need of help, he hastened down to give it.

On coming nearer he was still more surprised at the quaintness of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and a grizzled beard. He was dressed in the old Dutch fashion. He wore a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist with a leather belt, and two or three pairs of breeches, the outer pair bulging absurdly round his legs, and trimmed with rows of buttons down the sides and bunches of ribbon at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg that seemed to be full of liquor, and he made signs to Rip to come and help him with his load.

Although Rip felt rather shy and afraid of this stranger, he went quickly to him and took his burden from him. So these two, carrying the keg in turns, clambered up a narrow gully which seemed to be the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they went up Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, which seemed to come from a deep cleft between lofty rocks towards which their rugged path was leading. He paused for an instant, but thinking it to be one of those passing thunderstorms which so often take place among the mountains, he went on again.

Passing through the cleft, they came into a hollow shut in on all sides by steep cliffs, over the tops of which trees shot out their branches, so that only glimpses of the blue sky and the bright evening clouds could be seen. During all this time Rip and the old Dutchman had labored on in silence; for though Rip wondered greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something uncanny about the scene that filled him with awe and struck him dumb.

CHAPTER V

RIP SEES THE DUTCHMEN

On entering the hollow new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the middle of it was a company of odd-looking people playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets; other jerkins, with long knives in their belts; and most of them had big breeches, like those that were worn by his guide. Their faces, too, were strange. One had a large head, a broad face, and small piggish eyes. The

face of another seemed to be nothing but a great nose, and on his head was a white sugar-loaf hat with a little red cock's tail in it. They all had beards of various shapes and colors.

There was one who seemed to be the leader. He was a stout old gentleman with a weather-beaten face; he wore a laced doubtlet, a broad belt, which supported his short sword, a high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses of ribbon fastened to them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old painting which had been brought from Holland a long time ago, and now hung in the parlor of one of the cottages in his village.

What seemed most odd to Rip was that though these folks were clearly enjoying themselves their faces were quite grave, and they spoke never a word to one another. They seemed unable to smile, and they appeared to Rip to be the saddest party of pleasure that he had ever set eyes on. No sound broke the stillness of the dell save the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed among the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his guide came nearer, those strange people suddenly stopped their play, and stared at him with such a fixed, statue-like gaze, and such wild, uncouth faces, that his heart sank within him and his knees smote together. His guide now emptied the contents of the keg into two large flagons, and made signs to Rip to wait upon the company with the drink. He obeyed with fear and trembling; the players quaffed their liquor in silence, and then returned to their game.

After a while Rip's awe and fear left him. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the drink which he had been serving to the Dutchmen, and he found that it had a very pleasant flavor. He was by nature a thirsty soul, and he was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One sip led to another, and he paid so many visits to the flagon that at length his senses were overpowered, his sight grew dim, his head slowly drooped, and he fell into a deeep sleep.

CHAPTER VI

RIP WAKES FROM HIS SLEEP

When he woke up, he found that he was lying on the green bank from which he had first seen the old Dutchman who was carrying the keg. He rubbed his eyes and looked about him. It was a fine sunny morning; the birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and an eagle was sailing aloft, breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night!" Slowly he recalled all that had happened before he fell asleep—the strange

man with the keg of liquor; the cleft in the mountain; the wild hollow among the rocks; the silent and solemn party that played at ninepins; and the flagon. "Oh, that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip; "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun; but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel covered with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now began to think that the grave old Dutchman had played a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with strong drink, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, was nowhere to be seen, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or a partridge. Rip whistled for him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog answered to his call.

He made up his mind to revisit the scene of the last evening's frolic, and if he met with any of the Dutchmen, to demand his dog and his gun. When he rose to walk he found himself stiff in the joints and lacking his usual briskness. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if I should be laid up with a fit of the cramp, I shall have a dreadful time with Dame Van Winkle." With some trouble he got down into the glen. He found the gully up which he and the Dutchman had climbed the evening before; but to his surprise a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. However, Rip made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through dense thickets, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by briars that spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached the spot where the cleft had opened through the rocks into the hollow where the Dutchmen had played at ninepins, but no traces of such an opening could be seen. The rocks formed a high wall which could not be passed; over them the stream came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the forest around it. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand-still. He again called and whistled after his dog. He was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dead tree that overhung a sunny cliff; who from that safe height seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's troubles.

What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and his gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and fear he turned his steps homeward.

CHAPTER VII

RIP RETURNS TO THE VILLAGE

As Rip came near the village he met a number of people, none of whom he knew. This somewhat surprised him, for he thought that he was friends with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of another fashion from that to which he had been used. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him they always stroked their chins. This queer action, after a time, made Rip do the same without thinking very much about it, and he was startled to find that his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the outskirts of the village. A troop of children, none of whom he had seen before, ran at his heels, hooting after him and pointing at his grey beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he knew as an old friend barked at him as he passed. The very village was changed: it was larger, and had more people living in it. There were rows of houses that he had never seen before, and many of those that he had known had vanished. Strange names were over the doors: strange faces were at the windows—everything was strange.

His mind now misgave him, he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left only the day before. There stood the Catskill Mountains; there flowed the silver river Hudson in the distance; there was every hill and dale just as it had always been. Rip was sorely puzzled. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sorely."

He even found it hard to make his way to his own house, and he went towards it with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found that the house had gone to decay: the roof had fallen in, the windows were broken, and the doors were off their hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was sulking about it. Rip called him by name; but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me."

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and, as far as Rip could see, deserted. The silence overcame his fear of his wife's anger. He called loudly for Dame Van Winkle and his children. The lonely rooms rang for a moment with his voice, but there was no answer.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village

inn; but this, too, was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats. Over the door was painted "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." In place of the great tree which used to shelter the quiet little inn that Rip had known, there now stood a tall naked pole with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap. From the pole was fluttering a flag covered with stars and stripes. Rip had never seen such a flag before. The old sign, however, was hanging above the inn, still bearing the ruby face of King George the Third, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe. But even this had been strangely changed. The red coat was now blue and buff; a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre; the head was crowned with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large letters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

CHAPTER VIII

RIP IS TREATED AS A STRANGER

THERE was, as usual, a crowd of people about the door, but Rip knew none of them. The very nature of the people seemed to be changed. There was a busy, bustling, quarrelsome tone about them in place of the drowsy ease and laziness of his old village friends. He looked in vain for the wise Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, puffing clouds of tobacco smoke instead of uttering idle speeches. Nowhere could he see Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, droning forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was talking fiercely about the rights of the people, elections, members of congress, liberty, and other words, all of which were mere jargon to the bewildered Rip Van Winkle.

The approach of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty gun, his tattered dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon drew the attention of these talkative people. The man who, had been speaking bustled up to him, and, drawing him a little aside, asked him "on which side he voted." Rip stared at him stupidly, for he could not at all make out what the man was talking about. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, poured other questions into his ear, which for Rip had no meaning whatever.

Then a knowing, conceited old gentleman, wearing a sharp-pointed cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, pushing them to right and left as he passed, and planted himself in front of Rip Van Winkle. With one arm akimbo and the other resting on his cane,

his keen eyes and sharp-pointed hat seeming to pierce, as it were, into Rip's very soul, he asked, in a harsh voice, "what brought him to the election with a gun over his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to stir a riot in the village?" "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of this place, and a loyal subject of King George, God bless him!"

At this a great shout burst forth from the crowd. "A king's man! —A king's man!—A spy!—A traitor!—Hustle him!—Away with him!" they cried. They would certainly have carried out their threats had not the man in the cocked hat prevented them. When peace was restored he looked still more sternly at Rip, and asked him what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. Poor Rip humbly told him that he meant no harm; he had only come there in search of his neighbors who used to sit in front of the inn.

"Well, who are they? name them," said the man in the cocked hat.

Rip thought for a moment, and then he asked, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was silence for a little while, and then old man answered in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! Why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell about him, but that's rotted and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?" asked Rip.

"Oh, he went off to the army when the war against England began," the old man said. "Some say that he was killed at the storming of a fort; others say that he was drowned at sea in a squall. I don't know which is the truth, but he never came back again to the village.

"And where is Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?" Rip went on.

"He went off to the wars too," was the reply. "He rose to be a general in our army, and he is now a very great man indeed."

CHAPTER IX

RIP FINDS HIS DAUGHTER

Rips heart sank when he heard of these sad changes in his old home and friends, and at finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer to his questions had puzzled him, because it seemed to show that a great length of time had passed since he left the village; that there had been a war, and that King George of England no longer ruled in the land. He had no courage to ask after any more friends, so he cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! That's Rip Van Winkle yonder leaning against the tree."

Rip looked at the spot towards which they pointed, and he saw the exact image of himself when he went up the mountain to hunt squirrels; seemingly as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The figure was so like him that he almost began to doubt whether he was really himself or another man. While he was thus dazed, the man in the cocked hat asked him what was his name.

"I can't tell," Rip cried, at his wit's end. "I'm not myself, I'm somebody else; that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night; but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed. I am changed, and I can't tell what my name is or who I am!"

The people now began to look at each other, and to nod and wink, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. It was clear that they thought that this strange old man was mad. There was a whisper, also, about taking his gun from him, and thus keeping the old fellow from doing mischief. At this hint of danger the man in the cocked hat beat a rather quick retreat to the rear of the onlookers.

At that a moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the crowd to get a peep at the grey-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at the sight of him, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," she said, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the face of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of memories in Rip's mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" he asked.

"Judith Gardenier," she said.

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; but it's twenty years since he went away with his gun, and he has never been heard of since. His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself or was carried away by the Indians nobody can tell. I was then only a little girl."

Rip had but one question more, and he put it with a faltering voice.

"Where is your mother?"

"Oh, she died too, but only a short time ago; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a pedlar who tried to cheat her."

At this news poor, honest Rip could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" he cried. "Young Rip Van Winkle once, but old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it into Rip's face for a moment, cried out, "Sure enough, it is Rip Van Winkle!—

it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor! Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one long night. The neighbors stared at one another, when they heard it. Some were seen to wink and put their tongues in their cheeks, as if they still thought that the old fellow was mad. The man in the cocked hat, who when the alarm was over had returned to the front, screwed down the corners of his mouth and shook his head. Upon this there was a general shaking of heads throughout the crowd.

It was agreed, however, to take the advice of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly coming up the road. Peter was the oldest dweller in the village, and knew well all the wonderful things that had happened in the neighborhood. He knew Rip at once, and said that his story of what had happened to him in the mountains might be quite true. He told the company that it was a fact that Catskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. He said that the great Hendrick Hudson, who was the first person to find the river and the country around it, kept a watch there every twenty years with the crew of his ship, *The Halfmoon*—being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his adventures, and to keep guard over the river and the great city that had been called by his name. He added that his father had once seen these men in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain, and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls like far-off peals of thunder.

CHAPTER X

RIP LIVES AT PEACE

After hearing this tale, which seemed to prove that Rip was not mad, the crowd broke up, and each went about his business. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her. She had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for her husband, whom Rip remembered as one of the urchins who used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son, the image of himself, who had been seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work upon the farm; but he had always showed himself more willing to attend to anything else than his business.

Rip now resumed his old wandering habits. He soon found many of his former cronies, but they were all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time, and he was happier in making friends among the children, with whom he soon grew into great favor. Having nothing to do at home, and having reached that age when a man

may be idle without blame, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the elders of the village.

It was some time before he could be made to understand all the strange events that had happened during his long sleep. Slowly he learned that there had been a long war; that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England; and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty King George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip took little interest in these great events; the changes of states and empires were nothing to him. But there was one kind of government under which he had long groaned, and that was the rule of his wife. This was now at an end. He had got his neck out of that yoke, and he could go in and out whenever he pleased without fear of the harsh tongue of Dame Van Winkle.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that came to Mr. Doolittle's hotel. It was noticed that at first he used to vary it on some points every time he told it. This was owing to the fact that he had so recently awaked out of his long sleep. At last it settled down to the tale as I have told it to you, and every man, woman, or child in the village knew it by heart. Some people doubted the truth of it: they thought that Rip had been out of his mind, and that this was the point upon which he always remained flighty.

For all that they never, even to this day, hear a thunderstorm on a summer afternoon among the Catskill Mountains, but they say that Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is the common wish of all henpecked husbands, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a draught out of the flagon from which Rip Van Winkle drank before he slept his long sleep.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

By Charles Dickens

STAVE I

MARLEY'S GHOST

Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change for anything he chose to put his hand to.

Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a door-nail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the Country's done for. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend, and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnised it with an undoubted bargain.

The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to the point I started from. There is no doubt that Marley was dead. This is distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate. If we were not perfectly convinced that Hamlet's Father died before the play began, there would be nothing more remarkable in his taking a stroll at night, in an easterly wind, upon his own ramparts, than there would be in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a breezy spot—say Saint Paul's Churchyard for instance—literally to astonish his son's weak mind.

Scrooge never painted out Old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names. It was all the same to him.

Oh! but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grind-stone. Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, gasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days, and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, no wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than evil eye, dark master!"

But what did Scrooge care! It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call "nuts" to Scrooge.

Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather: foggy withal: and he could hear the people in the court outside, go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already—it had not been light all day—and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighboring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog came pouring in at every

chink and keyhole, and was so dense without, that although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. To see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have thought that Nature lived hard, by and was brewing on a large scale.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he wouldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed.

"A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge, "Humbug!"

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come, then," returned the nephew gaily. "What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough."

Scrooge having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said, "Bah!" again; and followed it up with "Humbug."

"Don't be cross, uncle!" said the nephew.

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew.

"Nephew!" returned the uncle, sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it!" repeated the Scrooge's nephew. "But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say," returned the nephew. "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded. Becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark for ever.

"Let me hear another sound from you," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation! You're quite a powerful speaker, sir," he added, turning to his nephew. "I wonder you don't go into Parliament."

"Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow."

Scrooge said that he would see him—yes, indeed he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

"But why? cried Scrooge's nephew. "Why?"

"Why did you get married?" said Scrooge.

"Because I fell in love."

"Because you fell in love!" growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. "Good afternoon!"

"Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?"

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

"I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel, to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So A Merry Christmas, uncle!"

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

"And A Happy New Year!"

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

His nephew left the room without an angry word notwithstanding. He stopped at the outer door to bestow the greetings of the season on the clerk, who, cold as he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he returned them cordially.

"There's another fellow," muttered Scrooge; who overheard him: "my clerk, with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a merry Christmas. I'll retire to Bedlam."

This lunatic, in letting Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other people in. They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's office. They had books and papers in their hands, and bowed to him.

"Scrooge and Marley's, I believe," said one of the gentlemen, referring to his list. "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge, or Mr. Marley?"

"Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years," Scrooge replied. "He died seven years ago, this very night."

"We have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner," said the gentleman, presenting his credentials.

It certainly was; for they had been two kindred spirits. At the ominous word "liberality," Scrooge frowned, and shook his head, and handed the credentials back.

"At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge," said the gentleman, taking up a pen, "it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the Poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessaries; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir."

"Are there no prisons?" asked Scrooge.

"Plenty of prisons," said the gentleman, laying down the pen again.

"And the Union workhouses?" demanded Scrooge. "Are they still in operation?"

"They are. Still," returned the gentleman, "I wish I could say they were not."

"The Treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigor, then?" said Scrooge.

"Both very busy, sir."

"Oh! I was afraid, from what you said at first, that something had occurred to stop them in their useful course," said Scrooge. "I'm very glad to hear it."

"Under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the multitude," returned the gentleman, "a few of us are endeavoring to raise a fund to buy the Poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time because it is

a time, of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?"

"Nothing!" Scrooge replied.

"You wish to be anonymous?"

"I wish to be left alone," said Scrooge. "Since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen, that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments I have mentioned—they cost enough; and those who are badly off must go there."

"Many can't go there; and many would rather die."

"If they would rather die," said Scrooge, "they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population. Besides—excuse me—I don't know that."

"But you might know it," observed the gentleman.

"It's not my business," Scrooge returned. "It's enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's. Mine occupies me constantly. Good afternoon, gentlemen!"

Seeing clearly that it would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew. Scrooge resumed his labors with an improved opinion of himself, and in a more facetious temper than was usual with him.

Meanwhile the fog and darkness thickened so, that people ran about with flaring links, proffering their services to go before the horses in carriages, and conduct them on their way. The ancient tower of a church, whose gruff old bell was always peeping slily down at Scrooge out of the gothic window in the wall, became invisible, and struck the hours and quarters in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards as if its teeth were chattering in its frozen head up there. The cold became intense. In the main street, at the corner of the court, some laborers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had lighted a great fire in a brazier, round which a party of ragged men and boys were gathered: warming their hands and winking their eyes before the blaze in rapture. The water-plug being left in solitude, its overflowings sullenly congealed, and turned to misanthropic ice. The brightness of the shops where holly sprigs and berries crackled in the lamp heat of the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they passed. Poulterers' and grocers' trades became a splendid joke: a glorious pageant, with which it was next to impossible to believe that such dull principles as bargain and sale had anything to do. The Lord Mayor, in the stronghold of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep Christmas as a Lord Mayor's household should; and even the little tailor, whom he had fined five shillings on the previous Monday for being drunk and bloodthirsty in the streets, stirred up to-morrow's

pudding in his garret, while his lean wife and the baby sallied out to buy the beef.

Foggier, yet, and colder. Piercing, searching, biting cold. If the good Saint Dunstan had but nipped the Evil's Spirit's nose with a touch of such weather as that, instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he would have roared to lusty purpose. The owner of one scant young nose, gnawed and mumbled by the hungry cold as bones are gnawed by dogs, stooped down at Scrooge's keyhole to regale him with a Christmas carol: but at the first sound of

"God bless you, merry gentleman!
May nothing you dismay!"

Scrooze seized the ruler with such energy of action, that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the fog and even more congenial frost.

At length the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived. With an ill-will Scrooge dismounted from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day to-morrow, I suppose?" said Scrooge.

"If quite convenient, sir."

"It's not convenient," said Scrooge, "and it's not fair. If I was to stop half-a-crown for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be bound?"

The clerk smiled faintly.

"And yet," said Scrooge, "you don't think me ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for no work."

The clerk observed that it was only once a year.

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December said Scrooge, buttoning his great-coat to the chin. "But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier the next morning."

The clerk promised that he would; and Scrooge walked out with a growl. The office was closed in a twinkling, and the clerk, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no great-coat), went down a slide on Cornhill, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times, in honor of its being Christmas Eve, and then ran home to Camden Town as hard as he could pelt, to play at blindman's-buff.

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's book, went home to bed. He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. They were a gloomy suite of rooms, in a lowering pile of building up a

yard, where it had so little business to be, that one could scarcely help fancying it must have run there when it was a young house, playing at hide-and-seek with other houses, and forgotten the way out again. It was old enough now, and dreary enough for nobody lived in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being all let out as offices. The yard was so dark that even Scrooge, who knew its every stone, was fain to grope with his hands. The fog and frost so hung about the black old gateway of the house, that it seemed as if the Genius of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the threshold.

Now, it is a fact, that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door, except that it was very large. It is also a fact, that Scrooge had seen it, night and morning, during his whole residence in that place; also that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in the city of London, even including—which is a bold word—corporation, aldermen, and livery. Let it also be borne in mind that Scrooge had not bestowed one thought on Marley, since his last mention of his seven-years' dead partner that afternoon. And then let any man explain to me, if he can, how it happened that Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any intermediate process of change—not a knocker, but Marley's face.

Marley's face. It was not in impenetrable shadow as the other objects in the yard were, but had a dismal light about it, like a bad lobster in a dark cellar. It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look: with ghostly spectacles turned up on its ghostly forehead. The hair was curiously stirred, as if by breath or hot air; and, though the eyes were wide open, they were perfectly motionless. That, and its livid color, made it horrible; but its horror seemed to be in spite of the face and beyond its control, rather than a part of its own expression.

As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a knocker again.

To say that he was not startled, or that his blood was not conscious of a terrible sensation to which it had been a stranger from infancy, would be untrue. But he put his hand upon the key he had relinquished, turned it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle.

He did pause, with a moment's irresolution, before he shut the door; and he did look cautiously behind it first, as if he half expected to be terrified with the sight of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the hall. But there was nothing on the back of the door, except the screws and nuts that held the knocker on, so he said "Pooh, pooh!" and closed it with a bang.

The sound resounded through the house like thunder. Every room above, and every cask in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to have a separate peal of echoes of its own. Scrooge was not a man

to be frightened by echoes. He fastened the door, and walked across the hall, and up the stairs; slowly too: trimming his candle as he went.

You may talk vaguely about driving a coach-and-six up a good old flight of stairs, or through a bad young Act of Parliament; but I mean to say you might have got a hearse up that staircase, and taken it broadwise, with the splinter-bar towards the wall and the door towards the balustrades: and done it easy. There was plenty of width for that, and room to spare; which is perhaps the reason why Scrooge thought he saw a locomotive hearse going on before him in the gloom. Half-a-dozen gas-lamps out of the street wouldn't have lighted the entry too well, so you may suppose that it was pretty dark with Scrooge's dip.

Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that. Darkness is cheap, and Scrooge liked it. But before he shut his heavy door, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. He had just enough recollection of the face to desire to do that.

Sitting-room, bed-room, lumber-room. All as they should be. Nobody under the table, nobody under the sofa; a small fire in the grate; spoon and basin ready; and the little saucepan of gruel (Scrooge had a cold in his head) upon the hob. Nobody under the bed; nobody in the closet; nobody in his dressing-gown, which was hanging up in a suspicious attitude against the wall. Lumber-room as usual. Old fire-guard, old shoes, two fish-baskets, washing-stand on three legs, and a poker.

Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and locked himself in; double-locked himself in, which was not his custom. Thus secured against surprise, he took off his cravat; put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and his nightcap; and sat down before the fire to take his gruel.

It was a very low fire indeed; nothing on such a bitter night. He was obliged to sit close to it, and brood over it, before he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a handful of fuel. The fireplace was an old one, built by some Dutch merchant long ago, and paved all round with quaint Dutch tiles, designed to illustrate the Scriptures. There were Cains and Abels, Pharaoh's daughters, Queens of Sheba, Angelic messengers descending through the air on clouds like featherbeds, Abrahams, Belshazzars, Apostles putting off to sea in butter-boats, hundreds of figures to attract his thoughts; and yet that face of Marley, seven years dead, came like the ancient Prophet's rod, and swallowed up the whole. If each smooth tile had been a blank at first, with power to shape some picture on its surface from the disjointed fragments of his thoughts, there would have been a copy of old Marley's head on every one.

"Humbug!" said Scrooge; and walked across the room.

After several turns, he sat down again. As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a chamber in the highest story of the building. It was with great astonishment and with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing. It swung so softly in the outset that it scarcely made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house.

This might have lasted half a minute, or a minute, but it seemed an hour. The bells ceased as they had begun, together. They were succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below; as if some person were dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the wine-merchant's cellar. Scrooge then remembered to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains.

The cellar-door flew open with a booming sound, and then he heard the noise much louder, on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door.

"It's humbug still!" said Scrooge. "I won't believe it."

His color changed though, when, without a pause, it came on through the heavy door, and passed into the room before his eyes. Upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried, "I know him; Marley's Ghost!" and fell again.

The same face: the very same. Marley in his pigtail, usual waistcoat, tights and boots; the tassels on the latter bristling, like his pigtail, and his coat-skirts, and the hair upon his head. The chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was long, and wound about him like a tail; and it was made (for Scrooge observed it closely) of cash-boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel. His body was transparent; so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind.

Scrooge had often heard it said that Marley had no bowels, but he had never believed it until now.

No, nor did he believe it even now. Though he looked the phantom through and through, and saw it standing before him; though he felt the chilling influence of its death-cold eyes; and marked the very texture of the folded kerchief bound about its head and chin, which wrapper he had not observed before; he was still incredulous, and fought against his senses.

"How now!" said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever. "What do you want with me?"

"Much!"—Marley's voice, no doubt about it.

"Who are you?"

"Ask me who I was."

"Who were you then?" said Scrooge, raising his voice. "You're

particular, for a shade." He was going to say "to a shade," but substituted this, as more appropriate.

"In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley."

"Can you—can you sit down?" asked Scrooge, looking doubtfully at him.

"I can."

"Do it, then."

Scrooge asked the question, because he didn't know whether a ghost so transparent might find himself in a condition to take a chair; and felt that in the event of its being impossible, it might involve the necessity of an embarrassing explanation. But the ghost sat down on the opposite side of the fireplace, as if he were quite used to it.

"You don't believe in me," observed the Ghost.

"I don't," said Scrooge.

"What evidence would you have of my reality beyond that of your senses?"

"I don't know," said Scrooge.

"Why do you doubt your senses?"

"Because," said Scrooge, "a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!"

Scrooge was not much in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he feel, in his heart, by any means waggish then. The truth is, that he tried to be smart, as a means of distracting his own attention, and keeping down his terror; for the spectre's voice disturbed the very marrow in his bones.

To sit, staring at those fixed glazed eyes, in silence for a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very deuce with him. There was something very awful, too, in the spectre's being provided with an infernal atmosphere of its own. Scrooge could not feel it himself, but this was clearly the case; for though the Ghost sat perfectly motionless, its hair, and skirts, and tassels, were still agitated as by the hot vapor from an oven.

"You see this toothpick?" said Scrooge, returning quickly to the charge, for the reason just assigned; and wishing, though it were only for a second, to divert the vision's stony gaze from himself.

"I do," replied the Ghost.

"You are not looking at it," said Scrooge.

"But I see it," said the Ghost, "notwithstanding."

"Well!" returned Scrooge, "I have but to swallow this, and be for the rest of my days persecuted by a legion of goblins, all of my own creation. Humbug, I tell you! humbug!"

At this the spirit raised a frightful cry, and shook its chain with such a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge held on tight to his chair, to save himself from falling in a swoon. But how much greater was his horror, when the phantom taking off the bandage round its head, as if it were too warm to wear in-doors, its lower jaw dropped down upon its breast!

Scrooge fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands before his face.

"Mercy!" he said. "Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?"

"Man of the worldly mind!" replied the Ghost, "do you believe in me or not?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "I must. But why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?"

"It is required of every man," the Ghost returned, "that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellowmen, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world—oh, woe is me!—and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness!"

Again the spectre raised a cry, and shook its chain and wrung its shadowy hands.

"You are fettered," said Scrooge, trembling. "Tell me why?"

"I wear the chain I forged in life," replied the Ghost. "I made it link by link, and yard by yard; I girded it on of my own free will, and of my own free will I wore it. Is its pattern strange to you?"

Scrooge trembled more and more.

"Or would you know," pursued the Ghost, "the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself? It was full as heavy and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. You have labored on it since. It is a ponderous chain!"

Scrooge glanced about him on the floor, in the expectation of finding himself surrounded by some fifty or sixty fathoms of iron cable: but he could see nothing.

"Jacob," he said, imploringly. "Old Jacob Marley, tell me more. Speak comfort to me, Jacob!"

"I have none to give," the Ghost replied. "It comes from other regions, Ebenezer Scrooge, and is conveyed by other ministers, to other kinds of men. Nor can I tell you what I would. A very little more is all permitted to me. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our counting-house—mark me!—in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me!"

It was a habit with Scrooge, whenever he became thoughtful, to put his hands in his breeches pockets. Pondering on what the Ghost had said, he did so now, but without lifting up his eyes, or getting off his knees.

"You must have been very slow about it, Jacob," Scrooge observed, in a business-like manner, though with humility and deference.

"Slow!" the Ghost repeated.

"Seven years dead," mused Scrooge. "And traveling all the time!"

"The whole time," said the Ghost. "No rest, no peace. Incessant torture of remorse."

"You travel fast?" said Scrooge.

"On the wings of the wind," replied the Ghost.

"You might have got over a great quantity of ground in seven years," said Scrooge.

The Ghost, on hearing this, set up another cry, and clanked its chain so hideously in the dead silence of the night, that the Ward would have been justified in indicting it for a nuisance.

"Oh! captive, bound, and double-ironed," cried the phantom, "not to know that ages of incessant labor by immortal creatures for this earth must pass into eternity before the good of which it is susceptible is all developed. Not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunity misused! Yet such was I! Oh! such was I!"

"But you were always a good man of business, Jacob," faltered Scrooge, who now began to apply this to himself.

"Business!" cried the Ghost, wringing its hands again. "Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence, were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!"

It held up its chain at arm's length, as if that were the cause of all its unavailing grief, and flung it heavily upon the ground again.

"At this time of the rolling year," the spectre said, "I suffer most. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode! Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted me!"

Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear the spectre going on at this rate, and began to quake exceedingly.

"Hear me!" cried the Ghost. "My time is nearly gone."

"I will," said Scrooge. "But don't be hard upon me! Don't be flowery, Jacob! Pray!"

"How it is that I appear before you in shape that you can see, I may not tell. I have sat invisible beside you many and many a day."

It was not an agreeable idea. Scrooge shivered, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"That is no light part of my penance," pursued the Ghost. "I am here to-night to warn you, that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer."

"You were always a good friend to me," said Scrooge. "Thank'ee!"

"You will be haunted," resumed the Ghost, "by Three Spirits."

Scrooge's countenance fell almost as low as the Ghost's had done.

"Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob?" he demanded, in a faltering voice.

"It is."

"I—I think I'd rather not," said Scrooge.

"Without their visits," said the Ghost, "you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first to-morrow, when the bell tolls One."

"Couldn't I take 'em all at once, and have it over, Jacob?" hinted Scrooge.

"Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third upon the next night when the last stroke of Twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us!"

When it had said these words, the spectre took its wrapper from the table, and bound it round its head, as before. Scrooge knew this, by the smart sound its teeth made, when the jaws were brought together by the bandage. He ventured to raise his eyes again, and found his supernatural visitor confronting him in an erect attitude, with its chain wound over and about its arm.

The apparition walked backward from him; and at every step it took the window raised itself a little, so that when the spectre reached it, it was wide open.

It beckoned Scrooge to approach, which he did. When they were within two paces of each other, Marley's Ghost held up its hand, warning him to come no nearer. Scrooge stopped.

Not so much in obedience, as in surprise and fear: for on the raising of the hand, he became sensible of confused noises in the air; incoherent sounds of lamentation and regret; wailings inexpressibly sorrowful and self-accusatory. The spectre, after listening for a moment, joined in the mournful dirge; and floated out upon the bleak, dark night.

Scrooge followed to the window: desperate in his curiosity. He looked out.

The air was filled with phantoms, wandering hither and thither in restless haste, and moaning as they went. Every one of them wore chains like Marley's Ghost; some few (they might be guilty governments) were linked together; none were free. Many had been personally known to Scrooge in their lives. He had been quite familiar with one old ghost, in a white waistcoat, with a monstrous iron safe attached to its ankle, who cried piteously at being unable to assist a wretched woman with an infant, whom it saw below, upon a door-step. The misery with them all was, clearly, that they sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had lost the power forever.

Whether these creatures faded into mist, or mist enshrouded them, he could not tell. But they and their spirit voices faded together; and the night became as it had been when he walked home.

Scrooge closed the window, and examined the door by which the Ghost had entered. It was double-locked, as he had locked it with his own hands, and the bolts were undisturbed. He tried to say "Humbug!" but stopped at the first syllable. And being, from the emotion he had undergone, or the fatigues of the day, or his glimpses of the Invisible World, or the dull conversation of the Ghost, or the lateness of the hour, much in need of repose; went straight to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep upon the instant.

STAVE II

THE FIRST OF THE THREE SPIRITS

When Scrooge awoke, it was so dark that, looking out of bed, he could scarcely ditinguish the transparent window from the opaque walls of his chamber. He was endeavoring to pierce the darkness with his ferret-eyes, when the chimes of a neighboring church struck the four quarters. So he listened for the hour.

To his great astonishment the heavy bell went on from six to seven, and from seven to eight, and regularly up to twelve; then stopped. Twelve! It was past two when he went to bed. The clock was wrong. An icicle must have got into the works. Twelve! He touched the spring of his repeater, to correct this most preposterous clock. Its rapid little pulse beat twelve: and stopped.

"Why, it isn't possible," said Scrooge, "that I can have slept through a whole day and far into another night. It isn't possible that anything has happened to the sun, and this is twelve at noon!"

The idea being an alarming one, he scrambled out of bed, and groped his way to the window. He was obliged to rub the frost off with the sleeve of his dressing-gown before he could see anything; and could see very little then. All he could make out was, that it

was still very foggy and extremely cold, and that there was no noise of people running to and fro, and making a great stir, as there unquestionably would have been if night had beaten off bright day, and taken possession of the world. This was a great relief, because "three days after sight of this First of Exchange to pay to Mr. Ebenezer Scrooge or his order," and so forth, would have become a mere United States' security if there were no days to count by.

Scrooge went to bed again, and thought, and thought, and thought it over and over, and could make nothing of it. The more he thought, the more perplexed he was; and the more he endeavoured not to think, the more he thought.

Marley's Ghost bothered him exceedingly. Every time he resolved within himself, after mature inquiry, that it was all a dream, his mind flew back again, like a strong spring released, to its first position, and presented the same problem to be worked all through, "Was it a dream or not?"

Scrooge lay in this state until the chime had gone three quarters more, when he remembered, on a sudden, that the Ghost had warned him of a visitation when the bell tolled one. He resolved to lie awake until the hour was passed; and, considering that he could no more sleep than go to Heaven, this was perhaps the wisest resolution in his power.

The quarter was so long, that he was more than once convinced he must have sunk into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. At length it broke upon his listening ear.

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter past," said Scrooge, counting.

"Ding, dong!"

"Half-past!" said Scrooge.

"Ding dong!"

"A quarter to it," said Scrooge.

"Ding dong!"

"The hour itself," said Scrooge, triumphantly, "and nothing else!"

He spoke before the hour bell sounded, which it now did with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. Light flashed up in the room upon the instant, and the curtains of his bed were drawn.

The curtains of his bed were drawn aside, I tell you, by a hand. Not the curtains at his feet, nor the curtains at his back, but those to which his face was addressed. The curtains of his bed were drawn aside; and Scrooge, starting up into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to face with the unearthly visitor who drew them: as close to it as I am now to you, and I am standing in the spirit at your elbow.

It was a strange figure—like a child: yet not so like a child as like an old man, viewed through some supernatural medium, which

gave him the appearance of having receded from the view, and being diminished to a child's proportions. Its hair, which hung about its neck and down its back, was white as if with age; and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it, and the tenderest bloom was on the skin. The arms were very long and muscular; the hands the same, as if its hold were of uncommon strength. Its legs and feet, most delicately formed, were, like those upper members, bare. It wore a tunic of the purest white; and round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which was beautiful. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its hand; and, in singular contradiction of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. But the strangest thing about it was, that from the crown of its head there sprung a bright clear jet of light, by which all this was visible; and which was doubtless the occasion of its using, in its duller moments, a great extinguisher for a cap, which it now held under its arm.

Even this, though, when Scrooge looked at it with increasing steadiness, was not its strangest quality. For as its belt sparkled and glittered now in one part and now in another, and what was light one instant, at another time was dark, so the figure itself fluctuated in its distinctness: being now a thing with one arm, now with one leg, now with twenty legs, now a pair of legs without a head, now a head without a body: of which dissolving parts, no outline would be visible in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. And in the very wonder of this, it would be itself again, distinct and clear as ever.

"Are you the Spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?" asked Scrooge.

"I am!"

The voice was soft and gentle. Singularly low, as if instead of being so close beside him, it were at a distance.

"Who, and what are you?" Scrooge demanded.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past."

"Long Past?" inquired Scrooge: observant of its dwarfish stature.

"No. Your past."

Perhaps Scrooge could not have told anybody why, if anybody could have asked him; but he had a special desire to see the Spirit in his cap, and begged him to be covered.

"What!" exclaimed the Ghost, "would you so soon put out, with worldly hands, the light I give? Is it not enough that you are one of those whose passions made this cap, and force me through whole trains of years to wear it low upon my brow!"

Scrooge reverently disclaimed all intention to offend or any knowledge of having wilfully "bonneted" the Spirit at any period of his

life. He then made bold to inquire what business brought him there.

"Your welfare!" said the Ghost.

Scrooge expressed himself much obliged, but could not help thinking that a night of unbroken rest would have been more conducive to that end. The Spirit must have heard him thinking, for it said immediately:

"Your reclamation, then. Take heed!"

It put out its strong hand as it spoke, and clasped him gently by the arm.

"Rise! and walk with me!"

It would have been in vain for Scrooge to plead that the weather and the hour were not adapted to pedestrian purposes; that bed was warm, and the thermometer a long way below freezing; that he was clad but lightly in his slippers, dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that he had a cold upon him at that time. The grasp, though gentle as a woman's hand, was not to be resisted. He rose: but finding that the Spirit made towards the window, clasped his robe in supplication.

"I am a mortal," Scrooge remonstrated, "and liable to fall."

"Bear but a touch of my hand there," said the Spirit, laying it upon his heart, "and you shall be upheld in more than this!"

As the words were spoken, they passed through the wall, and stood upon an open country road, with fields on either hand. The city had entirely vanished. Not a vestige of it was to be seen. The darkness and the mist had vanished with it, for it was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the ground.

"Good Heaven!" said Scrooge, clasping his hands together, as he looked about him. "I was bred in this place. I was a boy here!"

The Spirit gazed upon him mildly. Its gentle touch, though it had been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the old man's sense of feeling. He was conscious of a thousand odors floating in the air, each one connected with a thousand thoughts, and hopes, and joys, and cares long, long, forgotten!

"Your lip is trembling," said the Ghost. "And what is that upon your cheek?"

Scrooge muttered, with an unusual catching in his voice, that it was a pimple; and begged the Ghost to lead him where he would.

"You recollect the way?" inquired the Spirit.

"Remember it!" cried Scrooge with fervor; "I could walk it blindfold."

"Strange to have forgotten it for so many years!" observed the Ghost. "Let us go on."

They walked along the road, Scrooge recognizing every gate, and post, and tree; until a little market-town appeared in the distance,

with its bridge, its church, and winding river. Some shaggy ponies now were seen trotting towards them with boys upon their backs, who called to other boys in country gigs and carts, driven by farmers. All these boys were in great spirits, and shouted to each other, until the broad fields were so full of merry music, that the crisp air laughed to hear it!

"These are but shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost. "They have no consciousness of us."

The jocund travelers came on; and as they came, Scrooge knew and named them every one. Why was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see them! Why did his cold eye glisten, and his heart leap up as they went past! Why was he filled with gladness when he heard them give each other Merry Christmas, as they parted at cross-roads and bye-ways, for their several homes! What was merry Christmas to Scrooge? Out upon merry Christmas! What good had it ever done to him?

"The school is not quite deserted," said the Ghost. "A solitary child, neglected by his friends, is left there still."

Scrooge said he knew it. And he sobbed.

They left the high-road, by a well-remembered lane, and soon approached a mansion of dull red brick, with a little weathercock-surmounted cupola on the roof, and a bell hanging in it. It was a large house, but one of broken fortunes; for the spacious offices were little used, their walls were damp and mossy, their windows broken, and their gates decayed. Fowls clucked and strutted in the stables; and the coach-houses and sheds were over-run with grass. Nor was it more retentive of its ancient state within; for entering the dreary hall, and glancing through the open doors of many rooms, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and vast. There was an earthy savor in the air, a chilly bareness in the place, which associated itself somehow with too much getting up by candle-light, and not too much to eat.

They went, the Ghost and Scrooge, across the hall, to a door at the back of the house. It opened before them, and disclosed a long, bare, melancholy room, made barer still by lines of plain deal forms and desks. At one of these a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire; and Scrooge sat down upon a form, and wept to see his poor forgotten self as he used to be.

Not a latent echo in the house, not a squeak and scuffle from the mice behind the paneling, not a drip from the half-thawed water-spout in the dull yard behind, not a sigh among the leafless boughs of one despondent poplar, not the idle swinging of an empty store-house door, no, not a clicking in the fire, but fell upon the heart of Scrooge with a softening influence, and gave a freer passage to his tears.

The Spirit touched him on the arm, and pointed to his younger self, intent upon his reading. Suddenly a man, in foreign garments: wonderfully real and distinct to look at: stood outside the window, with an axe stuck in his belt, and leading by the bridle an ass laden with wood.

"Why, it's Ali Baba!" Scrooge exclaimed in ecstasy. "It's dear old honest Ali Baba! Yes, yes, I know! One Christmas time, when yonder solitary child was left here all alone, he did come, for the first time, just like that. Poor boy! And Valentine," said Scrooge, "and his wild brother, Orson; there they go! And what's his name, who was put down in his drawers, asleep, at the Gate of Damascus; don't you see him! And the Sultan's Groom turned upside down by the Genii; there he is upon his head! Serve him right. I'm glad of it. What business had he to be married to the Princess!"

To hear Scrooge expending all the earnestness of his nature on such subjects, in a most extraordinary voice between laughing and crying; and to see his heightened and excited face; would have been a surprise to his business friends in the city, indeed.

"There's the Parrot!" cried Scrooge. "Green body and yellow tail, with a thing like a lettuce growing out of the top of his head; there he is! Poor Robin Crusoe, he called him, when he came home again after sailing round the island. 'Poor Robin Crusoe, where have you been, Robin Crusoe?' The man thought he was dreaming, but he wasn't. It was the Parrot, you know. There goes Friday, running for his life to the little creek! Halloa! Hoop! Halloo!"

Then, with a rapidity of transition very foreign to his usual character, he said, in pity for his former self, "Poor boy!" and cried again.

"I wish," Scrooge muttered, putting his hand in his pocket, and looking about him, after drying his eyes with his cuff: "but it's too late now."

"What is the matter?" asked the Spirit.

"Nothing," said Scrooge. "Nothing. There was a boy singing a Christmas Carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something: that's all."

The Ghost smiled thoughtfully, and waved its hand: saying as it did so, "Let us see another Christmas!"

Scrooge's former self grew larger at the words, and the room became a little darker and more dirty. The panels shrunk, the windows cracked; fragments of plaster fell out of the ceiling, and the naked laths were shown instead; but how all this was brought about, Scrooge knew no more than you do. He only knew that it was quite correct; that everything had happened so; that there he was, alone again, when all the other boys had gone home for the jolly holidays.

He was not reading now, but walking up and down despairingly. Scrooge looked at the Ghost, and with a mournful shaking of his head, glanced anxiously towards the door.

It opened; and a little girl, much younger than the boy, came darting in, and putting her arms about his neck, and often kissing him, addressed him as her "Dear, dear brother."

"I have come to bring you home, dear brother!" said the child, clapping her tiny hands, and bending down to laugh. "To bring you home, home, home!"

"Home, little Fan?" returned the boy.

"Yes!" said the child, brimful of glee. "Home, for good and all. Home, for ever and ever. Father is so much kinder than he used to be, that home's like Heaven! He spoke so gently to me one dear night when I was going to bed, that I was not afraid to ask him once more if you might come home; and he said Yes, you should; and sent me in a coach to bring you. And you're to be a man!" said the child, opening her eyes, "and are never to come back here; but first, we're to be together all the Christmas long, and have the merriest time in all the world."

"You are quite a woman, little Fan!" exclaimed the boy.

She clapped her hands and laughed, and tried to touch his head; but being too little, laughed again, and stood on tiptoe to embrace him. Then she began to drag him, in her childish eagerness, towards the door; and he, nothing loth to go, accompanied her.

A terrible voice in the hall cried, "Bring down Master Scrooge's box, there!" and in the hall appeared the schoolmaster himself, who glared on Master Scrooge with a ferocious condescension, and threw him into a dreadful state of mind by shaking hands with him. He then conveyed him and his sister into the veriest old well of a shivering best-parlor that ever was seen, where the maps upon the wall, and the celestial and terrestrial globes in the windows, were waxy with cold. Here he produced a decanter of curiously light wine, and a block of curiously heavy cake, and administered instalments of those dainties to the young people: at the same time, sending out a meagre servant to offer a glass of "something" to the postboy, who answered that he thanked the gentleman, but if it was the same tap as he had tasted before, he had rather not. Master Scrooge's trunk being by this time tied on to the top of the chaise, the children bade the school-master good-bye right willingly; and getting into it, drove gaily down the garden-sweep: the quick wheels dashing the hoar-frost and snow from off the dark leaves of the evergreens like spray.

"Always a delicate creature, whom a breath might have withered," said the Ghost. "But she had a large heart!"

"So she had," cried Scrooge. "You're right. I will not gainsay it, Spirit. God forbid!"

"She died a woman," said the Ghost, "and had, as I think, children."

"One child," Scrooge returned.

"True," said the Ghost. "Your nephew!"

Scrooge seemed uneasy in his mind; and answered briefly, "Yes."

Although they had but that moment left the school behind them, they were now in the busy thoroughfares of a city, where shadowy passengers passed and repassed; where shadowy carts and coaches battled for the way, and all the strife and tumult of a real city were. It was made plain enough, by the dressing of the shops, that here too it was Christmas time again; but it was evening, and the streets were lighted up.

The Ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge if he knew it.

"Know it!" said Scrooge. "Was I apprenticed here!"

They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh wig, sitting behind such a high desk, that if he had been two inches taller he must have knocked his head against the ceiling, Scrooge cried in great excitement:

"Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart; it's Fezziwig alive again!"

Old Fezzwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands; adjusted his capacious waistcoat; laughed all over himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence; and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice:

"Yo, ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

Scrooge's former self, now grown a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow-'prentice.

"Dick Wilkins, to be sure!" said Scrooge to the Ghost. "Bless me, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear!"

"Yo ho, my boys!" said Feeziwig. "No more work to-night. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up," cried old Fezziwig, with a sharp clap of his hands, "before a man can say Jack Robinson!"

You wouldn't believe how those two fellows went at it! They charged into the street with the shutters—one, two, three—had 'em up in their places—four, five, six—barred 'em and pinned 'em—seven, eight, nine—and came back before you could have got to twelve, panting like race-horses.

"Hilli-ho!" cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from the high

desk, with wonderful agility. "Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life for evermore; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and dry, and bright a ball-room, as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

In came a fiddler with a music-book and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master; trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door but one, who was proved to have had her ears pulled by her mistress. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once; hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them! When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter, especially provided for that purpose. But scorning rest, upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were no dancers yet, as if the other fiddler had been carried home, exhausted, on a shutter, and he were a brand-new man resolved to beat him out of sight, or perish.

There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was negus, and there was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there were mince-pies, and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the Roast and Boiled, when the fiddler (an artful dog, mind! The sort of man who knew his business better than you or I could have told it him!) struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people

who were not to be trifled with; people who would dance, and had no notion of walking.

But if they had been twice as many—ah, four times—old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to her, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll use it. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance like moons. You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would have become of them next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance; advance and retire, both hands to your partner, bow and curtsey, corkscrew, thread-the-needle, and back again to your place; Fezziwig "cut"—cut so deftly, that he appeared to wink with his legs, and came upon his feet again without a stagger.

When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side of the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds; which were under a counter in the back-shop.

During the whole of this time, Scrooge had acted like a man out of his wits. His heart and soul were in the scene, and with his former self. He corroborated everything, remembering everything, enjoyed everything, and underwent the strangest agitation. It was not until now, when the bright faces of his former self and Dick were turned from them, that he remembered the Ghost, and became conscious that it was looking full upon him, while the light upon its head burnt very clear.

"A small matter," said the Ghost, "to make these silly folks so full of gratitude."

"Small!" echoed Scrooge.

The Spirit signed to him to listen to the two apprentices, who were pouring out their hearts in praise of Fezziwig: and when he had done so, said.

"Why! Is it not? He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money: three or four perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?"

"It isn't that," said Scrooge, heated by the remark, and speaking unconsciously like his former, not his latter, self. "It isn't that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks; in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count 'em up: what then? The happiness he gives, is quite as great as if it cost a fortune."

He felt the Spirit's glance, and stopped.

"What is the matter?" asked the Ghost.

"Nothing particular," said Scrooge.

"Something, I think?" the Ghost insisted.

"No," said Scrooge, "No. I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now. That's all."

His former self turned down the lamps as he gave utterance to the wish; and Scrooge and the Ghost again stood side by side in the open air.

"My time grows short," observed the Spirit. "Quick!"

This was not addressed to Scrooge, or to any one whom he could see, but it produced an immediate effect. For again Scrooge saw himself. He was older now; a man in the prime of life. His face had not the harsh and rigid lines of later years; but it had begun to wear the signs of care and avarice. There was an eager, greedy, restless motion in the eye, which showed the passion that had taken root, and where the shadow of the growing tree would fall.

He was not alone, but sat by the side of a fair young girl in a mourning-dress: in whose eyes there were tears, which sparkled in the light that shone out of the Ghost of Christmas Past.

"It matters little," she said, softly. "To you, very little. Another idol has displaced me; and if it can cheer and comfort you in time to come, as I would have tried to do, I have no just cause to grieve."

"What Idol has displaced you?" he rejoined.

"A golden one."

"This is the even-handed dealing of the world!" he said. "There is nothing on which it is so hard as poverty; and there is nothing it professes to condemn with such severity as the pursuit of wealth!"

"You fear the world too much," she answered, gently. "All your other hopes have merged into the hope of being beyond the chance of its sordid reproach. I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the master-passion, Gain, engrosses you. Have I not?"

"What then?" he retorted. "Even if I have grown so much wiser, what then? I am not changed towards you."

She shook her head.

"Am I?"

"Our contract is an old one. It was made when we were both poor and content to be so, until, in good season, we could improve our worldly fortune by our patient industry. You are changed. When it was made, you were another man."

"I was a boy," he said impatiently.

"Your own feeling tells you that you were not what you are," she returned. "I am. That which promised happiness when we

were one in heart, is fraught with misery now that we are two. How often and how keenly I have thought of this, I will not say. It is enough that I have thought of it, and can release you."

"Have I ever sought release?"

"In words. No. Never."

"In what, then?"

"In a changed nature; in an altered spirit; in another atmosphere of life; another Hope as its great end. In everything that made my love of any worth or value in your sight. If this had never been between us," said the girl, looking mildly, but with steadiness, upon him; "tell me, would you seek me out and try to win me now? Ah, no!"

He seemed to yield to the justice of this supposition, in spite of himself. But he said with a struggle, "You think not."

"I would gladly think otherwise if I could," she answered, "Heaven knows! When I have learned a Truth like this, I know how strong and irresistible it must be. But if you were free to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, can even I believe that you would choose a dowerless girl—you who, in your very confidence with her, weigh everything by Gain: or, choosing her, if for a moment you were false enough to your one guiding principle to do so, do I not know that your repentance and regret would surely follow? I do; and I release you. With a full heart, for the love of him you once were."

He was about to speak; but with her head turned from him, she resumed.

"You may—the memory of what is past half makes me hope you will—have pain in this. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it, gladly, as an unprofitable dream, from which it happened well that you awoke. May you be happy in the life you have chosen!"

She left him, and they parted.

"Spirit!" said Scrooge, "show me no more! Conduct me home. Why do you delight to torture me?"

"One shadow more!" exclaimed the Ghost.

"No more!" cried Scrooge. "No more. I don't wish to see it. Show me no more!"

But the relentless Ghost pinioned him in both his arms, and forced him to observe what happened next.

They were in another scene and place; a room, not very large or handsome, but full of comfort. Near to the winter fire sat a beautiful young girl, so like that last that Scrooge believed it was the same, until he saw her, now a comely matron, sitting opposite her daughter. The noise in this room was perfectly tumultuous, for there were more children there, than Scrooge in his agitated state of mind could count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the poem,

they were not forty children conducting themselves like one, but every child was conducting itself like forty. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief; but no one seemed to care; on the contrary, the mother and daughter laughed heartily, and enjoyed it very much; and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in the sports, got pillaged by the young brigands most ruthlessly. What would I not have given to be one of them! Though I never could have been so rude, no, no! I wouldn't for the wealth of all the world have crushed that braided hair, and torn it down; and for the precious little shoe, I wouldn't have plucked it off, God bless my soul! to save my life. As to measuring her waist in sport, as they did, bold young brood, I couldn't have done it; I should have expected my arm to have grown round it for a punishment, and never come straight again. And yet I should have dearly liked, I own, to have touched her lips; to have questioned her, that she might have opened them; to have looked upon the lashes of her downcast eyes, and never raised a blush; to have let loose waves of hair, an inch of which would be a keepsake beyond price: in short, I should have liked, I do confess, to have had the lightest license of a child, and yet to have been man enough to know its value.

But now a knocking at the door was heard, and such a rush immediately ensued that she with laughing face and plundered dress was borne towards it the center of a flushed and boisterous group, just in time to greet the father, who came home attended by a man laden with Christmas toys and presents. Then the shouting and the struggling, and the onslaught that was made on the defenseless porter! The scaling him with chairs for ladders to dive into his pockets, despoil him of brown-paper parcels, hold on tight by his cravat, hug him round his neck, pommel his back, and kick his legs in irrepressible affection! The shouts of wonder and delight with which the development of every package was received! The terrible announcement that the baby had been taken in the act of putting a doll's frying-pan into his mouth, and was more than suspected of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, glued on a wooden platter! The immense relief of finding this a false alarm! The joy, and gratitude, and ecstasy! They are all indescribable alike. It is enough that by degrees the children and their emotions got out of the parlor, and by one stair at a time, up to the top of the house; where they went to bed, and so subsided.

And now Scrooge looked on more attentively than ever, when the master of the house, having his daughter leaning fondly on him, sat down with her and her mother at his own fireside; and when he thought that such another creature, quite as graceful and as full of promise, might have called him father, and been a spring-time in the haggard winter of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed.

"Belle," said the husband, turning to his wife with a smile, "I saw an old friend of yours this afternoon."

"Who was it?"

"Guess!"

"How can I? Tut, don't I know?" she added in the same breath, laughing as he laughed. "Mr. Scrooge."

"Mr. Scrooge it was. I passed his office window; and as it was not shut up, and he had a candle inside, I could scarcely help seeing him. His partner lies upon the point of death, I hear; and there he sat alone. Quite alone in the world, I do believe."

"Spirit!" said Scrooge in a broken voice, "remove me from this place."

"I told you these were shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost. "That they are what they are, do not blame me!"

"Remove me!" Scrooge exclaimed, "I cannot bear it!"

He turned upon the Ghost, and seeing that it looked upon him with a face, in which in some strange way there were fragments of all the faces it had shown him, wrestled with it.

"Leave me! Take me back. Haunt me no longer!"

In the struggle, if that can be called a struggle in which the Ghost with no visible resistance on his part was undisturbed by any effort of its adversary, Scrooge observed that its light was burning high and bright; and dimly connecting that with its influence over him, he seized the extinguisher-cap, and by a sudden action pressed it down upon its head.

The Spirit dropped beneath it, so that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge pressed it down with all his force, he could not hide the light, which streamed from under it, in an unbroken flood upon the ground.

He was conscious of being exhausted, and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being in his own bedroom. He gave the cap a parting squeeze, in which his hand relaxed; and had barely time to reel to bed, before he sank into a heavy sleep.

STAVE III

THE SECOND OF THE THREE SPIRITS

Awaking in the middle of a prodigiously tough snore, and sitting up in bed to get his thoughts together, Scrooge had no occasion to be told that the bell was again upon the stroke of One. He felt that he was restored to consciousness in the right nick of time, for the especial purpose of holding a conference with the second messenger dispatched to him through Jacob Marley's intervention. But, finding that he turned uncomfortably cold when he began to wonder which

of his curtains this new specter would draw back, he put them every one aside with his own hands, and lying down again, established a sharp look-out all round the bed. For he wished to challenge the Spirit on the moment of its appearance, and did not wish to be taken by surprise, and made nervous.

Gentlemen of the free-and-easy sort, who plume themselves on being acquainted with a move or two, and being usually equal to the time-of-day, express the wide range of their capacity for adventure for observing that they are good for anything from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter; between which opposite extremes, no doubt, there lies a tolerably wide and comprehensive range of subjects. Without venturing for Scrooge quite as hardily as this, I don't mind calling on you to believe that he was ready for a good broad field of strange appearances, and that nothing between a baby and rhinoceros would have astonished him very much.

Now, being prepared for almost anything, he was not by any means prepared for nothing; and, consequently, when the Bell struck One, and no shape appeared, he was taken with a violent fit of trembling. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour went by, yet nothing came. All this time, he lay upon his bed, the very core and center of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the clock proclaimed the hour; and which, being only light, was more alarming than a dozen ghosts, as he was powerless to make out what it meant, or would be at; and was sometimes apprehensive that he might be at that very moment an interesting case of spontaneous combustion, without having the consolation of knowing it. At last, however, he began to think—as you or I would have thought at first; for it is always the person not in the predicament who knows what ought to have been done in it, and would unquestionably have done it too—at last, I say, he began to think that the source and secret of this ghostly light might be in the adjoining room, from whence, on further tracing it, it seemed to shine. This idea taking full possession of his mind, he got up softly and shuffled in his slippers to the door.

The moment Scrooge's hand was on the lock, a strange voice called him by his name, and bade him enter. He obeyed.

It was his own room. There was no doubt about that. But it had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green, that it looked a perfect grove; from every part of which, bright gleaming berries glistened. The crisp leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if so many little mirrors had been scattered there; and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney, as that dull petrification of a hearth had never known in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many a win-

ter season gone. Heaped up on the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, great joints of meat, sucking-pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince-pies, plum-puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense twelfth-cakes, and seething bowls of punch, that made the chamber dim with their delicious steam. In easy state upon this couch, there sat a jolly Giant, glorious to see; who bore a glowing torch; in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge, as he came peeping round the door.

"Come in!" exclaimed the Ghost. "Come in! and know me better, man!"

Scrooge entered timidly, and hung his head before this Spirit. He was not the dogged Scrooge he had been; and though the Spirit's eyes were clear and kind, he did not like to meet them.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present," said the Spirit. "Look upon me!"

Scrooge reverently did so. It was clothed in one simple green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. This garment hung so loosely on the figure, that its capacious breast was bare, as if disdaining to be warded or concealed by any artifice. Its feet, observable beneath the ample folds of the garment, were also bare; and on its head it wore no other covering than a holly wreath, set here and there with shining icicles. Its dark brown curls were long and free; free as its genial face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its cheery voice, its unconstrained demeanor, and its joyful air. Girded round its middle was an antique scabbard; but no sword was in it, and the ancient sheath was eaten up with rust.

"You have never seen the like of me before!" exclaimed the Spirit.

"Never," Scrooge made answer to it.

"Have never walked forth with the younger members of my family; meaning (for I am very young) my elder brothers born in these later years?" pursued the Phantom.

"I don't think I have," said Scrooge. "I am afraid I have not. Have you had many brothers, Spirit?"

"More than eighteen hundred," said the Ghost.

"A tremendous family to provide for!" muttered Scrooge.

The Ghost of Christmas Present rose.

"Spirit," said Scrooge submissively, "conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learned a lesson which is working now. To-night, if you have ought to teach me, let me profit by it."

"Touch my robe!"

Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast.

Holly, mistletoe, red berries, ivy, turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, meat, pigs, sausages, oysters, pies, puddings, fruit, and punch, all vanished instantly. So did the room, the fire, the ruddy glow, the hour of night, and they stood in the city streets on Christmas morning, where (for the weather was severe) the people made a rough, but brisk and not unpleasant kind of music, in scraping the snow from the pavement in front of their dwellings, and from the tops of their houses, whence it was mad delight to the boys to see it come plumping down into the road below, and splitting into artificial little snow-storms.

The house fronts looked black enough, and the windows blacker, contrasting with the smooth white sheet of snow upon the roofs, and with the dirtier snow upon the ground; which last deposit had been plowed up in deep furrows by the heavy wheels of carts and wagons; furrows that crossed and re-crossed each other hundreds of times where the great streets branched off; and made intricate channels, hard to trace in the thick yellow mud and icy water. The sky was gloomy, and the shortest streets were choked up with a dingy mist, half thawed, half frozen, whose heavier particles descended in a shower of sooty atoms, as if all the chimneys in Great Britain had, by one consent, caught fire, and were blazing away to their dear hearts' content. There was nothing very cheerful in the climate or the town, and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have endeavored to diffuse in vain.

For the people who were shoveling away on the housetops were jovial and full of glee; calling out to one another from the parapets, and now and then exchanging a facetious snowball—better-natured missile far than many a wordy jest—laughing heartily if it went right and not less heartily if it went wrong. The poulterers' shops were still half open, and the fruiterers' were radiant in their glory. There were great, round, pot-bellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the doors, and tumbling out into the street in their apoplectic opulence. There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish Onions, shining in the fatness of their growth like Spanish Friars, and winking from their shelves in wanton slyness at the girls as they went by, and glanced demurely at the hung-up mistletoe. There were pears and apples, clustered high in blooming pyramids; there were bunches of grapes, made in the shopkeepers' benevolence to dangle from conspicuous hooks, that people's mouths might water gratis as they passed; there were piles of filberts, mossy and brown, recalling, in their fragrance, ancient walks among the woods, and pleasant shufflings ankle deep through withered leaves; there were Norfolk Biffins, squab and swarthy, setting off the yellow of the oranges and lemons, and, in the great compactness of

their juicy persons, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home in paper bags and eaten after dinner. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a bowl, though members of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to know that there was something going on; and, to a fish, went gasping round and round their little world in slow and passionless excitement.

The Grocers'! oh the Grocers'! nearly closed, with perhaps two shutters down, or one; but through those gaps such glimpses! It was not alone that the scales descending on the counter made a merry sound, or that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the canisters were rattled up and down like juggling tricks, or even that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so grateful to the nose, or even that the raisins were so plentiful and rare, the almonds so extremely white, the sticks of cinnamon so long and straight, the other spaces so delicious, the candied fruits so caked and spotted with molten sugar as to make the coldest lookers-on faint and subsequently bilious. Nor was it that the figs were moist and pulpy, or that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their highly-decorated boxes, or that everything was good to eat and in its Christmas dress; but the customers were all so hurried and so eager in the hopeful promise of the day, that they tumbled up against each other at the door, crashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the counter, and came running back to fetch them, and committed hundreds of the like mistakes, in the best humor possible; while the Grocer and his people were so frank and fresh that the polished hearts with which they fastened their aprons behind might have been their own, worn outside for general inspection, and for Christmas daws to peck at if they chose.

But soon the steeples called good people all, to church and chapel, and away they came, flocking through the streets in their best clothes, and with their gayest faces. And at the same time there emerged from scores of bye-streets, lanes, and nameless turnings, innumerable people, carrying their dinners to the bakers' shops. The sight of these poor revellers appeared to interest the Spirit very much, for he stood with Scrooge beside him in a baker's doorway, and taking off the covers as their bearers passed, sprinkled incense on their dinners from his torch. And it was a very uncommon kind of torch, for once or twice when there were angry words between some dinner-carriers who had jostled each other, he shed a few drops of water on them from it, and their good humor was restored directly. For they said, it was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. And so it was! God love it, so it was!

In time the bells ceased, and the bakers were shut up; and yet there was a general shadowing forth of all these dinners and the progress of their cooking, in the thawed blotch of wet above each

baker's oven; where the pavement smoked as if stones were cooking too.

"Is there a peculiar flavor in what you sprinkle from your torch?" asked Scrooge.

"There is. My own."

"Would it apply to any kind of dinner on this day?" asked Scrooge.

"To any kindly given. To a poor one most."

"Why to a poor one most?" asked Scrooge.

"Because it needs it most."

"Spirit," said Scrooge, after a moment's thought, "I wonder you, of all the beings in the many worlds about us, should desire to cramp these people's opportunities of innocent enjoyment."

"I!" cried the Spirit.

"You would deprive them of their means of dining every seventh day, often the only day on which they can be said to dine at all," said Scrooge. "Wouldn't you?"

"I!" cried the Spirit.

"You seek to close these places on the Seventh Day?" said Scrooge. "And it comes to the same thing."

"I seek!" exclaimed the Spirit.

"Forgive me if I am wrong. It has been done in your name, or at least in that of your family," said Scrooge.

"There are some upon this earth of yours," returned the Spirit, "who lay claim to know us, and who do their deeds of passion, pride, ill-will, hatred, envy, bigotry, and selfishness in our name, who are as strange to us and all our kith and kin, as if they had never lived. Remember that, and charge their doings on themselves, not us."

Scrooge promised that he would; and they went on, invisible, as they they had been before, into the suburbs of the town. It was a remarkable quality of the Ghost (which Scrooge had observed at the baker's), that notwithstanding his gigantic size, he could accommodate himself to any place with ease; and that he stood beneath a low roof quite as gracefully and like a supernatural creature, as it was possible he could have done in any lofty hall.

And perhaps it was the pleasure the good spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his robe; and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinkling of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "Bob" a-week himself; he pocketed but fifteen copies of his Christian name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and

make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable Parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelled the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half-an-hour?"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's such a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and

bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk, and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool before the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer; Master Peter, and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course—and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took up Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, let they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all

at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break it turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratichits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastrycook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel-full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass. Two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

"Spirit," said Scrooge, with an interest he had never felt before, "tell me if Tiny Tim will live."

"I see a vacant seat," replied the Ghost, "in the poor chimney-corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, the child will die."

"No, no," said Scrooge. "Oh, no, kind Spirit! say he will be spared."

"If these shadows remain unaltered by the future, none other of my race," returned the Ghost, "will find him here. What then? If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

Scrooge hung his head to hear his own words quoted by the Spirit, and was overcome with penitence and grief.

"Man," said the Ghost, "if man you be in heart, not adamant, forbear that wicked cant until you have discovered What the surplus is, and Where it is. Will you decide what men shall live, what men shall die? It may be, that in the sight of Heaven, you are more worthless and less fit to live than millions like this poor man's child. Oh God! to hear the Insect on the leaf pronouncing on the too much life among his hungry brothers in the dust!"

Scrooge bent before the Ghost's rebuke, and trembling cast his eyes upon the ground. But he raised them speedily, on hearing his own name.

"Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob; "I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!"

"The Founder of the Feast indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it."

"My dear," said Bob, "the children! Christmas Day!"

"It should be Christmas Day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas Day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake and the Day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A merry Christmas and a happy new year! He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt!"

The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care twopence for it. Scrooge was the Ogre of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party, which was not dispelled for full five minutes.

After it had passed away, they were ten times merrier than before, from the mere relief of Scrooge the Baleful being done with. Bob

Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favor when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income. Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to lie abed to-morrow morning for a good long rest; to-morrow being a holiday she passed at home. Also how she had seen a countess and a lord some days before, and how the lord "was much about as tall as Peter"; at which Peter pulled up his collars so high that you couldn't have seen his head if you had been there. All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round; and by-and-bye they had a song, about a lost child traveling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed.

There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being water-proof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawnbroker's. But they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time; and when they faded, and looked happier yet in the bright sprinklings of the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last.

By this time it was getting dark, and snowing heavily; and as Scrooge and the Spirit went along the streets, the brightness of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlors, and all sorts of rooms, was wonderful. Here, the flickering of the blaze showed preparations for a cozy dinner, with hot plates baking through and through before the fire, and deep red curtains, ready to be drawn to shut out cold and darkness. There all the children of the house were running out into the snow to meet their married sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, and be the first to greet them. Here, again, were shadows on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all chattering at once, tripped lightly off to some near neighbor's house; where, woe upon the single man who saw them enter—artful witches, well they knew it—in a glow!

But, if you had judged from the number of people on their way to friendly gatherings, you might have thought that no one was at home to give them welcome when they got there, instead of every house expecting company, and piling up its fires half-chimney high. Blessings on it, how the Ghost exulted! How it bared its breadth of breast, and opened its capacious palm, and floated on, outpouring,

with a generous hand, its bright and harmless mirth on everything within its reach! The very lamplighter, who ran on before, dotting the dusky street with specks of light, and who was dressed to spend the evening somewhere, laughed out loudly as the Spirit passed, though little kenned the lamplighter that he had any company but Christmas!

And now, without a word of warning from the Ghost, they stood upon a bleak and desert moor, where monstrous masses of rude stone were cast about, as though it were the burial-place of giants; and water spread itself wheresoever it listed, or would have done so, but for the frost that held it prisoner; and nothing grew but moss and furze, and coarse rank grass. Down in the west the setting sun had left a streak of fiery red, which glared upon the desolation for an instant, like a sullen eye, and frowning lower, lower, lower, yet was lost in the thick gloom of darkest night.

"What place is this?" asked Scrooge.

"A place where Miners live, who labor in the bowels of the earth," returned the Spirit. "But they know me. See!"

A light shone from the window of a hut, and swiftly they advanced towards it. Passing through the wall of mud and stone, they found a cheerful company assembled round a glowing fire. An old, old man and woman, with their children and their children's children, and another generation beyond that, all decked out gaily in their holiday attire. The old man, in a voice that seldom rose above the howling of the wind upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas song —it had been a very old song when he was a boy—and from time to time they all joined in the chorus. So surely as they raised their voices, the old man got quite blithe and loud; and so surely as they stopped, his vigor sank again.

The Spirit did not tarry here, but bade Scrooge hold his robe, and passing on above the moor, sped—whither? Not to sea? To sea. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw the last of the land, a frightful range of rocks, behind them; and his ears were deafened by the thundering of water, as it rolled and roared, and raged among the dreadful caverns it had worn, and fiercely tried to undermine the earth.

Built upon a dismal reef or sunken rocks, some leagues or so from shore, on which the waters chafed and dashed, the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. Great heaps of sea-weed clung to its base, and storm-birds—born of the wind one might suppose, as sea-weed of the water—rose and fell about it, like the waves they skimmed.

But even here, two men who watched the light had made a fire, that through the loophole in the thick stone wall shed out a ray of brightness on the awful sea. Joining their horny hands over the rough

table at which they sat, they wished each other Merry Christmas in their can of grog; and one of them: the elder, too, with his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the figure-head of an old ship might be: struck up a sturdy song that was like a Gale in itself.

Again the Ghost sped on, above the black and heaving sea—on, on—until, being far away, as he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a ship. They stood beside the helmsman at the wheel, the look-out in the bow, the officers who had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their several stations; but every man among them hummed a Christmas tune, or had a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath to his companion of some bygone Christmas Day, with homeward hopes belonging to it. And every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had a kinder word for another on that day than on any day in the year; and had shared to some extent in its festivities; and had remembered those he cared for at a distance, and had known that they delighted to remember him.

It was a great surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the moaning of the wind, and thinking what a solemn thing it was to move on through the lonely darkness over an unknown abyss, whose depths were secrets as profound as Death: it was a great surprise to Scrooge, while thus engaged, to hear a hearty laugh. It was a much greater surprise to Scrooge to recognize it as his own nephew's, and to find himself in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the Spirit standing smiling by his side, and looking at that same nephew with approving affability!

"Ha, ha!" laughed Scrooge's nephew. "Ha, ha, ha!"

If you should happen, by any unlikely chance, to know a man more blest in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, all I can say is, I should like to know him too. Introduce him to me, and I'll cultivate his acquaintance.

It is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humor. When Scrooge's nephew laughed in this way: holding his sides, rolling his head, and twisting his face into the most extravagant contortions: Scrooge's niece, by marriage, laughed as heartily as he. And their assembled friends being not a bit behindhand, roared out lustily.

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live!" cried Scrooge's nephew. "He believed it too!"

"More shame for him, Fred!" said Scrooge's niece, indignantly. Bless those women; they never do anything by halves. They are always in earnest.

She was very pretty: exceedingly pretty. With a dimpled, sur-

prised-looking, capital face; a ripe little mouth, that seemed made to be kissed—as no doubt it was; all kinds of good little dots about her chin, that melted into one another when she laughed; and the sunniest pair of eyes you ever saw in any little creature's head. Altogether she was what you would have called provoking, you know; but satisfactory, too. Oh, perfectly satisfactory.

"He's a comical old fellow," said Scrooge's nephew, "that's the truth: and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offences carry their own punishment, and I have nothing to say against him."

"I'm sure he is very rich, Fred," hinted Scrooge's niece. "At least you always tell me so."

"What of that, my dear!" said Scrooge's nephew. "His wealth is of no use to him. He don't do any good with it. He don't make himself comfortable with it. He hasn't the satisfaction of thinking—ha, ha, ha!—that he is ever going to benefit US with it."

"I have no patience with him," observed Scrooge's niece. Scrooge's niece's sisters, and all the other ladies, expressed the same opinion.

"Oh, I have!" said Scrooge's nephew. "I am sorry for him; I couldn't be angry with him if I tried. Who suffers by his ill whims! Himself, always. Here, he takes it into his head to dislike, and he won't come and dine with us. What's the consequence? He don't lose much of a dinner."

"Indeed, I think he loses a very good dinner," interrupted Scrooge's niece. Everybody else said the same, and they must be allowed to have been competent judges, because they had just had dinner; and, with the dessert upon the table, were clustered round the fire, by lamplight.

"Well! I'm very glad to hear it," said Scrooge's nephew, "because I haven't great faith in these young housekeepers. What do you say, Topper?"

Topper had clearly got his eye upon one of Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he answered that a bachelor was a wretched outcast, who had no right to express an opinion on the subject. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sister—the plump one with the lace tucker: not the one with the roses—blushed.

"Do go on, Fred," said Scrooge's niece, clapping her hands. "He never finishes what he begins to say! He is such a ridiculous fellow!"

Scrooge's nephew reveled in another laugh, and as it was impossible to keep the infection off; though the plump sister tried hard to do it with aromatic vinegar; his example was unanimously followed.

"I was going to say," said Scrooge's nephew, "that the consequence of his taking a dislike to us, and not making merry with us, is, as I think, that he loses some pleasant moments, which could do him no harm. I am sure he loses pleasanter companions that he can

find in his own thoughts, either in his mouldy old office, or his dusty chambers. I mean to give him the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not, for I pity him. He may rail at Christmas till he dies, but he can't help thinking better of it!—I defy him—if he finds me going there, in good temper, year after year, and saying, Uncle Scrooge, how are you? If it only puts him in the vein to leave his poor clerk fifty pounds, that's something; and I think I shook him yesterday."

It was their turn to laugh now at the notion of his shaking Scrooge. But being thoroughly good-natured, and not much caring what they laughed at, so that they laughed at any rate, he encouraged them in their merriment, and passed the bottle joyously.

After tea, they had some music. For they were a musical family, and knew what they were about, when they sung a Glee or Catch, I can assure you: especially Topper, who could growl away in the bass like a good one, and never swell the large veins in his forehead, or get red in the face over it. Scrooge's niece played well upon the harp; and played among other tunes a simple little air (a mere nothing: you might learn to whistle it in two minutes), which had been familiar to the child who feted Scrooge from the boarding-school, as he had been reminded by the Ghost of Christmas Past. When this strain of music sounded, all the things that Ghost had shown him, came upon his mind; he softened more and more; and thought that if he could listened to it often, years ago, he might have cultivated the kindnesses of life for his own happiness with his own hands, without resorting to the sexton's spade that buried Jacob Marley.

But they didn't devote the whole evening to music. After a while they played at forfeits; for it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child himself. Stou! There was first a game at blind-man's buff. Of course there was. And I no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe he had eyes in his boots. My opinion is, that it was a done thing between him and Scrooge's nephew; and that the Ghost of Christmas Present knew it. The way he went after that plump sister in the lace tucker, was an outrage on the credulity of human nature. Knocking down the fire-irons, tumbling over the chairs, bumping against the piano, smothering himself among the curtains, wherever she went, there went he! He always knew where the plump sister was. He wouldn't catch anybody else. If you had fallen up against him (as some of them did), on purpose, he would have made a feint of endeavoring to seize you, which would have been an affront to your understanding, and would instantly have sidled off in the direction of the plump sister. She often cried out it wasn't fair; and it really was not. But when at last, he caught her; when, in

spite of all her silken rustlings, and her rapid flutterings past him, he got her into a corner whence there was no escape; then his conduct was the most execrable. For his pretending not to know her; his pretending that it was necessary to touch her head-dress, and further to assure himself of her identity by pressing a certain ring upon her finger, and a certain chain about her neck; was vile, monstrous! No doubt she told him her opinion of it, when, another blind-man being in office, they were so very confidential together, behind the curtains.

Scrooge's niece was not one of the blind-man's buff party, but was made comfortable with a large chair and a footstool, in a snug corner, where the Ghost and Scrooge were close behind her. But she joined in the forfeits, and loved her lover to admiration with all the letters of the alphabet. Likewise at the gate of How, When, and Where, she was very great, and to the secret joy of Scrooge's nephew, beat her sisters hollow: though they were sharp girls too, as Topper could have told you. There might have been twenty people there, young and old, but they all played, and so did Scrooge; for wholly forgetting in the interest he had in what was going on, that his voice made no sound in their ears, he sometimes came out with his guess quite loud, and very often guessed quite right, too; for the sharpest needles, best Whitechapel, warranted not to cut in the eye, was not sharper than Scrooge; blunt as he took it in his head to be.

The Ghost was greatly pleased to find him in this mood, and looked upon him with such favor, that he begged like a boy to be allowed to stay until the guests departed. But this the Spirit said could not be done.

"Here is a new game," said Scrooge. "One half hour, Spirit, only one!"

It was a Game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew had to think of something, and the rest must find out what; he only answering to their questions yes or no, as the case was. The brisk fire of questioning to which he was exposed, elicited from him that he was thinking of an animal, a live animal, rather a disagreeable animal, a savage animal, an animal that growled and grunted sometimes, and talked sometimes, and lived in London, and walked about the streets, and wasn't made a show of, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't live in a menagerie, and was never killed in a market, and was not a horse, or an ass, or a cow, or a bull, or a tiger, or a dog, or a pig, or a cat, or a bear. At every fresh question that was put to him, this nephew burst into a fresh roar of laughter; and was so inexpressibly tickled, that he was obliged to get up off the sofa and stamp. At last the plump sister, falling into a similar state, cried out:

"I have found it out! I known what it is, Fred! I know what it is!"

"What is it?" cried Fred.

"It's your Uncle Scro-o-o-o-oge!"

Which is certainly was. Admiration was the universal sentiment, though some objected that the reply to "Is it a bear?" ought to have been "Yes"; inasmuch as an answer in the negative was sufficient to have diverted their thoughts from Mr. Scrooge, supposing they had ever had any tendency that way.

"He has given us plenty of merriment, I am sure," said Fred, "and it would be ungrateful not to drink his health. Here is a glass of mulled wine ready to our hand at the moment; and I say, 'Uncle Scrooge!'"

"Well! Uncle Scrooge!" they cried.

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the old man, whatever he is!" said Scrooge's nephew. "He wouldn't take it from me, but may he have it, nevertheless. Uncle Scrooge!"

Uncle Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart, that he would have pledged the unconscious company in return, and thanked them in an inaudible speech, if the Ghost had given him time. But the whole scene passed off in the breath of the last word spoken by his nephew; and he and the Spirit were again upon their travels.

Much they saw, and far they went, and many homes they visited, but always with a happy end. The Spirit stood beside sick beds, and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were close at home; by struggling men, and they were patient in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was rich. In almshouse, hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in his little brief authority had not made fast the door, and barred the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts.

It was a long night, if it were only a night; but Scrooge had his doubts of this, because the Christmas Holidays appeared to be condensed into the space of time they passed together. It was strange, too, that while Scrooge remained unaltered in his outward form, the Ghost grew older, clearly older. Scrooge had observed this change, but never spoke of it, until they left a children's Twelfth Night party, when, looking at the Spirit as they stood together in an open place, he noticed that its hair was gray.

"Are spirits' lives so short?" asked Scrooge.

"My life upon this globe, is very brief," replied the Ghost. "It ends to-night."

"To-night!" cried Scrooge.

"To-night at midnight. Hark! The time is drawing near."

The chimes were ringing the three quarters past eleven at that moment.

"Forgive me if I am not justified in what I ask," said Scrooge, looking intently at the Spirit's robe, "but I see something strange, and

not belonging to yourself, protruding from your skirts. Is it a foot or a claw?"

"It might be a claw, for the flesh there is upon it," was the Spirit's sorrowful reply. "Look here."

From the foldings of its robe, it brought two children; wretched, abject, frightful hideous, miserable. They knelt down at its feet, and clung upon the outside of its garment.

"Oh, Man! look here. Look, look, down here!" exclaimed the Ghost.

They were a boy and girl. Yellow, meager, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their humility. Where graceful youth should have filled their features out, and touched them with its freshest tints, a stale and shrivelled hand, like that of age, had pinched, and twisted them, and pulled them into shreds. Where angels might have sat enthroned, devils lurked, and glared out menacing. No change, no degradation, no perversion of humility, in any grade, through all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so horrible and dread.

Scrooge started back, appalled. Having them shown to him in this way, he tried to say they were fine children, but the words choked themselves, rather than be parties to a lie of such enormous magnitude.

"Spirit! are they yours?" Scrooge could say no more.

"They are Man's," said the Spirit, looking down upon them. "And they cling to me, appealing from their fathers. This boy is Ignorance. This girl is Want. Beware them both, and all of their degree, but most of all beware this boy, for on his brow I see that written which is Doom, unless the writing be erased. Deny it!" cried the Spirit, stretching out its hand towards the city. "Slander those who tell it ye! Admit it for your factious purposes, and make it worse. And abide the end!"

"Have they no refuge or resource?" cried Scrooge.

"Are there no prisons?" said the Spirit, turning on him for the last time with his own words. "Are there no workhouses?"

The bell struck twelve.

Scrooge looked about him for the Ghost, and saw it not. As the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming, like a mist along the ground, towards him.

STAVE IV

THE LAST OF THE SPIRITS

THE Phantom slowly, gravely, silently approached. When it came near him, Scrooge bent down upon his knee; for in the very air through which this Spirit moved it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery.

It was shrouded in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, its face, its form, and left nothing of it visible save one outstretched hand. But for this it would have been difficult to detach its figure from the night, and separate it from the darkness by which it was surrounded.

He felt that it was tall and stately when it came beside him, and that its mysterious presence filled him with a solemn dread. He knew no more, for the Spirit neither spoke nor moved.

"I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come?" said Scrooge.

The Spirit answered not, but pointed onward with its hand.

"You are about to show me shadows of the things that have not happened, but will happen in the time before us," Scrooge pursued. "Is that so, Spirit?"

The upper portion of the garment was contracted for an instant in its folds, as if the Spirit had inclined its head. That was the only answer he received.

Although well used to ghostly company by this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much that his legs trembled beneath him, and he found that he could hardly stand when he prepared to follow it. The Spirit paused a moment, as observing his condition, and giving him time to recover.

But Scrooge was all the worse for this. It thrilled him with a vague uncertain horror, to know that behind the dusky shroud, there were ghostly eyes intently fixed upon him, while he, though he stretched his own to the utmost, could see nothing but a spectral hand and one great heap of black.

"Ghost of the Future!" he exclaimed, "I fear you more than any specter I have seen. But as I know your purpose is to do me good, and as I hope to live to be another man from what I was, I am prepared to bear you company, and do it with a thankful heart. Will you not speak to me?"

It gave him no reply. The hand was pointed straight before them.

"Lead on!" said Scrooge. "Lead on! The night is waning fast, and it is precious time to me, I know. Lead on, Spirit!"

The Phantom moved away as it had come towards him. Scrooge

followed in the shadow of its dress, which bore him up, he thought, and carried him along.

They scarcely seemed to enter the city; for the city rather seemed to spring up about them, and encompass them of its own act. But there they were, in the heart of it; on 'Change, amongst the merchants; who hurried up and down, and chinked the money in their pockets, and conversed in groups, and looked at their watches, and trifled thoughtfully with their great gold seals; and so forth, as Scrooge had seen them often.

The Spirit stopped beside one little knot of business men. Observing that the hand was pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk.

"No," said a great fat man with a monstrous chin, "I don't know much about it, either way. I only know he's dead."

"When did he die?" inquired another.

"Last night, I believe."

"Why, what was the matter with him??" asked a third, taking a vast quantity of snuff out of a very large snuff-box. "I thought he'd never die."

"God knows," said the first, with a yawn.

"What has he done with his money?" asked a red-faced gentleman with a pendulous excrescence on the end of his nose, that shook like the gills of a turkey-cock.

"I haven't heard," said the man with the large chin, yawning again. "Left it to his company, perhaps. He hasn't left it to me. That's all I know."

This pleasantry was received with a general laugh.

"It's likely to be a very cheap funeral," said the same speaker; "for upon my life I don't know of anybody to go to it. Suppose we make up a party and volunteer?"

"I don't mind going if a lunch is provided," observed the gentleman with the excrescence on his nose. "But I must be fed, if I make one."

Another laugh.

"Well, I am the most disinterested among you, after all," said the first speaker, "for I never wear black gloves, and I never eat lunch. But I'll offer to go, if anybody else will. When I come to think of it, I'm not at all sure that I wasn't his most particular friend; for we used to stop and speak whenever we met. Bye, bye!"

Speakers and listeners strolled away, and mixed with other groups. Scrooge knew the men, and looked towards the Spirit for an explanation.

The Phantom glided on into a street. Its finger pointed to two persons meeting. Scrooged listened again, thinking that the explanation might lie here.

He knew these men, also perfectly. They were men of business: very wealthy, and of great importance. He had made a point always of standing well in their esteem: in a business point of view, that is; strictly in a business point of view.

"How are you?" said one.

"How are you?" returned the other.

"Well!" said the first. "Old Scratch has got his own at last, hey?"

"So I am told," returned the second. "Cold, isn't it?"

"Seasonable for Christmas time. You're not a skater, I suppose?"

"No. No. Something else to think of. Good morning!"

Not another word. That was their meeting, their conversation, and their parting.

Scrooge was at first inclined to be surprised that the Spirit should attach importance to conversations apparently so trivial; but feeling assured that they must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it was likely to be. They could scarcely be supposed to have any bearing on the death of Jacob, his old partner, for that was Past, and this Ghost's province was the Future. Nor could he think of any one immediately connected with himself, to whom he could apply them. But nothing doubting that to whomsoever they applied they had some latent moral for his own improvement, he resolved to treasure up every word he heard, and everything he saw; and especially to observe the shadow of himself when it appeared. For he had an expectation that the conduct of his future self would give him the clue he missed, and would render the solution of these riddles easy.

He looked about in that very place for his own image; but another man stood in his accustomed corner, and though the clock pointed to his usual time of day for being there, he saw no likeness of himself among the multitudes that poured in through the Porch. It gave him little surprise, however; for he had been revolving in his mind a change of life, and thought and hoped he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this.

Quiet and dark, beside him stood the Phantom, with its outstretched hand. When he roused himself from his thoughtful quest, he fancied from the turn of the hand, and its situation in reference to himself, that the Unseen Eyes were looking at him keenly. It made him shudder, and feel very old.

They left the busy scene, and went into an obscure part of the town, where Scrooge had never penetrated before, although he recognized its situation, and its bad repute. The ways were foul and narrow; the shops and house wretched; the people half-naked, drunken, slipshod, ugly. Alleys and archways, like so many cesspools, disgorged their offences of smell, and dirt, and life, upon the straggling streets; and the whole quarter reeked with crime, with filth, and misery.

Far in this den of infamous resort, there was a low-browed, beetling shop, below a pent-house roof, where iron, old rags, bottles, bones, and greasy offal, were bought. Upon the floor within, were piled up heaps of rusty keys, nails, chains, hinges, files, scales, weights, and refuse iron of all kinds. Secrets that few would like to scrutinize were bred and hidden in mountains of unseemly rags, masses of corrupted fat, and sepulchers of bones. Sitting in among the wares he dealt in, by a charcoal stove, made of old bricks, was a gray-haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age; who had screened himself from the cold air without, by a frousy curtaining of miscellaneous tatters, hung upon a line; and smoked his pipe in all the luxury of calm retirement.

Scrooge and the Phantom came into the presence of this man, just as a woman with a heavy bundle slunk into the shop. But she had scarcely entered, when another woman, similarly laden, came in too; and she was closely followed by a man in faded black, who was no less startled by the sight of them, than they had been upon the recognition of each other. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which the old man with the pipe had joined them, they all three burst into a laugh.

"Let the charwoman alone to be the first!" cried she who had entered first. "Let the launderess alone to be second; and let the undertaker's man alone to be the third. Look here, old Joe, there's a chance! If we haven't all three met here without meaning it!"

"You couldn't have met in a better place," said old Joe, removing his pipe from his mouth. "Come into the parlor. You were made free of it long ago, you know; and the other two an't strangers. Stop till I shut the door of the shop. Ah! How it skreeks! There an't such a rusty bit of metal in the place as its own hinges, I believe; and I'm sure there's no such old bones, as mine. Ha, ha! We're all suitable to our calling, we're well matched. Come into the parlor. Come into the parlor.

The parlor was the space behind the screen of rags. The old man raked the fire together with an old stair-rod, and having trimmed his smoky lamp (for it was night), with the stem of his pipe, put it in his mouth again.

While he did this, the woman who had already spoken threw her bundle on the floor, and sat down in a flaunting manner on a stool; crossing her elbows on her knees, and looking with a bold defiance at the other two.

"What odds then! What odds, Mrs. Dilber?" said the woman. "Every person has a right to take care of themselves. He always did."

"That's true, indeed!" said the laundress. "No man more so."

"Why then, don't stand staring as if you was afraid, woman; who's the wiser? We're not going to pick holes in each other's coats, I suppose?"

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Dilber and the man together. "We should hope not."

"Very well, then!" cried the woman. "That's enough. Who's the worse for the loss of a few things like these? Not a dead man, I suppose?"

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Dilber, laughing.

"If he wanted to keep 'em after he was dead, a wicked old screw," pursued the woman, "why wasn't he natural in his lifetime? If he had been, he'd have had somebody to look after him when he was struck with Death, instead of lying gasping out his last there, alone by himself."

"It's the truest word that ever was spoke," said Mrs. Dilber. "It's a judgment on him."

"I wish it was a little heavier judgment," replied the woman; "and it should have been, you may depend upon it, if I could have laid my hands on anything else. Open that bundle, old Joe, and let me know the value of it. Speak out plain. I'm not afraid to be the first, nor afraid for them to see it. We know pretty well that we were helping ourselves, before we met here, I believe. It's no sin. Open the bundle Joe."

But the gallantry of her friends would not allow of this; and the man in faded black, mounting the breach first, produced his plunder. It was not extensive. A seal or two, a pencil-case, a pair of sleeve-buttons, and a brooch of no great value, were all. They were severally examined and appraised by old Joe, who chalked the sums he was disposed to give for each, upon the wall, and added them up into a total when he found there was nothing more to come.

"That's your account," said Joe, "and I wouldn't give another sixpence, if I was to be boiled for not doing it. Who's next?"

Mrs. Dilber was next. Sheets and towels, a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver teaspoons, a pair of sugar-tongs, and a few boots. Her account was stated on the wall in the same manner.

"I always give too much to ladies. It's a weakness of mine, and that's the way I ruin myself," said old Joe. "That's your account. If you asked me for another penny, and made it an open question, I'd repent of being so liberal and knock off half-a-crown."

"And now undo my bundle, Joe," said the first woman.

Joe went down on his knees for the greater convenience of opening it, and having unfastened a great many knots, dragged out a large and heavy roll of some dark stuff.

"What do you call this?" said Joe. "Bed-curtains!"

"Ah!" returned the woman, laughing and leaning forward on her crossed arms. "Bed-curtains!"

"You don't mean to say you took 'em down, rings and all, with him lying there?" said Joe.

"Yes, I do," replied the woman. "Why not?"

"You were born to make your fortune," said Joe, "and you'll certainly do it."

"I certainly shan't hold my hand, when I can get anything in it by reaching it out, for the sake of such a man as He was, I promise you, Joe," returned the woman coolly. "Don't drop that oil upon the blankets, now."

"His blankets?" asked Joe.

"Whose else's do you think?" replied the woman. "He isn't likely to take cold without 'em, I dare say."

"I hope he didn't die of anything catching? Eh?" said old Joe, stopping in his work, and looking up.

"Don't you be afraid of that," returned the woman. "I an't so fond of his company that I'd loiter about him for such things if he did. Ah! you may look through that shirt till your eyes ache; but you won't find a hole in it, nor a threadbare place. It's the best he had, and a fine one too. They'd have wasted it, if it hadn't been for me."

"What do you call wasting of it?" asked Joe.

"Putting it on him to be buried in, to be sure," replied the woman with a laugh. "Somebody was fool enough to do it, but I took it off again. If calico an't enough for such a purpose, it isn't good enough for anything. It's quite as becoming to the body. He can't look uglier than he did in that one."

Scrooge listened to this dialogue in horror. As they sat grouped about their spoil, in the scanty light afforded by the old man's lamp, he viewed them with a detestation and disgust, which could hardly have been greater, though they had been obscene demons, marking the corpse itself.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the same woman, when old Joe, producing a flannel bag with money in it, told out their several gains upon the ground. "This is the end of it, you see! He frightened every one away from him when he was alive, to profit us when he was dead! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Spirit!" said Scrooge, shuddering from head to foot. "I see, I see. The case of this unhappy man might be my own. My life tends that way, now. Merciful Heavens, what is this!"

He recoiled in terror, for the scene had changed, and now he almost touched a bed: a bare, uncurtained bed: on which beneath a ragged sheet, there lay a something covered up, which, though it was dumb, announced itself in awful language.

The room was very dark, too dark to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge glanced round it in obedience to a secret impulse, anxious to know what kind of room it was. A pale light, rising in the outer air, fell straight upon the bed; and on it, plundered and bereft, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the body of this man.

Scrooge glanced towards the Phantom. Its steady hand was pointed to the head. The cover was so carelessly adjusted that the slightest raising of it, the motion of a finger upon Scrooge's part, would have disclosed the face. He thought of it, felt how easy it would be to do, and longed to do it; but had no more power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the spectre at his side.

Oh cold, cold, rigid, dreadful Death, set up thine altar here, and dress it with such terrors as thou hast at thy command: for this is thy dominion! But of the loved, revered, and honored head, thou canst not turn one hair to thy dread purposes, or make one feature odious. It is not that the hand is heavy and will fall down when released; it is not that the heart and pulse are still; but that the hand WAS open, generous, and true; the heart brave, warm, and tender; and the pulse a man's. Strike, Shadow, strike! And see his good deeds springing from the wound, to sow the world with life immortal!

No voice pronounced these words in Scrooge's ears, and yet he heard them when he looked upon the bed. He thought, if this man could be raised up now, what would be his foremost thoughts? Avarice, hard-dealing, griping cares? They have brought him to a rich end, truly!

He lay, in the dark empty house, with not a man, a woman, or a child, to say that he was kind to me in this or that, and for the memory of one kind word I will be kind to him. A cat was tearing at the door, and there was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the hearth-stone. What they wanted in the room of death, and why they were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did not dare to think.

"Spirit!" he said, "this is a fearful place. In leaving it, I shall not leave its lesson, trust me. Let us go!"

Still the Ghost pointed with an unmoved finger to the dead.

"I understand you," Scrooge returned, "and I would do it, if I could. But I have not the power, Spirit. I have not the power."

Again it semed to look upon him.

"If there is any person in the town, who feels emotion caused by this man's death," said Scrooge quite agonised, "show that person to me, Spirit, I beseech you!"

The Phantom spread its dark robe before him for a moment, like a wing; and withdrawing it, revealed a room by daylight, where a mother and her children were.

She was expecting some one, and with anxious eagerness; for she walked up and down the room; started at every sound; looked out from the window; glanced at the clock; tried, but in vain, to work with her needle; and could hardly bear the voices of the children in their play.

At length the long-expected knock was heard. She hurried to the door, and met her husband; a man whose face was careworn and depressed, though he was young. There was a remarkable expression in it now; a kind of serious delight of which he felt ashamed, and which he struggled to repress.

He sat down to the dinner that had been hoarding for him by the fire; and when she asked him faintly what news (which was not until after a long silence), he appeared embarrassed how to answer.

"Is it good?" she said, "or bad?"—to help him.

"Bad," he answered.

"We are quite ruined?"

"No. There is hope yet, Caroline."

"If he relents," she said, amazed, "there is! Nothing is past hope, if such a miracle has happened."

"He is past relenting," said her husband. "He is dead."

She was a mild and patient creature if her face spoke truth; but she was thankful in her soul to hear it, and she said so, with clasped hands. She prayed forgiveness the next moment, and was sorry; but the first was the emotion of her heart.

"What the half-drunken woman whom I told you of last night, said to me, when I tried to see him and obtain a week's delay; and what I thought was a mere excuse to avoid me; turns out to have been quite true. He was not only very ill, but dying, then."

"To whom will our debt be transferred?"

"I don't know. But before that time we shall be ready with the money; and even though we were not, it would be a bad fortune indeed to find so merciless a creditor in his successor. We may sleep to-night with light hearts, Caroline!"

Yes. Soften it as they would, their hearts were lighter. The children's faces, hushed and clustered round to hear what they so little understood, were brighter; and it was a happier house for this man's death! The only emotion that the Ghost could show him, caused by the event, was one of pleasure.

"Let me see some tenderness connected with a death," said Scrooge; "or that dark chamber, Spirit, which we left just now, will be forever present to me."

The Ghost conducted him through several streets familiar to his feet; and as they went along, Scrooge looked here and there to find himself, but nowhere was he to be seen. They entered Poor Bob

Cratchit's house; the dwelling he had visited before; and found the mother and children seated round the fire.

Quiet. Very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner, and sat looking up at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and her daughters were engaged in sewing. But surely they were very quiet!

"'And He took a child, and set him in the midst of them.'"

Where had Scrooge heard those words? He had not dreamed them. The boy must have read them out, as he and the Spirit crossed the threshold. Why did he not go on?

The mother laid her work upon the table, and put her hand up to her face.

"The colour hurts my eyes," she said.

The colour? Ah, poor Tiny Tim!

"They're better now again," said Cratchit's wife. "It makes them weak by candle-light; and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time."

"Past it rather," Peter answered shutting up his book. "But I think he has walked a little slower than he used, these few last evenings, mother."

They were very quiet again. At last she said, and in a steady, cheerful voice, that only faltered once:

"I have known him walk with—I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast indeed."

"And so have I," cried Peter. "Often."

"And so have I," exclaimed another. So had all.

"But he was very light to carry," she resumed, intent upon her work, "and his father loved him so, that it was no trouble: no trouble. And there is your father at the door!"

She hurried out to meet him; and little Bob in his comforter—he had need of it, poor fellow—came in. His tea was ready for him on the hob, and they all tried who should help him to it most. Then the two young Cratchits got upon his knees and laid, each child a little cheek, against his face, as if they said, "Don't mind it father. Don't be grieved!"

Bob was very cheerful with them, and spoke pleasantly to all the family. He looked at the work upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls. They would be done long before Sunday, he said.

"Sunday! You went to-day, then, Robert?" said his wife.

"Yes, my dear," returned Bob. "I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little child!" cried Bob. "My little child!"

He broke down all at once. He couldn't help it. If he could have helped it, he and his child would have been farther apart perhaps than they were.

He left the room, and went up-stairs into the room above, which was lighted cheerfully, and hung with Christmas. There was a chair set close beside the child, and there were signs of some one having been there, lately. Poor Bob sat down in it, and when he had thought a little and composed himself, he kissed the little face. He was reconciled to what had happened, and went down again quite happy.

They drew about the fire, and talked; the girls and mother working still. Bob told them of the extraordinary kindness of Mr. Scrooge's nephew, whom he had scarcely seen but once, and who, meeting him in the street that day, and seeing that he looked a little—"just a little down you know," said Bob, inquired what had happened to distress him. "On which," said Bob, "for he is the pleasantest-spoken gentleman you ever heard, I told him. 'I am heartily sorry for it, Mr. Cratchit,' he said 'and heartily sorry for your good wife.' By the bye, how he ever knew that, I don't know."

"Knew what, my dear?"

"Why, that you were a good wife," replied Bob.

"Everybody knows that!" said Peter.

"Very well observed, my boy!" cried Bob. "I hope they do. 'Heartily sorry,' he said, 'for your good wife. If I can be of service to you in any way,' he said, giving me his card, 'that's where I live. Pray come to me.' Now, it wasn't," cried Bob, "for the sake of anything he might be able to do for us, so much as for his kind way, that this was quite delightful. It really seemed as if he had known our Tiny Tim, and felt with us."

"I'm sure he's a good soul!" said Mrs. Cratchit.

"You would be sure of it, my dear," returned Bob, "if you saw and spoke to him. I shouldn't be at all surprised—mark what I say!—if he got Peter a better situation."

"Only hear that, Peter," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"And then," cried one of the girls, "Peter will be keeping company with some one, and setting up for himself."

"Get along with you!" retorted Peter, grinning.

"It's just as likely as not," said Bob, "one of these days; though there's plenty of time for that, my dear. But however and whenever we part from one another, I am sure we shall none of us forget poor Tiny Tim—shall we—or this first parting that there was among us?"

"Never, father!" cried they all.

"And I know," said Bob, "I know, my dears, that when we recollect how patient and how mild he was; although he was a little, little

child; we shall not quarrel easily among ourselves, and forget poor Tiny Tim in doing it."

"No, never, father!" they all cried again.

"I am very happy," said little Bob, "I am very happy!"

Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, his daughters kissed him, the two young Cratchits kissed him, and Peter and himself shook hands. Spirit of Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God!

"Spectre," said Scrooge, "something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I know not how. Tell me what man that was whom we saw lying dead?"

The Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come convinced him, as before—though at a different time, he thought: indeed, there seemed no order in these latter visions, save that they were in the Future—into the resorts of business men, but showed him not himself. Indeed, the Spirit did not stay for anything, but went straight on, as to the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to tarry for a moment.

"This court," said Scrooge, "through which we hurry now, is where my place of occupation is, and has been for a length of time. I see the house. Let me behold what I shall be, in days to come!"

The Spirit stopped; the hand was pointed elsewhere.

"The house is yonder," Scrooge exclaimed. "Why do you point away?"

The inexorable finger underwent no change.

Scrooge hastened to the window of his office, and looked in. It was an office still, but not his. The furniture was not the same, and the figure in the chair was not himself. The Phantom pointed as before.

He joined it once again, and wondering why and whither he had gone, accompanied it until they reached an iron gate. He paused to look round before entering.

A churchyard. Here, then, the wretched man whose name he had now to learn, lay underneath the ground. It was a worthy place. Walled in by houses; overrun by grass and weeds, the growth of vegetation's death, not life; choked up with too much burying; fat with repleted appetite. A worthy place!

The Spirit stood among the graves, and pointed down to One. He advanced towards it trembling. The Phantom was exactly as it had been, but he dreaded that he saw new meaning in its solemn shape.

"Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point," said Scrooge, "answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that Will be, or are they shadows of things that May be, only?"

Still the Ghost pointed downward to the grave by which it stood.

"Men's courses will foreshadow certain ends, to which, if persevered in, they must lead," said Scrooge. "But if the courses be departed from, the ends will change. Say it is thus with what you show me!"

The Spirit was immovable as ever.

Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he went; and following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE.

"Am I that man who lay upon the bed?" he cried, upon his knees.

The finger pointed from the grave to him, and back again.

"No, Spirit! Oh, no, no!"

The finger still was there.

"Spirit!" he cried, tight clutching at its robe, "hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this, if I am past all hope!"

For the first time the hand appeared to shake.

"Good Spirit," he pursued, as down upon the ground he fell before it: "Your nature intercedes for me, and pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me, by an altered life!"

The kind hand trembled.

"I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!"

In his agony, he caught the spectral hand. It sought to free itself, but he was strong in his entreaty, and detained it. The Spirit, stronger yet, repulsed him.

Holding up his hands in a last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the Phantom's hood and dress. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost.

STAVE V

THE END OF IT

YES! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him was his own, to make amends in!

"I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future!" Scrooge repeated, as he scrambled out of bed. "The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. Oh Jacob Marley! Heaven, and the Christmas Time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob, on my knees!"

He was so fluttered and so glowing with his good intentions, that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his call. He had been sobbing violently in his conflict with the Spirit, and his face was wet with tears.

"They are not torn down," cried Scrooge, folding one of his bed-curtains in his arms, "they are not torn down, rings and all. They are here—I am here—the shadows of the things that would have been, may be dispelled. They will be. I know they will!"

His hands were busy with his garments all this time; turning them inside out, putting them on upside down, tearing them, mislaying them, making them parties to every kind of extravagance.

"I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath; and making a perfect Laocoön of himself with his stockings. "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a schoolboy. I am as giddy as a drunken man. A merry Christmas to everybody! A happy New Year to all the world! Hallo here! Whoop! Hallo!"

He had frisked into the sitting-room, and was now standing there: perfectly winded.

"There's the saucepan that the gruel was in!" cried Scrooge, starting off again, and going round the fireplace. "There's the door, by which the Ghost of Jacob Marley entered! There's the corner where the Ghost of Christmas Present, sat! There's the window where I saw the wandering Spirits! It's all right, it's all true, it all happened. Ha ha ha!"

Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. The father of a long, long line of brilliant laughs!

"I don't know what day of the month it is!" said Scrooge. "I don't know how long I've been among the Spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo here!"

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clang, hammer; ding, dong, bell. Bell, dong, ding; hammer, clang, clash! Oh, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to; Golden sunlight; Heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh glorious! Glorious!

"What's to-day?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"Eh?" returned the boy, with all his might of wonder.

"What's to-day, my fine fellow?" said Scrooge.

"To-day!" replied the boy. "Why, Christmas Day."

"It's Christmas Day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Of course they can. Hallo, my fine fellow!"

"Hallo!" returned the boy.

"Do you know the Poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?" Scrooge inquired.

"I should hope I did," replied the lad.

"An intelligent boy!" said Scrooge. "A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was hanging up there?—Not the little prize Turkey: the big one?"

"What, the one as big as me?" returned the boy.

"What a delightful boy!" said Scrooge. "It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!"

"It's hanging there now," replied the boy.

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

"Walk-er!" exclaimed the boy.

"No, no," said Scrooge, "I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes and I'll give you half-a-crown!"

The boy was off like a shot. He must have had a steady hand at a trigger who could have got a shot off half so fast.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's!" whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands, and splitting with a laugh. "He sha'n't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be!"

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one, but write it he did, somehow, and went down-stairs to open the street door, ready for the coming of the poulterer's man. As he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker caught his eye.

"I shall love it, as long as I live!" cried Scrooge, patting it with his hand. "I scarcely ever looked at it before. What an honest expression it has in its face! It's a wonderful knocker!—Here's the Turkey. Hallo! Whoop! How are you! Merry Christmas!"

It was a Turkey! He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em short off in a minute, like sticks of sealing-wax.

"Why, it's impossible to carry that to Camden Town," said Scrooge. "You must have a cab."

The chuckle with which he said this, and the chuckle with which he paid for the Turkey, and the chuckle with which he paid for the cab, and the chuckle with which he recompensed the boy, were only

to be exceeded by the chuckle with which he sat down breathless in his chair again, and chuckled till he cried.

Shaving was not an easy task, for his hand continued to shake very much; and shaving requires attention, even when you don't dance while you are at it. But if he had cut the end of his nose off, he would have put a piece of sticking-plaster over it, and been quite satisfied.

He dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delightful smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant, in a word, that three or four good-humored fellows said, "Good morning, sir! A merry Christmas to you!" And Scrooge said often afterwards, that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

He had not gone far, when coming on towards him he beheld the portly gentleman, who had walked into his counting-house the day before, and said, "Scrooge and Marley's, I believe?" It sent a pang across his heart to think how this old gentleman would look upon him when they met; but he knew what path lay straight before him, and he took it.

"My dear sir," said Scrooge, quickening his pace, and taking the old gentleman by both his hands. "How do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A merry Christmas to you, sir!"

"Mr. Scrooge?"

"Yes," said Scrooge. "That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness"—here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

"Lord bless me!" cried the gentleman, as if his breath were taken away. "My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?"

"If you please," said Scrooge. "Not a farthing less. A great many back-payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me that favor?"

"My dear sir," said the other, shaking hands with him. "I don't know what to say to such munifi——"

"Don't say anything, please," retorted Scrooge. "Come and see me. Will you come and see me?"

"I will!" cried the old gentleman. And it was clear he meant to do it.

"Thank'ee," said Scrooge. "I am much obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you!"

He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head,

and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows, and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk—that anything—could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon he turned his steps towards his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times, before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it.

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. Nice girl! Very.

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he, my love?" said Scrooge.

"He's in the dining-room, sir, along with mistress. I'll show you up-stairs, if you please."

"Thank'ee. He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. "I'll go in here, my dear."

He turned it gently, and sidled his face in, round the door. They were looking at the table (which was spread out in great array); for these young housekeepers are always nervous on such points, and like to see that everything is right.

"Fred!" said Scrooge.

Dear heart alive, how his niece by marriage started! Scrooge had forgotten, for the moment, about her sitting in the corner with the footstool, or he wouldn't have done it, on any account.

"Why bless my soul!" cried Fred, "who's that?"

"It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when he came. So did the plump sister when she came. So did every one when they came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it; yes, he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the Tank.

His hat was off, before he opened the door; his comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice, as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry, sir," said Bob. "I am behind my time."

"You are?" repeated Scrooge. "Yes. I think you are. Step this way, sir, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from the Tank. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge, "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the Tank again; "and therefore I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it, holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait-waistcoat.

"A merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset; and knowing that such as these would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed; and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless Us, Every One!

TALES OF ANCIENT GREECE

By Sir G. W. Cox

THE DELIAN APOLLO

From land to land the Lady Lêtô wandered in fear and sorrow, for no city or country would give her a home where she might abide in peace. From Crete to Athens, from Athens to Ægina, from Ægina to the heights of Pelion and Athos, through all the islands of the wide Ægæan Sea, Skyros and Imbros and Lemnos, and Chios the fairest of all, she passed, seeking a home. But in vain she prayed each land to receive her, until she came to the island of Delos, and promised to raise it to great glory if only there she might rest in peace. And she lifted up her voice and said, "Listen to me, O island of the dark sea: if thou wilt grant me a home, all nations shall come unto thee, and great wealth shall flow in upon thee; for here shall Phœbus Apollo, the lord of light and life, be born, and men shall come hither to know his will and win his favor." Then answered Delos, and said, "Lady, thou promisest great things; but they say that the power of Phœbus Apollo will be such as nothing on the wide earth may withstand; and mine is but a poor and stony soil, where there is little to please the eye of those who look upon me. Wherefore I fear that he will despise my hard and barren land, and go to some other country where he will build a more glorious temple, and grant richer gifts to the people who come to worship him." But Lêtô swore by the dark water of Styx, and the wide heaven above, and the broad earth around her, that in Delos should be the shrine of Phœbus, and that there should the rich offerings burn on his altar the whole year round.

So Lêtô rested in the island of Delos, and there was Phœbus Apollo born. And there was joy among the undying gods who dwell in Olympus, and the earth laughed beneath the smile of heaven. Then was his temple built in Delos, and men came to it from all lands to learn his will and offer rich sacrifices on his altar.

THE PYTHIAN APOLLO

Long time Apollo abode in Delos; and every year all the children of Iôn were gathered to the feast which was held before his temple. But at length it came to pass that Apollo went through many lands, journeying toward Pytho. With harp in hand he drew nigh to the gates of Olympus where Zeus and the gods dwell in their glory; and straightway all rejoiced for the sweetness of his harping. The Muses sang the undying gifts of the gods, and the griefs and woes of mortal men who cannot flee from old age and death. The bright Horai joined hands together with Hêbê and Harmonia; and Ares stood by the side of Aphroditê with Hermes the slayer of Argos, gazing on the face of Phœbus Apollo which glistened as with the light of the new-risen sun. Then from Olympus he went down into the Pierian land, to Iolkos and the Lelantian plain; but it pleased him not there to build himself a home. Thence he wandered on to Mykalessos, and, traversing the grassy plains of Teumessos, came to the sacred Thebes; but neither would he dwell there, for no man had yet come thither, neither was there road or path, but only wild forest in all the land.

Further and further he roamed, across the stream of Kephîsos and beyond Okalea and Harliartos, until he came to Telphûsa. There he thought to build himself a temple, for the land was rich and fair; so he said, "Beautiful Telphûsa, here would I rest in thy happy vale, and here shall men come to ask my will and seek for aid in the hour of fear; and great glory shall come to thee while I abide in thy land." But Telphûsa was moved with anger as she saw Phœbus marking out the place for his shrine and laying its foundations; and she spoke craftily to him and said, "Listen to me, Phœbus Apollo. Thou seekest here to have a home, but here thou canst never rest in peace; for my broad plain will tempt men to the strife of battle, and the tramp of war-horses shall vex the stillness of thy holy temple. Nay, even in time of peace, the lowing cattle shall come in crowds to my fountain, and the tumult will grieve thine heart. But go thou to Krisa, and make for thyself a home in the hidden clefts of Parnassus, and thither shall men hasten with their gifts from the utmost bounds of the earth." So Apollo believed her words, and he went on through the land of the Phleggyes until he came to Krisa. There he laid the foundations of his shrine in the deep cleft of Parnassus; and Trophonios and Agamedes, the children of Ergînos, raised the walls. There also he found the mighty dragon who nursed Typhâon, the child of Hêrê, and he smote him, and said, "Rot there upon the ground, and vex not more the children of men. The days of thy life are ended, neither can Typhöeus himself aid thee now, or Chimæra

of the evil name. But the earth and the burning sun shall consume and scorch thy body." So the dragon died, and his body rotted on the ground; wherefore the name of that place is called Pytho, and they worship Phœbus Apollo as the great Pythian king.

But Phœbus knew now that Telphûsa had deceived him, because she said nothing of the great dragon of Krisa, or of the roughness of the land. So he hastened back in his anger and said, "Thou hast beguiled me, Telphûsa, with thy crafty words; but no more shall thy fountain send forth its sweet water, and the glory shall be mine alone." Then Apollo hurled great crags down and choked the stream near the beautiful fountain, and the glory departed from Telphûsa.

Then he thought within himself what men he should choose to be his priests at Pytho; and far away, as he stood on a high hill, he saw a ship sailing on the wine-faced sea, and the men who were in it were Cretans, sailing from the land of King Minos to barter their goods with the men of Pylos. So Phœbus leaped into the sea and changed his form to the form of a dolphin, and hastened to meet the ship. None knew whence the great fish came which smote the side of their vessel with its mighty fins; but all marvelled at the sight, as the dolphin guided the ship through the dark waters, and they sat trembling with fear, as they sped on without a sail by the force of the strong south wind. From the headland of Malea and the land of the Lakonians they passed to Helos and to Tænaron where Helios dwells in whom the sons of men take delight, and where his cattle feed in the rich pastures. There the sailors would have ended their wanderings; but they sought in vain to land, for the ship would not obey its helm. Onward it went along the coast of the island of Pelops, for the mighty dolphin guided it. So from Arênê and Arguphea it came to the sandy Pylos, by Chalkis and Dymê to the land of the Epeians, to Pheræ and to Ithaka. There the men saw spread out before them the waters which wash the shores of Krisa; and the strong west wind came with its fierce breath, and drove them on to the east and towards the sunrising, until they came to Krisa.

Then Phœbus Apollo came forth from the sea like a star, and the brightness of his glory reached up to the high heaven. Into his shrine he hastened, and on the altar he kindled the undying fire, and his bright arrows were hurled abroad, till all Krisa was filled with the blaze of his lightnings, so that fear came upon all, and the cries of the women rose shrill in the sultry air. Then, swift as a thought of the heart, he hastened back to the ship; but his form was now the form of a man in his beauty, and his golden locks flowed down over his broad shoulders. From the shore he called out to the men in the Cretan ship, and said, "Who are ye, strangers? and do ye come as thieves and robbers, bringing terror and sorrow whithersoever ye may go? Why stay ye thus, tarrying in your ship, and seek not to

come out upon the land? Surely ye must know that all who sail on the wide sea rejoice when their ship comes to the shore, that so they may come forth and feast with the people of the land." So spoke Phœbus Apollo; and the leader of the Cretans took courage and said, "Stranger, sure I am that thou art no mortal man, but one of the bright heroes or the undying gods. Wherefore tell us now the name of this land and of the people who dwell in it. Hither we never sought to come, for we were sailing from the land of Minos to barter our wares at Pylos; but some one of the gods hath brought us hither against our will." Then spoke the mighty Apollo and said to them, "O strangers, who have dwelt in Knossos of the Cretan land, think not to return to your ancient home, to your wives or to your children. Here ye must guard and keep my shrine, and ye shall be honored of all the children of men. For I am the son of Zeus, and my name is Phœbus Apollo. It was I who brought you hither across the wide sea, not in guile or anger, but that in all time to come ye may have great power and glory, that ye may learn the counsels of the undying gods and make known their will to men. Hasten then to do my bidding; let down your sails, and bring your ship to the shore. Then bring out your goods and build an altar on the beach, and kindle a fire and offer white barley as an offering; and because I led you hither under the form of a dolphin, so worship me as the Delphian god. Then eat bread and drink wine, as much as your soul may lust after; and after that come with me to the holy place where ye shall guard my temple."

So they obeyed the words of Phœbus; and when they had offered the white barley and feasted richly on the sea-shore, they rose up to go, and Apollo led them on their way. His harp was in his hand, and he made sweet music, such as no mortal ear had heard before; and they raised the chant of Io Pæan, for a new power was breathed into their hearts, as they went along. They thought not now of toil or sorrow; but with feet unwearied they went up the hill until they reached the clefts of Parnassus, where Phœbus would have them dwell.

Then out spoke the leader of the Cretans and said boldly, "O king, thou hast brought us far away from our homes to a strange land; whence are we to get food here? No harvest will grow on these bare rocks, no meadows are spread out before our eyes. The whole land is bare and desolate." But the son of Zeus smiled and said, "O foolish men, and easy to be cast down, if ye had your wish ye would gain nothing but care and toil. But listen to me and ponder well my words. Stretch forth your hands, and slay each day the rich offerings, for they shall come to you without stint and sparing, seeing that the sons of men shall hasten hither from all lands, to learn my will and ask my aid in the hour of fear. Only guard ye my temple

well, and keep your hands clean and your heart pure; for if ye deal rightly, no man shall take away your glory; but if ye speak lies and do iniquity, if ye hurt the people who come to my altar, and make them to go astray, then shall other men rise up in your place, and ye yourselves shall be thrust out for ever, because ye would not obey my words."

DAPHNÊ

In the vale of Tempê, where the stream of Peneios flows beneath the heights of Olympus towards the sea, the beautiful Daphnê passed the days of her happy childhood. Fresh as the earliest morning, she climbed the crags to greet the first rays of the rising sun; and when he had driven his fiery horses over the sky, she watched his chariot sink behind the western mountains. Over hill and dale she roamed, free and light as the breeze of spring. Other maidens round her spoke each of her love, but Daphnê cared not to listen to the voice of man, though many a one sought her to be his wife.

One day, as she stood on the slopes of Ossa in the glow of early morning, she saw before her a glorious form. The light of the new-risen sun fell on his face with a golden splendor, and she knew that it was Phœbus Apollo. Hastily he ran towards her, and said, "I have found thee, child of the morning. Others thou hast cast aside, but from me thou canst not escape. I have sought thee long, and now will I make thee mine." But the heart of Daphnê was bold and strong; and her cheek flushed and her eye sparkled with anger, as she said, "I know neither love nor bondage. I live free among the streams and hills; and to none will I yield my freedom."

Then the face of Apollo grew dark with anger, and he drew near to seize the maiden; but swift as the wind she fled away. Over hill and dale, over crag and river, the feet of Daphnê fell lightly as falling leaves in autumn; but nearer yet came Phœbus Apollo, till at last the strength of the maiden began to fail. Then she stretched out her hands, and cried for help to the lady Dêmêtêr; but she came not to her aid. Her head was dizzy, and her limbs trembled in utter feebleness as she drew near to the broad river which gladdens the plains of Thessaly, till she almost felt the breath of Phœbus, and her robe was almost in his grasp. Then, with a wild cry, she said, "Father Peneios, receive thy child," and she rushed into the stream, whose waters closed gently over her.

She was gone; and Apollo mourned for his madness in chasing thus the free maiden. And he said, "I have punished myself by my folly; the light of the morning is taken out of the day. I must go on alone till my journey shall draw towards its end." Then he spoke the word, and a laurel came up on the bank where Daphnê had plunged into the

stream; and the green bush with its thick clustering leaves keeps her name for ever.

HERMES

EARLY in the morning, long ago, in a cave of the great Kyllenian hill, lay the new-born Hermes, the son of Zeus and Maia. The cradle clothes were scarcely stirred by his soft breathing, while he slept as peacefully as the children of mortal mothers. But the sun had not driven his fiery chariot over half the heaven, when the babe arose from his sacred cradle and stepped forth from the dark cavern. Before the threshold a tortoise fed lazily on the grass; and when the child saw it, he laughed merrily. "Ah! this is luck indeed," he said; "whence hast thou come, pretty creature, with thy bright speckled shell? Thou art mine now, and I must take thee into my cave. It is better to be under shelter than out of doors; and though there may be some use in thee while thou livest, it will comfort thee to think that thou wilt sing sweetly when thou art dead."

So the child Hermes took up his treasure in both arms, and carried it into the cavern. There he took an iron probe, and pierced out the life of the tortoise; and quick as thought, he drilled holes in its shell, and fixed in them reed-canes. Then across the shell he fastened a piece of ox-hide, and with seven sheep-gut cords he finished the making of his lyre. Presently he struck it with the bow, and a wave of sweet music swelled out upon the air. Like the merry songs of youths and maidens, as they sport in village feasts, rose the song of the child Hermes; and his eyes laughed slyly as he sang of the loves of Zeus and Maia, and how he himself was born of the mighty race of the gods. Still he sang on, telling of all that he saw around him in the glittering home of the nymph, his mother. But all the while, as he sang, his mind was pondering on other things; and when the song was ended, he went forth from the cave, like a thief in the night, on his wily errand.

The sun was hastening down the slope of heaven with his chariot and horses to the slow-rolling stream of Ocean, as Hermes came to the shadowy hills of Pieria, where the cattle of the gods feed in their large pastures. There he took fifty from the herd, and made ready to drive them to the Kyllenian hill. But before him lay vast plains of sand; and, therefore, lest the track of the cattle should tell the tale of his thieving, he drove the beasts round about by crooked paths, until it seemed as though they had gone to the place from which he had stolen them. He had taken good care that his own footsteps should not betray him, for with branches of tamarisk and myrtle, well twisted with their leaves, he hastily made himself sandals, and sped away from Pieria. One man alone saw him, a

very old man, who was working in his vineyard on the sunny plain of Onchêstos. To him Hermes went quickly, and said, "Old man, thou wilt have plenty of wine when these roots come all into bearing trim. Meanwhile, keep a wise head on thy crumpled shoulders, and take heed not to remember more than may be convenient."

Onwards, over dark hills, and through sounding dells, and across flowery plains, hastened the child Hermes, driving his flock before him. The night waxed and waned, and the moon had climbed to her watchtower in the heaven, when, in the flush of early morning, Hermes reached the banks of the great Alpheian stream. There he turned his herd to feed on the grassy plain, while he gathered logs of wood, and, rubbing two sticks together, kindled the first flame that burned upon the earth where dwell the sons of men. The smoke went up to the heaven, and the flame crackled fiercely beneath it, as Hermes brought forth two of the herd, and, tumbling them on their back, pierced out the life of both. Their hides he placed on the hard rock; their flesh he cut up into twelve portions; and so Hermes hath the right of ordering all sacrifices which the children of men offer to the undying gods. But he ate not of the flesh or fat, although hunger sorely pressed him; and he burned the bones in the fire, and tossed his tamarisk sandals into the swift stream of Alpheios. Then he quenched the fire, and with all his might trampled down the ashes, until the pale moon rose up again in the sky. So he sped on his way to Kyllênê. Neither god nor man saw him as he went, nor did the dogs bark. Early in the morning he reached his mother's cave, and darted through the keyhole of the door, softly as a summer breeze. Without a sound his little feet paced the stony floor, till he reached his cradle and lay down, playing like a babe among the clothes with his left hand, while his right held the tortoise-lyre hidden underneath them.

But, wily though he was, he could not cheat his mother. To his cradle she came and said, "Whither hast thou wandered in the dark night? Crafty rogue, mischief will be thy ruin. The son of Lêtô will soon be here, and bear thee away bound in chains not easily shaken off. Out of my sight, little wretch, born to worry the blessed gods and plague the race of men!" "Mother," said Hermes gently, "why talk thus to me, as though I were like mortal babes, a poor cowering thing, to cry for a little scolding? I know thy interest and mine: why should we stay here in this wretched cave, with never a gift or a feast to cheer our hearts? I shall not stay. It is pleasanter to banquet with the gods than to dwell in a cavern in draughts of whistling wind. I shall try my luck against Apollo, for I mean to be his peer; and if he will not suffer me, and if Zeus my father takes not up my cause, I will see what I can do for myself, by going to the shrine of Pytho and stealing thence the tripods and cauldrons, the

iron vessels and glittering robes. If I may not have honor in Olympus, I can at least be the prince of thieves."

Meanwhile, as they talked together, Eôs rose up from the deep ocean stream, and her tender light flushed across the sky, while Apollo hastened to Onchêstos and the holy grove of Poseidon. There the old man was at work in his vineyard, and to him Phœbus went quickly and said, "Friend hedger, I am come from Pieria looking for my cows. Fifty of them have been driven away, and the bull has been left behind with the four dogs who guarded them. Tell me, old man, hast thou seen any one with these cows, on the road?" But the old man said that it would be a hard matter to tell of all that he might chance to see. "Many travellers journey on this road, some with evil thoughts, some with good; I cannot well remember all. This only I know, that yesterday, from the rising up of the sun to its setting, I was digging in my vineyard; and I think, but I am not sure, that I saw a child with a herd of cattle. A babe he was, and he held a staff in his hand, and, as he went, he wandered strangely from the path on either side."

Then Phœbus stayed not to hear more, for now he knew of a surety that the new-born son of Zeus had done him the mischief. Wrapped in a purple mist, he hastened to beautiful Pylos, and came on the track of the cattle. "O Zeus," he cried, "this is indeed a marvel. I see the footprints of cattle, but they are marked as though the cattle were going to the asphodel meadow, not away from it. Of man or woman, of wolf, bear, or lion, I spy not a single trace. Only here and there I behold the footprint of some strange monster, who has left his mark at random on either side of the road." So on he sped to the woody heights of Kyllênê, and stood on the doorstep of Maia's cave. Straightway the child Hermes nestled under the cradle-clothes in fear, like a new-born babe asleep. But, seeing through all his craft, Phœbus looked steadily through all the cave and opened three secret places full of food and drink of the gods, and full also of gold and silver raiment; but not a cow was in any of them. At last he fixed his eyes sternly on the child and said, "Wily babe, where are my cows? If thou wilt not tell me, there will be strife between us; and then I shall hurl thee down to the gloomy Tartarus, to the land of darkness whence neither thy father nor thy mother can bring thee back, and where thy kingdom shall be only over the ghosts of men." "Ah!" said Hermes, "these are dreadful words indeed; but why dost thou chide me thus, or come here to look for cows? I have not seen or heard of them, nor has any one told me of them. I cannot tell where they are, or get the reward, if any were promised, for discovering them. This is no work of mine; what do I care for but for sleeping and sucking and playing with my cradle-clothes and being washed in warm water? My friend, it will be much better

that no one should hear of such a silly quarrel. The undying gods would laugh at the very thought of a little babe leaving its cradle to run after cows. I was born but yesterday. My feet are soft, and the ground is hard. But if it be any comfort to thee, I will swear by my father's head (and that is a very great oath) that I have not done this deed, nor seen any one else steal your cows, and that I do not know what cows are."

As he spoke he looked stealthily from one side to the other, while his eyes winked slyly, and he made a long soft whistling sound, as if the words of Phœbus had amused him mightily. "Well, friend," said Apollo, with a smile, "thou wilt break into many a house, I see, and thy followers after thee; and thy fancy for beef will set many a herdsman grieving. But come down from the cradle, or this sleep will be thy last. Only this honor can I promise thee, to be called the prince of thieves for ever." So without more ado Phœbus caught up the babe in his arms, but Hermes gave so mighty a sneeze that he quickly let him fall, and Phœbus said to him gravely, "This is the sign that I shall find my cows: show me, then, the way." In great fear Hermes started up and pulled the cradle-clothes over both his ears, as he said, "Cruel god, what dost thou seek to do with me? Why worry me thus about cows? I would there were not a cow in all the earth. I stole them not, nor have I seen any one steal the cows, whatever things cows may be. I know nothing but their name. But come; Zeus must decide the quarrel between us."

Thus each with his own purpose spake to the other, and their minds grew all the darker, for Phœbus sought only to know where his cows might be, while Hermes strove only to cheat him. So they went quickly and sulkily on, the babe first, and Phœbus following after him, till they came to the heights of Olympus and the home of the mighty Zeus. There Zeus sat on the throne of judgment, and all the undying gods stood around him. Before them in the midst stood Phœbus and the child Hermes, and Zeus said, "Thou hast brought a fine booty after thy hunt to-day, Phœbus—a child of a day old. A fine matter is this to put before the gods."

"My father," said Apollo quickly, "I have a tale to tell which will show that I am not the only plunderer. After a weary search, I found this babe in the cave of Kyllênê; and a thief he is such as I have never seen whether among gods or men. Yester eve he stole my cattle from the meadow, and drove them straight towards Pylos to the shore of the sounding sea. The tracks left were such that gods and men might well marvel at them. The footprints of the cows on the sand were as though they were going to my meadows, not away from them; his own footmarks beggar all words, as if he had gone neither on his feet nor on his hands, and as if the oak tops had suddenly taken to walking. So was it on the sandy soil; and after this

was passed, there remained no marks at all. But an old man saw him driving them on the road to Pylos. There he shut up the cattle at his leisure, and, going to his mother's cave, lay down in his cradle like a spark in a mass of cinders, which an eagle could scarcely spy out. When I taxed him with the theft, he boldly denied it, and told me that he had not seen the cows or heard aught of them, and could not get the reward if one were offered for restoring them."

So the words of Phœbus were ended, and the child Hermes made obeisance to Zeus, the lord of all the gods, and said, "Father Zeus, I shall tell thee the truth, for I am a very truthful being, and I know not how to tell a lie. This morning, when the sun was but newly risen, Phœbus came to my mother's cave, looking for cows. He brought no witnesses; he urged me by force to confess; he threatened to hurl me into the abyss of Tartarus. Yet he has all the strength of early manhood, while I, as he knows, was born but yesterday, and am not in the least like a cattle-reiver. Believe me (by thy love for me, thy child) that I have not brought these cows home, or passed beyond my mother's threshold. This is strict truth. Nay, by Hêlios and the other gods, I swear that I love thee and have respect for Phœbus. Thou knowest that I am guiltless, and, if thou wilt, I will also swear it. But, spite of all his strength, I will avenge myself some day on Phœbus for his unkindness; and then help thou the weaker."

So spake Hermes, winking his eyes and holding the clothes to his shoulders; and Zeus laughed aloud at the wiliness of the babe, and bade Phœbus and the child be friends. Then he bowed his head and charged Hermes to show the spot where he had hidden the cattle, and the child obeyed, for none may despise that sign and live.

To Pylos they hastened and to the broad stream of Alpheios, and from the fold Hermes drove forth the cattle. But as he stood apart, Apollo beheld the hides flung on the rocks, and he asked Hermes, "How wast thou able, cunning rogue, to flay two cows, thou a child but one day old? I fear thy might in time to come, and I cannot let thee live." Again he seized the child, and bound him fast with willow bands, but the child tore them from his body like flax, so that Phœbus marvelled greatly.

In vain Hermes sought a place wherein to hide himself, and great fear came upon him till he thought of his tortoise-lyre. With his bow he touched the strings, and the wave of song swelled out upon the air more full and sweet than ever. He sang of the undying gods and the dark earth, how it was made at the first, and how to each of the gods his own appointed portion was given, till the heart of Apollo was filled with a mighty longing, and he spake to Hermes, and said, "Cattle-reiver, wily rogue, thy song is worthy fifty head of cattle. We will settle our strife by and by. Meanwhile, tell me, was this wondrous gift of song born with thee, or hast thou it as a gift

from any god or mortal man? Never on Olympus, from those who cannot die, have I heard such strains as these. They who hear thee may have what they will, be it mirth, or love, or sleep. Great is thy power, and great shall be thy renown, and by my cornel staff I swear that I will not stand in the way of thy honour or deceive thee in anywise."

Then said Hermes, "I grudge thee not my skill, son of Lêtô, for I seek but thy friendship. Yet thy gifts from Zeus are great. Thou knowest his mind, thou canst declare his will, and reveal what is stored up in time to come for undying gods or mortal men. This knowledge I fain would have. But my power of song shall this day be thine. Take my lyre, the soother of the wearied, the sweet companion in hours of sorrow or of feasting. To those who come skilled in its language, it can discourse sweetly of all things, and drive away all thoughts that annoy and cares that vex the soul. To those who touch it, not knowing how to draw forth its speech, it will babble strange nonsense, and rave with uncertain moanings. But thy knowledge is born with thee, and so my lyre is thine. Wherefore now let us feed the herds together, and with our care they shall thrive and multiply. There is no more cause for anger."

So saying, the babe held out the lyre, and Phœbus Apollo took it. In his turn he gave to the child Hermes a glittering scourge, with charge over his flocks and herds. Then, touching the chords of the lyre, he filled the air with sweet music, and they both took their way to Olympus, and Zeus was glad at heart to see that the wrath of Apollo had passed away. But Phœbus dreaded yet the wiles of Hermes, and said, "I fear me much, child of Maia, that in time to come thou mayest steal both my harp and my bow, and take away my honor among men. Come now, and swear to me by the dark water of Styx that thou wilt never do me wrong." Then Hermes bowed his head, and sware never to steal anything from Apollo, and never to lay hands on his holy shrine; and Phœbus sware that of all the undying gods there should be none so dear to him as Hermes. "And of this love," he said, "I will give thee a pledge. My golden rod shall guard thee, and teach thee all that Zeus may say to me for the well or ill doing of gods or men. But the higher knowledge for which thou didst pray may not be thine; for that is hidden in the mind of Zeus, and I have sworn a great oath that none shall learn it from me. But the man who comes to me with true signs, I will never deceive; and he who puts trust in false omens and then comes to inquire at my shrine, shall be answered according to his folly, but his offering shall go into my treasure-house. Yet further, son of Maia, in the clefts of Parnassus far away dwell the winged Thriai, who taught me long ago the secret things of times to come. Go thou then to the three sisters, and thus shalt thou test them. If they have

eaten of the honeycomb before they speak, they will answer thee truly; but if they lack the sweet food of the gods, they will seek to lead astray those who come to them. These I give thee for thy counsellors; only follow them warily; and have thou dominion over all flocks and herds, and over all living things that feed on the the wide earth; and be thou the guide to lead the souls of mortal men to the dark kingdom of Hades."

So was the love of Apollo for Hermes made sure; and Hermes hath his place amongst all the deathless gods and dying men. Nevertheless, the sons of men have from him no great gain, for all night long he vexes them with his treacherous wiles.

DIONYSOS

In the dark land beneath the earth, where wander the ghosts of men, lay Semelê, the daughter of Kadmos, while her child Dionysos grew up full of strength and beauty on the flowery plain of Orchomenos. But the wrath of the lady Hêrê still burned alike against the mother and the child. No pity felt she for the hapless maiden whom the fiery lightning of Zeus had slain; and so in the prison-house of Hades Semelê mourned for the love which she had lost, waiting till her child should lead her forth to the banquet of the gods. But for him the wiles of Hêrê boded long toil and grievous peril. On the land and on the sea strange things befell him, but from all dangers his own strong arm and the love of Zeus, his father, rescued him. Thus throughout the land men spake of his beauty and his strength, and said that he was worthy to be the child of the maiden who had dared to look on the majesty of Zeus. At length the days of his youth were ended, and a great yearning filled his heart to wander through the earth and behold the cities and the ways of men. So from Orchomenos Dionysos journeyed to the sea-shore, and he stood on a jutting rock to gaze on the tumbling waters. The glad music of the waves fell upon his ear and filled his soul with a wild joy. His dark locks streamed gloriously over his shoulders, and his purple robe rustled in the soft summer breeze. Before him on the blue waters the ships danced merrily in the sparkling sunlight, as they hastened from shore to shore on the errands, of war or peace. Presently a ship drew near to the beach. Her white sail was lowered hastily to the deck, and five of her crew leaped out and plunged through the sea-foam to the shore, near the rock on which stood Dionysos. "Come with us," they said, with rough voices, as they seized him in their brawny arms. "It is not every day that Tyrrhenian mariners fall in with youths like thee." With rude jests they dragged him to the ship, and there made ready to bind him. "A brave youth and fair he is," they said; "we shall not lack

bidders when we put forth our goods for sale." So round his limbs they fastened stout withy bands, but they fell from off him as withered leaves fall from trees in autumn; and a careless smile played on his face as he sat down and looked calmly on the robbers who stood before him. Then on a sudden the voice of the helmsman was heard as he shouted, "Fools, what do ye? The wrath of Zeus is hurrying you to your doom. This youth is not of mortal race; and who can tell which of the undying gods has put on this beautiful form? Send him straightway from the ship in peace, if ye fear not a deadly storm as we cross the open sea." Loud laughed the crew, as their chief answered jeeringly, "Look out for the breeze, wise helmsman, and draw up the sail to the wind. That is more thy task than to busy thyself with our doings. Fear not for the boy. The withy bands were but weak; it is no great marvel that he shook them off. He shall go with us, and before we reach Egypt or Cyprus or the land of the Hyperboreans, doubtless he will tell us his name and the name of his father and his mother. Fear not; we have found a godsend."

So the sail was drawn up to the mast, and it swelled proudly before the breeze as the ship dashed through the crested waves. And still the sun shone brightly down on the water, and the soft white clouds floated lazily in the heaven, as the mighty Dionysos began to show signs and wonders before the robbers who had seized him. Over the deck ran a stream of purple wine, and a fragrance as of a heavenly banquet filled the air. Over mast and sail-yard clambered the clustering vine, and dark masses of grapes hung glistening from the branches. The ivy twined in tangled masses round the tackling, and bright garlands shone, like jewelled crowns, on every oar-pin. Then a great terror fell on all, as they cried to the old helmsman, "Quick, turn the ship to the shore; there is no hope for us here." But there followed a mightier wonder still. A loud roar broke upon the air, and a tawny lion stood before them, with a grim and grisly bear by his side. Cowering like pitiful slaves, the Tyrrhenians crowded to the stern, and crouched round the good helmsman. Then the lion sprang and seized the chief, and the men leaped in their agony over the ship's side. But the power of Dionysos followed them still; and a change came over their bodies as they heard a voice which said, "In the form of dolphins shall ye wander through the sea for many generations. No rest shall ye have by night or by day, while ye fly from the ravenous sharks that shall chase you through the seas."

But before the old helmsman again stood Dionysos, the young and fair, in all the glory of undying beauty. Again his dark locks flowed gently over his shoulders, and the purple robe rustled softly in the breeze. "Fear not," he said, "good friend and true, because thou hast aided one who is sprung from the deathless race of the gods. I am Dionysos, the child of Zeus, the lord of the wine-cup and the

revel. Thou hast stood by me in the hour of peril; wherefore my power shall shield thee from the violence of evil men and soothe thee in a green old age, till thine eyes close in the sleep of death and thou goest forth to dwell among brave heroes and good men in the asphodel meadows of Elysium."

Then, at the bidding of Dionysos, the north wind came and wafted the ship to the land of Egypt, where Proteus was king. And so began the long wanderings of the son of Semelê, through the regions of the Ethiopians and the Indians, towards the rising of the sun. Whithersoever he went, the women of the land gathered round him with wild cries and songs, and he showed them of his secret things, punishing grievously all who set at nought the new laws which he ordained. So, at his word, Lykurgos, the Edonian chieftain, was slain by his people, and none dared any more to speak against Dionysos, until he came back to the city where Semelê, his mother, had been smitten by the lightnings of Zeus.

IO AND PROMÊTHEUS

In the halls of Inachos, king of Argos, Zeus beheld and loved the fair maiden Iô; but when Hêrê the queen knew it, she was very wroth and sought to slay her. Then Zeus changed the maiden into a heifer, to save her from the anger of Hêrê; but presently Hêrê learned that the heifer was the maiden whom she hated, and she went to Zeus and said, "Give me that which I shall desire;" and Zeus answered, "Say on." Then Hêrê said, "Give me the beautiful heifer which I see feeding in the pastures of King Inachos." So Zeus granted her prayer, for he liked not to confess what he had done to Iô to save her from the wrath of Hêrê; and Hêrê took the heifer and bade Argos with the hundred eyes watch over it by night and by day.

Long time Zeus sought how he might deliver the maiden from the vengeance of Hêrê; but he strove in vain, for Argos never slept, and his hundred eyes saw everything around him, and none could approach without being seen and slain. At the last Zeus sent Hermes, the bright messenger of the gods, who stole gently towards Argos, playing soft music on his lute. Soothingly the sweet sounds fell upon his ear, and a deep sleep began to weigh down his eyelids, until Argos with the hundred eyes lay powerless before Hermes. Then Hermes drew his sharp sword, and with a single stroke he smote off his head; wherefore men call him the slayer of Argos with the hundred eyes. But the wrath of Hêrê was fiercer than ever when she learned that her watchman was slain; and she sware that the heifer should have no rest, but wander in terror and pain from land to land. So she sent a gadfly to goad the heifer with its fiery sting over hill and valley,

across sea and river, to torment her if she lay down to rest, and madden her with pain when she sought to sleep. In grief and madness she fled from the pastures of Inachos, past the city of Erechtheus into the land of Kadmos the Theban. On and on still she went, resting not by night or day, through the Dorian and Thessalian plains, until at last she came to the wild Thracian land. Her feet bled on the sharp stones; her body was torn by the thorns and brambles, and tortured by the stings of the fearful gadfly. Still she fled on and on, while the tears streamed often down her cheeks, and her moaning showed the greatness of her agony. "O Zeus," she said, "dost thou not see me in my misery? Thou didst tell me once of thy love; and dost thou suffer me now to be driven thus wildly from land to land, without hope of comfort or rest? Slay me at once, I pray thee, or suffer me to sink into the deep sea, that so I may put off the sore burden of my woe."

But Iô knew not that, while she spake, one heard her who had suffered even harder things from Zeus. Far above her head, towards the desolate crags of Caucasus, the wild eagle soared shrieking in the sky; and the vulture hovered near, as though waiting close to some dying man till death should leave him for its prey. Dark snow-clouds brooded heavily on the mountain, the icy wind crept lazily through the frozen air; and Iô thought that the hour of her death was come. Then, as she raised her head, she saw far off a giant form, which seemed fastened by nails to the naked rock; and a low groan reached her ear, as of one in mortal pain, and she heard a voice which said, "Whence comest thou, daughter of Inachos, into the savage wilderness? Hath the love of Zeus driven thee thus to the icy corners of the earth?" Then Iô gazed at him in wonder and awe, and said ,"How dost thou know my name and my sorrows? and what is thine own wrong? Tell me (if it is given to thee to know) what awaits thee and me in the time to come; for sure I am that thou art no mortal man. Thy giant form is as the form of gods or heroes, who come down sometimes to mingle with the sons of men; and great must be the wrath of Zeus, that thou shouldst be thus tormented here." Then he said, "Maiden, thou seest the Titan Promêtheus who brought down fire for the children of men, and taught them how to build themselves houses and till the earth, and how to win for themselves food and clothing. I gave them wise thoughts and good laws and prudent counsel, and raised them from the life of beasts to a life which was fit for speaking men. But the son of Kronos was afraid at my doings, lest, with the aid of men, I might hurl him from his place and set up new gods upon his throne. So he forgot all my good deeds in times past, how I had aided him when the earth-born giants sought to destroy his power and heaped rock on rock and crag on crag to smite him on his throne; and he caught me by craft, telling

me in smooth words how that he was my friend, and that my honor should not fail in the halls of Olympus. So he took me unawares and bound me with iron chains, and bade Hephaistos take and fasten me to this mountain side, where the frost and wind and heat scorch and torment me by day and night, and the vulture gnaws my heart with its merciless beak. But my spirit is not wholly cast down; for I know that I have done good to the sons of men, and that they honor the Titan Promêtheus, who has saved them from cold and hunger and sickness. And well I know, also, that the reign of Zeus shall one day come to an end, and that another shall sit at length upon his throne, even as now he sits on the throne of his father Kronos. Hither come, also, those who seek to comfort me; and thou seest before thee the daughters of Okeanos, who have but now come from the green halls of their father to talk with me. Listen then to me, daughter of Inachos, and I will tell thee what shall befall thee in time to come. Hence, from the ice-bound chain of Caucasus, thou shalt roam into the Scythian land and the regions of the Chalybes. Thence thou shalt come to the dwelling-place of the Amâzons on the banks of the river Thermôdon; these shall guide thee on thy way, until at length thou shalt come to a strait, which thou wilt cross, and which shall tell by its name for ever where the heifer passed from Europe into Asia. But the end of thy wanderings is not yet."

Then Iô could no longer repress her grief, and her tears burst forth afresh; and Promêtheus said, "Daughter of Inachos, if thou sorrowest thus at what I have told thee, how wilt thou bear to hear beyond these things there remains for thee to do?" But Iô said, "Of what use is it, O Titan, to tell me of these woeful wanderings? Better were it now to die and be at rest from all this misery and sorrow." "Nay, not so, O maiden of Argos," said Promêtheus, "for if thou livest, the days will come when Zeus shall be cast down from his throne; and the end of his reign shall also be the end of my sufferings. For when thou hast passed by the Thracian Bosporos, into the land of Asia, thou wilt wander on through many regions, where the Gorgons dwell, and the Arimaspians and Ethiopians, until at last thou shalt come to the three-cornered land where the mighty Nile goes out by its many arms into the sea. There shall be thy resting-place, and there shall Epaphos, thy son, be born, from whom, in times yet far away, shall spring the great Herakles, who shall break my chain and set me free from my long torments. And if in this thou doubtest my words, I can tell thee of every land through which thou hast passed on thy journey hither; but it is enough if I tell thee how the speaking oaks of Dodona hailed thee as one day to be the wife of Zeus and the mother of the mighty Epaphos. Hasten, then, on thy way, daughter of Inachos. Long years of pain and

sorrow await thee still; but my griefs shall endure for many generations. It avails not now to weep; but this comfort thou hast, that thy lot is happier than mine; and for both of us remains the surety that the right shall at last conquer, and the power of Zeus shall be brought low, even as the power of Kronos whom he hurled from his ancient throne. Depart hence quickly, for I see Hermes the messenger drawing nigh, and perchance he comes with fresh torments for thee and me."

So Iô went on her weary road, and Hermes drew nigh to Promêtheus, and bade him once again yield himself to the will of the mighty Zeus. But Promêtheus laughed him to scorn; and as Hermes turned to go away, the icy wind came shrieking through the air, and the dark cloud sank lower and lower down the hillside, until it covered the rock on which the body of the Titan was nailed; and the great mountain heaved with the earthquake, and the blazing thunderbolts darted fearfully through the sky. Brighter and brighter flashed the lightning, and louder pealed the thunder in the ears of Promêtheus; but he quailed not for all the fiery majesty of Zeus; and still, as the storm grew fiercer and the curls of fire were wreathed around his form, his voice was heard amid the din and roar, and it spake of the day when the good shall triumph, and unjust power shall be crushed and destroyed forever.

POSEIDON AND ATHÊNÊ

Near the banks of the stream Kephisos, Erechtheus had built a city in a rocky and thin-soiled land. He was the father of a free and brave people; and though his city was small and humble, yet Zeus by his wisdom foresaw that one day it would become the noblest of all cities throughout the wide earth. And there was a strife between Poseidon the lord of the sea, and Athênê the virgin child of Zeus, to see by whose name the city of Erechtheus should be called. So Zeus appointed a day in which he would judge between them in presence of the great gods who dwell on high Olympus.

When the day was come, the gods sat each on his golden throne, on the banks of the stream Kephisos. High above all was the throne of Zeus, the great father of gods and men, and by his side sat Hêrê the queen. This day even the sons of men might gaze upon them, for Zeus had laid aside his lightnings, and all the gods had come down in peace to listen to his judgment between Poseidon and Athênê. There sat Phœbus Apollo with his golden harp in his hand. His face glistened for the brightness of his beauty; but there was no anger in his gleaming eye, and idle by his side lay the unerring spear with which he smites all who deal falsely and speak lies. There beside him sat Artemis, his sister, whose days were spent in chasing the

beasts of the earth and in sporting with the nymphs on the reedy banks of Eurôtas. There by the side of Zeus sat Hermes, ever bright and youthful, the spokesman of the gods, with staff in hand to do the will of the great father. There sat Hephaistos the lord of fire, and Hestia who guards the hearth. There, too, was Arês, who delights in war; and Dionysos, who loves the banquet and the wine-cup; and Aphroditê, who rose from the sea-foam to fill the earth with laughter and woe.

Before them all stood the great rivals, awaiting the judgment of Zeus. High in her left hand, Athênê held the invincible spear; and on her ægis, hidden from mortal sight, was the face on which no man may gaze and live. Close beside her, proud in the greatness of his power, Poseidon waited the issue of the contest. In his right hand gleamed the trident with which he shakes the earth and cleaves the waters of the sea.

Then from his golden seat rose the spokesman Hermes; and his clear voice sounded over all the great council. "Listen," he said, "to the will of Zeus, who judges now between Poseidon and Athênê. The city of Erechtheus shall bear the name of that god who shall bear the name of that god who shall bring forth out of the earth the best gift for the sons of men. If Poseidon do this, the city shall be called Poseidonia; but if Athênê brings the higher gift, it shall be called Athens."

Then King Poseidon rose up in the greatness of his majesty, and with his trident he smote the earth where he stood. Straightway the hill was shaken to its depths, and the earth clave asunder, and forth from the chasm leaped a horse, such as never shall be seen again for strength and beauty. His body shone white all over as the driven snow; his mane streamed proudly in the wind as he stamped on the ground and scoured in very wantonness over hill and valley. "Behold my gift," said Poseidon, "and call the city after my name. Who shall give aught better than the horse to the sons of men?"

But Athênê looked steadfastly at the gods with her keen grey eye; and she stooped slowly down to the ground and planted in it a little seed which she held in her right hand. She spake no word, but still gazed calmly on that great council. Presently they saw springing from the earth a little germ, which grew up and threw out its boughs and leaves. Higher and higher it rose, with all its thick green foliage, and put forth fruit on its clustering branches. "My gift is better, O Zeus," she said, "than that of King Poseidon. The horse which he has given shall bring war and strife and anguish to the children of men; my olive-tree is the sign of peace and plenty, of health and strength, and the pledge of happiness and freedom. Shall not then the city of Erechtheus be called after my name?"

Then with one accord rose the voices of the gods in the air, as

they cried out, "The gift of Athênê is the best which may be given to the sons of men; it is the token that the city of Erechtheus shall be greater in peace than in war, and nobler in its freedom than its power. Let the city be called Athens."

Then Zeus, the mighty son of Kronos, bowed his head in sign of judgment that the city should be called by the name of Athênê. From his head the immortal locks streamed down, and the earth trembled beneath his feet, as he rose from his golden throne to return to the halls of Olympus. But still Athênê stood gazing over the land which was now her own; and she stretched out her spear towards the city of Erechtheus, and said: "I have won the victory, and here shall be my home. Here shall my children grow up in happiness and freedom; and hither shall the sons of men come to learn of law and order. Here shall they see what great things may be done by mortal hands when aided by the gods who dwell on Olympus; and when the torch of freedom has gone out at Athens, its light shall be handed on to other lands, and men shall learn that my gift is still the best, and they shall say that reverence for law and the freedom of thought and deed has come to them from the city of Erechtheus, which bears the name of Athênê."

PERSEUS

The east wind crested with silvery foam the waves of the sea of Hellê, when Perseus went into the ship which was to bear him away from Seriphos. The white sail was spread to the breeze, and the ship sped gaily over the heaving waters. Soon the blue hills rose before them, and as the sun sank down in the west, Perseus trod once more the Argive land.

But there was no rest for him now in his ancient home. On and on, through Argos and other lands, he must wander in search of the Gorgon, with nothing but his strong heart and his stout arm to help him. Yet for himself he feared not, and if his eyes filled with tears, it was only because he thought of his mother Danaê; and he said within himself, "O my mother, I would that thou wert here. I see the towers of the fair city where Akrisios still is king; I see the home which thou longest to behold, and which now I may not enter; but one day I shall bring thee hither in triumph, when I come to win back my birthright."

Brightly before his mind rose the vision of the time to come, as he lay down to rest beneath the blue sky; but when his eyes were closed in sleep, there stood before him a vision yet more glorious, for the lady Athênê was come from the home of Zeus, to aid the young hero as he set forth on his weary labour. Her face gleamed with a

beauty such as is not given to the daughters of men. But Perseus feared not because of her majesty, for the soft spell of sleep lay on him; and he heard her words as she said, "I am come down from Olympus where dwells thy father Zeus, to help thee in thy mighty toil. Thou art brave of heart and strong of hand, but thou knowest not the way which thou shouldest go, and thou hast no weapons with which to slay the Gorgon Medusa. Many things thou needest, but only against the freezing stare of the Gorgon's face can I guard thee now. On her countenance thou canst not look and live; and even when she is dead, one glance of that fearful face will still turn all mortal things to stone. So, when thou drawest nigh to slay her, thine eye must not rest upon her. Take good heed, then, to thyself, for while they are awake the Gorgon sisters dread no danger, for the snakes which curl around their heads warn them of every peril. Only while they sleep canst thou approach them; and the face of Medusa, in life or in death, thou must never see. Take then this mirror, into which thou canst look, and when thou beholdest her image there, then nerve thy heart and take thine aim, and carry away with thee the head of the mortal maiden. Linger not in thy flight, for her sisters will pursue after thee, and they can neither grow old nor die."

So Athênê departed from him; and early in the morning he saw by his side the mirror which she had given to him; and he said, "Now I know that my toil is not in vain, and the help of Athênê is a pledge of yet more aid in time to come." So he journeyed on with a good heart over hill and dale, across rivers and forests, towards the setting of the sun. Manfully he toiled on, till sleep weighed heavy on his eyes, and he lay down to rest on a broad stone in the evening. Once more before him stood a glorious form. A burnished helmet glistened on his head, a golden staff was in his hand, and on his feet were the golden sandals which bore him through the air with a flight more swift than the eagle's. And Perseus heard a voice which said, "I am Hermes, the messenger of Zeus, and I am come to arm thee against thine enemies. Take this sword, which slays all mortal things on which it may fall, and go on thy way with a cheerful heart. A weary road yet lies before thee, and for many a long day must thou wander on before thou canst have other help in thy mighty toil. Far away, towards the setting of the sun, lies the Tartessian land, whence thou shalt see the white-crested mountains where Atlas holds up the pillars of the heaven. There must thou cross the dark waters, and then thou wilt find thyself in the land of the Graiai, who are of kin to the Gorgon sisters, and thou wilt see no more the glory of Hêlios, who gladdens the homes of living men. Only a faint light from the far-off sun comes dimly to the desolate land where, hidden in a gloomy cave, lurk the hapless Graiai. These thou must seek out; and when thou hast found them, fear them not. Over

their worn and wrinkled faces stream tangled masses of long grey hair; their voice comes hollow from their toothless gums, and a single eye is passed from one to the other when they wish to look forth from their dismal dwelling. Seek them out, for these alone can tell thee what more remaineth yet for thee to do."

When Perseus woke in the morning, the sword of Hermes lay beside him; and he rose up with great joy, and said, "The help of Zeus fails me not; if more is needed, will he not grant it to me?" So onward he went to the Tartessian land, and thence across the dark sea towards the country of the Graiai, till he saw the pillars of Atlas rise afar off into the sky. Then, as he drew nigh to the hills which lie beneath them, he came to a dark cave, and as he stooped to look into it, he fancied that he saw the grey hair which streamed over the shoulders of the Graiai. Long time he rested on the rocks without the cave, till he knew by their heavy breathing that the sisters were asleep. Then he crept in stealthily, and took the eye which lay beside them, and waited till they should wake. At last, as the faint light from the far-off sun who shines on mortal men reached the cave, he saw them groping for the eye which he had taken; and presently from their toothless jaws came a hollow voice, which said, "There is some one near us who is sprung from the children of men; for of old time we have known that one should come and leave us blind until we did his bidding." Then Perseus came forth boldly and stood before them and said, "Daughters of Phorkos and of Kêtô, I know that ye are of kin to the Gorgon sisters, and to these ye must now guide me. Think not to escape by craft or guile, for in my hand is the sword of Hermes, and it slays all living things on which it may fall." And they answered quickly, "Slay us not, child of man, for we will deal truly by thee, and tell thee of the things which must be done before thou canst reach the dwelling of the Gorgon sisters. Go hence, along the plain which stretches before thee, then over hill and vale, and forest and desert, till thou comest to the slow-rolling ocean stream; there call on the nymphs who dwell beneath the waters, and they shall rise at thy bidding, and tell thee of many things which it is not given to us to know."

Onwards again he went, across the plain, and over hill and vale, till he came to the ocean which flows lazily round the world of living men. No ray of the pure sunshine pierced the murky air, but the pale yellow light, which broods on the land of the Gorgons, showed to him the dark stream, as he stood on the banks and summoned the nymphs to do his bidding. Presently they stood before him, and greeted him by his name; and they said, "O Perseus, thou art the first of living men whose feet have trodden this desolate shore. Long time have we known that the will of Zeus would bring thee hither to accomplish the doom of the mortal Medusa. We know the things of

which thou art in need, and without us thy toil would in very truth be vain. Thou hast to come near to beings who can see all around them, for the snakes which twist about their heads are their eyes; and here is the helmet of Hades, which will enable thee to draw nigh to them unseen. Thou hast the sword which never falls in vain; but without this bag which we give thee, thou canst not bear away the head the sight of which changes all mortal things to stone. And when thy work of death is done on the mortal maiden, thou must fly from her sisters who cannot die, and who will follow thee more swiftly than eagles; and here are the sandals which shall waft thee through the air more quickly than a dream. Hasten then, child of Danaê, for we are ready to bear thee in our hands across the ocean stream."

So they bare Perseus to the Gorgon land, and he journeyed on in the pale yellow light which rests upon it everlastingly.

On that night, in the darkness of their lonesome dwelling, Medusa spake to her sisters of the doom which should one day be accomplished; and she said, "Sisters, ye care little for the grief whose image on my face turns all mortal things to stone. Ye who know not old age or death, know not the awful weight of my agony, and cannot feel the signs of the change that is coming. But I know them. The snakes which twine around my head warn me not in vain; but they warn me against perils which I care not now to shun. The wrath of Athênê, who crushed the faint hopes which lingered in my heart, left me mortal still, and I am weary with the woe of the ages that are past. O sisters, ye know not what it is to pity, but something more ye know what it is to love, for even in this living tomb we have dwelt together in peace, and peace is of kin to love. But hearken to me now. Mine eyes are heavy with sleep, and my heart tells me that the doom is coming, for I am but a mortal maiden; and I care not if the slumber which is stealing on me be the sleep of those whose life is done. Sisters, my lot is happier at the least than yours; for he who slays me is my friend. I am weary of my woe, and it may be that better things await me when I am dead."

But, even as Medusa spake, the faces of Stheino and Euryalê remained unchanged; and it seemed as though for them the words of Medusa were but an empty sound. Presently the Gorgon sisters were all asleep. The deadly snakes lay still and quiet, and only the breath which hissed from their mouths was heard throughout the cave.

Then Perseus drew nigh, with the helmet of Hades on his head, and the sandals of the nymphs on his feet. In his right hand was the sword of Hermes, and in his left the mirror of Athênê. Long time he gazed on the image of Medusa's face, which still showed the wreck of her ancient beauty; and he said within himself, "Mortal maiden, well may it be that more than mortal woe should give to thy countenance its deadly power. The hour of thy doom is come;

but death to thee must be a boon." Then the sword of Hermes fell, and the great agony of Medusa was ended. So Perseus cast a veil over the dead face, and bare it away from the cave in the bag which the nymphs gave him on the banks of the slow-rolling Ocean.

ALTHAIA AND THE BURNING BRAND

THERE was feasting in the halls of Oineus the chieftain of Kalydon in the Ætolian land, and all prayed for wealth and glory for the chief, and for his wife Althaia, and for the child who had on that day been born to them. And Oineus besought the king of gods and men with rich offerings, that his son Meleagros might win a name greater than his own, that he might grow up stout of heart and strong of arm, and that in time to come men might say, "Meleagros wrought mighty works and did good deeds to the people of the land."

But the mighty Moirai, whose word even Zeus himself may not turn aside, had fixed the doom of Meleagros. The child lay sleeping in his mother's arms, and Althaia prayed that her son might grow up brave and gentle, and be to her a comforter in the time of age and the hour of death. Suddenly, as she spake, the Moirai stood before her. There was no love or pity in their cold grey eyes, and they looked down with stern unchanging faces on the mother and her child, and one of them said, " The brand burns on the hearth: when it burned wholly, thy child shall die." But love is swifter than thought; and the mother snatched the burning brand from the fire, and quenched its flame in water; and she placed it in a secret place where no hand but her own might reach it.

So the child grew, brave of heart and sturdy of limb, and ever ready to hunt the wild beasts or to go against the cities of men. Many great deeds he did in the far-off Kolchian land, when the chieftains sailed with Athamas and Ino to take away the golden fleece from King Aiêtes. But there were greater things for him to do when he came again to Kalydon, for his father Oineus had roused the wrath of the mighty Artemis. There was rich banqueting in his great hall when his harvest was ingathered and Zeus and all the other gods feasted on the fat burnt-offerings; but no gift was set apart for the virgin child of Lêtô. Soon she requited the wrong to Oineus, and a savage boar was seen in the land, which tare up the fruit-trees, and destroyed the seed in the ground, and trampled on the green corn as it came up. None dared to approach it, for its mighty tusks tare everything that crossed its path. Long time the chieftains took counsel what they should do, until Meleagros said, "I will go forth: who will follow me?" Then from Kalydon and from the cities and lands round about came mighty chieftains and brave youths, even as they had hastened to the ship Argo when they sought

to win the golden fleece from Kolchis. With them came the Kourêtes who live in Pleurôn, and among them were seen Kastor and Polydeukês the twin brethren, and Theseus with his comrade Perithoös, and Iason and Admêtos. But more beautiful than all was Atalantê, the daughter of Schoineus, a stranger from the Arcadian land. Much the chieftains sought to keep her from the chase, for the maiden's arm was strong, and her feet swift, and her aim sure; and they liked not that she should come from a far country to share their glory or take away their name. But Meleagros loved the fair and brave maiden; and he said, "If she go not to the chase, neither will I go with you." So they suffered her, and the chase began. At first the boar fled, trampling down those whom he chanced to meet, and rending them with his tusks; but at length he stood fiercely at bay, and fought furiously, and many of the hunters fell, until at length the spear of Atalantê pierced his side, and then Meleagros slew him.

Then was there great gladness as they dragged the body of the boar to Kalydon, and made ready to divide the spoil. But the anger of Artemis was not yet soothed; and she roused a strife between the men of Pleurôn and the men of Kalydon. For Meleagros sought to have the head, and the Kourêtes of Pleurôn cared not to take the hide only for their portion. So the strife grew hot between them, until Meleagros slew the chieftain of the Kourêtes, who was the brother of Althaia his mother. Then he seized the head of the boar, and bare it to Atalantê, and said, "Take, maiden, the spoils that are rightly thine. From thy spear came the first wound which smote down the boar; and well hast thou earned the prize for the fleetness of thy foot and the sureness of thy aim."

So Atalantê took the spoils and carried them to her home in the Arcadian land; but the men of Pleurôn were full of wrath, and they made war on the men of Kalydon. Many times they fought, but in every battle the strong arm of Meleagros and his stout heart won the victory for the men of his own city; and the Kourêtes began to grow faint in spirit, so that they quailed before the spear and sword of Meleagros. But presently Meleagros was seen no more with his people, and his voice was no longer heard cheering them on to the battle. No more would he take lance in hand or lift up his shield for the strife, but he tarried in his own house by the side of the beautiful Kleopatra, whom Idas her father gave to him to be his wife.

For the heart of his mother was filled with grief and rage when she heard the story of the deadly strife, and that Meleagros, her child, had slain her brother. In heavy wrath and sorrow she sat down upon the earth, and she cast the dust from the ground into the air, and with wild words called on Hades, the unseen king, and Persephonê who shares his dark throne: "Lord of the lands be-

neath the earth, stretch forth thy hand against Meleagros my child. He has quenched the love of a mother in my brother's blood, and I will that he should die." And even as she prayed, the awful Erinys, which wanders through the air, heard her words and sware to accomplish the doom. But Meleagros was yet more wrathful when he knew that his mother had laid her curse upon him; and therefore he would not go forth out of his chamber to the aid of his people in the war.

So the Kourêtes grew more and more mighty; and their warriors came up against the city of Kalydon, and would no longer suffer the people to come without the walls. And everywhere there was faintness of heart and grief of spirit, for the enemy had wasted their fields and slain the bravest of the men, and little store remained to them of food. Day by day Oineus besought his son, and the great men of the city fell at the knees of Meleagros and prayed him to come out to their help, but he would not hearken. Still he tarried in his chamber with his wife Kleopatra by his side, and heeded not the hunger and the wailings of the people. Fiercer and fiercer waxed the roar of war; the loosened stones rolled from the tottering wall, and the battered gates were scarce able to keep out the enemy. Then Kleopatra fell at her husband's knee, and she took him by the hand, and called him gently by his name, and said, "O Meleagros, if thou wilt think of thy wrath, think also of the evils which war brings with it—how, when a city is taken, the men are slain, and the mother with her child, the old and the young, are borne away into slavery. If the men of Pleurôn win the day, thy mother may repent her of the curse which she has laid upon thee; but thou wilt see thy children slain and me a slave." Then Meleagros started from his couch and seized his spear and shield. He spake no word, but hastened to the walls; and soon the Kourêtes fell back before the spear which never missed its mark. Then he gathered the warriors of his city, and bade them open the gates, and went forth against the enemy. Long and dreadful was the battle, but at length the Kourêtes turned and fled, and the danger passed away from the men of Kalydon.

But Moirai still remembered the doom of the burning brand, and the unpitying Erînys had not forgotten the curse of Althaia; and they moved the men of Kalydon to withhold the prize of his good deeds from the chieftain Meleagros. "He came not forth," they said, "save at the prayer of his wife. He hearkened not when we besought him; he heeded not our misery and tears: why should we give him that which he did not win from any love for us?" So his people were angry with Meleagros, and his spirit grew yet more bitter within him. Once again he lay within his chamber, and his spear and shield hung idle on the wall; and it pleased him more to listen

the whole day long to the soft words of Kleopatra, than to be doing brave and good deeds for the people of his land.

Then the heart of his mother Althaia was more and more turned away from him, so that she said in bitterness of spirit, "What good shall his life now do to me?" and she brought forth the half-burnt brand from its secret place, and cast it on the hearth. Suddenly it burst into a flame, and suddenly the strength of Meleagros began to fail as he lay in the arms of Kleopatra. "My life is wasting within me," he said; "clasp me closer in thine arms; let others lay a curse upon me, so only I die rejoicing in thy love." Weaker and weaker grew his failing breath, but still he looked with loving eyes on the face of Kleopatra, and his spirit went forth with a sigh of gladness, as the last spark of the brand flickered out upon the hearth.

Then was there grief and sorrow in the house of Oineus and through all the city of Kalydon, but they wept and mourned in vain. They thought now of his good deeds, his wise counsels, and his mighty arm; but in vain they bewailed the death of their chieftain in the glory of his age. Yet deeper and more bitter was the sorrow of Althaia, for the love of a mother came back to her heart when the Moirai had accomplished the doom of her child. And yet more bitterly sorrowed his wife Kleopatra, and yearned for the love which had been torn away from her. There was no more joy within the halls of Oineus, for the Erinys had done her task well. Soon Althaia followed her child to the unknown land, and Kleopatra went forth with joy to meet Meleagros in the dark kingdom of Hades and Persephonê.

IAMOS

On the banks of Alpheios, Evadnê watched over her new-born babe, till she fled away because she feared the wrath of Aipytos, who ruled in Phaisana. The tears streamed down her cheeks as she prayed to Phœbus Apollo who dwells at Delphi, and said, "Lord of the bright day, look on thy child, and guard him when he lies forsaken, for I may no longer tarry near him." So Evadnê fled away; and Phœbus sent two serpents, who fed the babe with honey as he lay amid the flowers which clustered round him. And ever more and more, through all the land went forth the saying of Phœbus, that the child of Evadnê should grow up mighty in wisdom and in the power of telling the things that should happen in the time to come. Then Aipytos asked of all who dwelt in his house to tell him where he might find the son of Evadnê. But they knew not where the child lay, for the serpents had hidden him far away in a thicket, where the wild flowers sheltered him from wind and heat.

Long time they searched amid the reeds which clothe the banks of Alpheios, until at last they found the babe lying on a bed of violets.

So Aipytos took the child and called his name Iamos, and he grew up brave and wise of heart, pondering well the signs of coming grief and joy, and the tokens of hidden things which he saw in the heaven above him or on the wide earth beneath. He spake but little to the youths and maidens who dwelt in the house of Aipytos, but he wandered on the bare hills or by the stream side, musing on many things. And so it came to pass that one night, when the stars glimmered softly in the sky, Iamos plunged beneath the waters of Alpheios, and prayed to Phœbus who dwells at Delphi, and to Poseidon, the lord of the broad sea; and he besought them to open his eyes, that he might reveal to the sons of men the things which of themselves they could not see. Then they led him away to the high rocks which look down on the plain of Pisa, and they said, "Look yonder, child of Evadnê, where the white stream of Alpheios winds its way gently to the sea. Here, in the days which are to come, Herakles, the son of the mighty Zeus, shall gather together the sons of Hellen, and give them in the solemn games the mightiest of all bonds; hither shall they come to know the will of Zeus, and here shall it be thy work and the work of thy children to read to them the signs which of themselves they cannot understand." Then Phœbus Apollo touched his ears, and straightway the voices of the birds spake to him clearly of the things which were to come, and he heard their words as a man listens to the speech of his friend. So Iamos prospered exceedingly, for the men of all the Argive land sought aid from his wisdom, and laid rich gifts at his feet. And he taught his children after him to speak the truth and to deal justly, so that none envied their great wealth, and all men spake well of the wise children of Iamos.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE

BY HAWTHORNE

When Jason, the son of the dethroned King of Iolchos, was a little boy, he was sent away from his parents, and placed under the queerest schoolmaster that ever you heard of. This learned person was one of the people, or quadrupeds, called Centaurs. He lived in a cavern, and had the body and legs of a white horse, with the head and shoulders of a man. His name was Chiron; and, in spite of his odd appearance, he was a very excellent teacher, and had several scholars, who afterwards did him credit by making a great figure in the world. The famous Hercules was one, and so was Achilles, and Philoctetes, likewise, and Æsculapius, who acquired immense repute as a doctor. The good Chiron taught his pupils how to play up on the harp, and how to cure diseases, and how to use the sword and shield, together with various other branches of education, in which the lads of those days used to be instructed, instead of writing and arithmetic.

I have sometimes suspected that Master Chiron was not really very different from other people, but that, being a kind-hearted and merry old fellow, he was in the habit of making believe that he was a horse, and scrambling about the school-room on all fours, and letting the little boys ride upon his back. And so, when his scholars had grown up, and grown old, and were trotting their grandchildren on their knees, they told them about the sports of their school-days; and these young folks took the idea that their grandfathers had been taught their letters by a Centaur, half man and half horse. Little children, not quite understanding what is said to them, often get such absurd notions into their heads, you know.

Be that as it may, it has always been told for a fact (and always will be told, as long as the world lasts, that Chiron, with the head of a schoolmaster, had the body and legs of a horse. Just imagine the grave old gentleman clattering and stamping into the school-room on his four hoofs, perhaps treading on some little fellow's toes, flourishing his switch tail instead of a rod, and, now and then, trotting out of doors to eat a mouthful of grass! I wonder what the blacksmith charged him for a set of iron shoes.

So Jason dwelt in the cave, with this four-footed Chiron, from

the time that he was an infant, only a few months old, until he had grown to the full height of a man. He became a very good harper, I suppose, and skilful in the use of weapons, and tolerably acquainted with herbs and other doctor's stuff, and, above all, an admirable horseman; for, in teaching young people to ride, the good Chiron must have been without a rival among schoolmasters. At length, being now a tall and athletic youth, Jason resolved to seek his fortune in the world, without asking Chiron's advice, or telling him anything about the matter. This was very unwise, to be sure; and I hope none of you, my little hearers, will ever follow Jason's example. But, you are to understand, he had heard how that he himself was a prince royal, and how his father, King Æson, had been deprived of the kingdom of Iolchos by a certain Pelias, who would also have killed Jason, had he not been hidden in the Centaur's cave. And, being come to the strength of a man, Jason determined to set all this business to rights, and to punish the wicked Pelias for wronging his dear father, and to cast him down from the throne, and seat himself there instead.

With this intention, he took a spear in each hand, and threw a leopard's skin over his shoulders, to keep off the rain, and set forth on his travels, with his long yellow ringlets waving in the wind. The part of his dress on which he most prided himself was a pair of sandals, that had been his father's. They were handsomely embroidered, and were tied upon his feet with strings of gold. But his whole attire was such as people did not very often see; and as he passed along, the women and children ran to the doors and windows, wondering whither this beautiful youth was journeying, with his leopard's skin and his golden-tied sandals and what heroic deeds he meant to perform, with a spear in his right hand and another in his left.

I know not how far Jason had travelled, when he came to a turbulent river, which rushed right across his pathway, with specks of white foam among its black eddies hurrying tumultuously onward, and roaring angrily at is went. Though not a very broad river in the dry seasons of the year, it was now swollen by heavy rains and by the melting of the snow on the sides of Mount Olympus; and it thundered so loudly, and looked so wild and dangerous, that Jason, bold as he was, thought it prudent to pause upon the brink. The bed of the stream seemed to be strewn with sharp and rugged rocks, some of which thrust themselves above the waters. By and by, an uprooted tree, with shattered branches, came drifting along the current, and got entangled among the rocks. Now and then, a drowned sheep, and once the carcass of a cow, floated past.

In short, the swollen river had already done a great deal of mischief. It was evidently too deep for Jason to wade, and too boisterous

for him to swim; he could see no bridge; and as for a boat, had there been any, the rocks would have broken it to pieces in an instant.

"See the poor lad," said a cracked voice close to his side. "He must have had but a poor education, since he does not know how to cross a little stream like this. Or is he afraid of wetting his fine golden-stringed sandals? It is a pity his four-footed schoolmaster is not here to carry him safely across on his back!"

Jason looked round greatly surprised, for he did not know that anybody was near. But beside him stood an old woman, with a ragged mantle over her head, leaning on a staff, the top of which was carved into the shape of a cuckoo. She looked very aged, and wrinkled, and infirm; and yet her eyes, which were as brown as those of an ox, were so extremely large and beautiful, that, they were fixed on Jason's eyes, he could see nothing else but them. The old woman had a pomegranate in her hand, although the fruit was then quite out of season.

"Whither are you going, Jason?" she now asked.

She seemed to know his name, you will observe; and, indeed, those great brown eyes looked as if they had a knowledge of everything, whether past or to come. While Jason was gazing at her, a peacock strutted forward and took his stand at the old woman's side.

"I am going to Iolchos," answered the young man, "to bid the wicked King Pelias come down from my father's throne, and let me reign in his stead."

"Ah, well, then," said the old woman, still with the same cracked voice, "if that is all your business, you need not be in a very great hurry. Just take me on your back, there's a good youth, and carry me across the river. I and my peacock have something to do on the other side, as well as yourself."

"Good mother," replied Jason, "your business can hardly be so important as the pulling down a king from his throne. Besides, as you may see for youself, the river is very boisterous; and if I should chance to stumble, it would sweep both of us away more easily than it has carried off yonder uprooted tree. I would gladly help you if I could; but I doubt whether I am strong enough to carry you across."

"Then," said she, very scornfully, "neither are you strong enough to pull King Pelias off his throne. And, Jason, unless you will help an old woman at her need, you ought not to be a king. What are kings made for, save to succour the feeble and distressed? But do as you please. Either take me on your back, or with my poor old limbs I shall try by best to struggle across the stream."

Saying this, the old woman poked with her staff in the river, as if to find the safest place in its rocky bed where she might make the first step. But Jason, by this time, had grown ashamed of his reluctance to help her. He felt that he could never forgive himself,

if this poor feeble creature should come to any harm in attempting to wrestle against the headlong current. The good Chiron, whether half horse or no, had taught him that the noblest use of his strength was to assist the weak; and also that he must treat every young woman as if she were his sister, and every old one like a mother. Remembering these maxims, the vigorous and beautiful young man knelt down, and requested the good dame to mount upon his back.

"The passage seems to me not very safe," he remarked. "But as your business is so urgent, I will try to carry you across. If the river sweeps you away, it shall take me, too."

"That, no doubt, will be a great comfort to both of us," quoth the old woman. "But never fear. We shall get safely across."

So she threw her arms around Jason's neck; and lifting her from the ground, he stepped boldly into the raging and foamy current, and began to stagger away from the shore. As for the peacock. it alighted on the old dame's shoulder. Jason's two spears, one in each hand, kept him from stumbling, and enabled him to feel his way among the hidden rocks; although, every instant, he expected that his companion and himself would go down the stream, together with the driftwood of shattered trees, and the carcasses of the sheep and cow. Down came the cold, snowy torrent from the steep side of Olympus, raging and thundering as if it had a real spite against Jason, or, at all events, was determined to snatch off his living burden from his shoulders. When he was half way across, the uprooted tree (which I have already told you about) broke loose from among the rocks, and down upon him, with all its splintered branches sticking out like the hundred arms of the giant Briareus. It rushed past, however, without touching him. But the next moment his foot was caught in a crevice between two rocks, and stuck there so fast, that, in the effort to get free, he lost one of his golden-stringed sandals.

At this accident Jason could not help uttering a cry of vexation.

"What is the matter, Jason?" asked the old woman.

"Matter enough," said the young man. "I have lost a sandal here among the rocks. And what sort of a figure shall I cut at the court of King Pelias, with a golden-stringed sandal on one foot, and the other foot bare!"

"Do not take it to heart," answered his companion, cheerily. "You never met with better fortune than in losing that sandal. It satisfies me that you are the verv person whom the Speaking Oak has been talking about."

There was no time, just then, to inquire what the Speaking Oak had said. But the briskness of her tone encouraged the young man; and besides, he had never in his life felt so vigorous and mighty as since taking this old woman on his back. Instead of being exhausted, he gathered strength as he went on; and, struggling up against the

torrent, he at last gained the opposite shore, clambered up the bank, and set down the old dame and her peacock safely on the grass. As soon as this was done, however, he could not help looking rather despondently as his bare foot, with only a remnant of the golden string of the sandal clinging round his ankle.

"You will get a handsomer pair of sandals by and by," said the old woman, with a kindly look out of her beautiful brown eyes. "Only let King Pelias get a glimpse of that bare foot, and you shall see him turn as pale as ashes, I promise you. There is your path. Go along, my good Jason, and my blessing go with you. And when you sit on your throne, remember the old woman whom you helped over the river."

With these words, she hobbled away, giving him a smile over her shoulder as she departed. Whether the light of her beautiful brown eyes threw a glory round about her, or whatever the cause might be, Jason fancied that there was something very noble and majestic in her figure, after all, and that, though her gait seemed to be a rheumatic hobble, yet she moved with as much grace and dignity as any queen on earth. Her peacock, which had now fluttered down from her shoulder, strutted behind her in prodigious pomp, and spread out its magnificent tail on purpose for Jason to admire it.

When the old dame and her peacock were out of sight, Jason set forward on his journey. After travelling a pretty long distance, he came to a town situated at the foot of a mountain, and not a great way from the shore of the sea. On the outside of the town there was an immense crowd of people, not only men and women, but children too, all in their best clothes, and evidently enjoying a holiday. The crowd was thickest towards the sea-shore; and in that direction, over the people's heads, Jason saw a wreath of smoke curling upward to the blue sky. He inquired of one of the multitude what town it was, near by, and why so many persons were here assembled together.

"This is the kingdom of Iolchos," answered the man, "and we are the subjects of King Pelias. Our monarch has summoned us together, that we may see him sacrifice a black bull to Neptune, who, they say is his Majesty's father. Yonder is the king, where you see the smoke going up from the altar."

While the man spoke he eyed Jason with great curiosity; for his garb was quite unlike that of the Iolchians, and it looked very odd to see a youth with a leopard's skin over his shoulders, and each hand grasping a spear. Jason perceived, too, that the man stared particularly at his feet, one of which, you remember, was bare, while the other was decorated with his father's golden-stringed sandal.

"Look at him! only look at him!" said the man to his next door neighbour. "Do you see? He wears but one sandal!"

Upon this, first one person, and then another, began to stare at

Jason, and everybody seemed to be greatly struck with something in his aspect; though they turned their eyes much oftener towards his feet than to any other part of his figure. Besides, he could hear them whispering to one another.

"One sandal! One sandal!" they kept saying. "The man with one sandal! Here he is at last! Whence has he come? What does he mean to do? What will the king say to the one-sandalled man?

Poor Jason was greatly abashed, and made up his mind that the people of Iolchos were exceedingly ill-bred, to take such public notice of an accidental deficiency in his dress. Meanwhile, whether it were that they hustled him forward, or that Jason, of his own accord, thrust a passage through the crowd, it so happened that he soon found himself close to the smoking altar, where King Pelias was sacrificing the black bull. The murmur and hum of the multitude, in their surprise at the spectacle of Jason with his one bare foot, grew so loud that it disturbed the ceremonies; and the king, holding the great knife with which he was just going to cut the bull's throat turned angrily about, and fixed his eyes on Jason. The people had now withdrawn from around him, so that the youth stood in an open space near the smoking altar, front to front with the angry King Pelias.

"Who are you?" cried the king, with a terrible frown. "And how dare you make this disturbance while I am sacrificing a black bull to my father Neptune?"

"It is no fault of mine," answered Jason. "Your Majesty must blame the rudeness of your subjects, who have raised all this tumult because one of my feet happens to be bare."

When Jason said this, the king gave a quick, startled glance down at his feet.

"Ha!" muttered he, "here is the one-sandalled fellow, sure enough! What can I do with him?"

And he clutched more closely the great knife in his hand, as if he were half a mind to slay Jason instead of the black bull. The people round about caught up the king's words, indistinctly as they were uttered; and first there was a murmur among them, and then a loud shout.

"The one-sandalled man has come! The prophecy must be fulfilled!"

For you are to know, that, many years before, King Pelias had been told by the Speaking Oak of Dodona, that a man with one sandal should cast him down from his throne. On this account, he had given strict orders that nobody should ever come into his presence, unless both sandals were securely tied upon his feet; and he kept an officer in his palace, whose sole business it was to examine people's sandals, and to supply them with a new pair, at the expense of the royal treasury, as soon as the old ones began to wear out. In the whole

course of the king's reign, he had never been thrown into such a fright and agitation as by the spectacle of poor Jason's bare foot. But, as he was naturally a bold and hard-hearted man, he soon took courage, and began to consider in what way he might rid himself of this terrible one-sandalled stranger.

"My good young man," said King Pelias, taking the softest tone imaginable, in order to throw Jason off his guard, "you are excessively welcome to my kingdom. Judging by your dress, you must have travelled a long distance; for it is not the fashion to wear leopard skins in this part of the world. Pray, what may I call your name? and where did you receive your education?"

"My name is Jason," answered the young stranger. "Ever since my infancy, I have dwelt in the cave of Chiron the Centaur. He was my instructor, and taught me music, and horsemanship, and how to cure wounds, and likewise how to inflict wounds with my weapons!"

"I have heard of Chiron the schoolmaster," replied King Pelias, "and how that there is an immense deal of learning and wisdom in his head, although it happens to be on a horse's body. It gives me great delight to see one of his scholars at my court. But, to test how much you have profited under so excellent a teacher, will you allow me to ask you a single question?"

"I do not pretend to be very wise," said Jason. "But ask me what you please, and I will answer to the best of my ability."

Now King Pelias meant cunningly to entrap the young man, and to make him say something that should be the cause of mischief and destruction to himself. So with a crafty and evil smile upon his face, he spoke as follows:—

"What would you do, brave Jason," asked he, "if there were a man in the world, by whom, as you had reason to believe, you were doomed to be ruined and slain—what would you do, I say, if that man stood before you, and in your power?"

When Jason saw the malice and wickedness which King Pelias could not prevent from gleaming out of his eyes, he probably guessed that the king had discovered what he came for, and that he intended to turn his own words against himself. Still he scorned to tell a falsehood. Like an upright and honourable prince, as he was, he determined to speak out the real truth. Since the king had chosen to ask him the question, and since Jason had promised him an answer, there was no right way, save to tell him precisely what would be the most prudent thing to do, if he had his worst enemy in his power. Therefore, after a moment's consideration, he spoke up with a firm and manly voice.

"I would send such a man," said he, "in quest of the Golden Fleece!"

This enterprise, you will understand, was, of all others, the most

difficult and dangerous in the world. In the first place, it would be necessary to make a long voyage through unknown seas. There was hardly a hope, or a possibility, that any young man who should undertake this voyage would either succeed in obtaining the Golden Fleece, or would survive to return home, and tell of the perils he had run. The eyes of King Pelias sparkled with joy, therefore, when he heard Jason's reply.

"Well said, wise man with the one sandal!" cried he. "Go, then, and at the peril of your life, bring me back the Golden Fleece."

"I go," answered Jason, composedly. "If I fail, you need not fear that I will ever come back to trouble you again. But if I return to Iolchos with the prize, then, King Pelias, you must hasten down from your lofty throne, and give me your crown and sceptre."

"That I will," said the king, with a sneer. "Meantime, I will keep them very safely for you."

The first thing that Jason thought of doing, after he left the king's presence, was to go to Dodona, and inquire of the Talking Oak what course it was best to pursue. This wonderful tree stood in the centre of an ancient wood. Its stately trunk rose up a hundred feet into the air, and threw a broad and dense shadow over more than an acre of ground. Standing beneath it, Jason looked up among the knotted branches and green leaves, and into the mysterious heart of the old tree, and spoke aloud, as if he were addressing some person who was hidden in the depths of the foliage.

"What shall I do," said he, "in order to win the Golden Fleece?"

At first there was a deep silence, not only within the shadow of the Talking Oak, but all through the solitary wood. In a moment or two, however, the leaves of the oak began to stir and rustle, as if a gentle breeze were wandering amongst them, although the other trees of the wood were perfectly still. The sound grew louder, and became like the roar of a high wind. By and by, Jason imagined that he could distinguish words, but very confusedly, because each separate leaf of the tree seemed to be a tongue, and the whole myriad of tongues were babbling at once. But the noise waxed broader and deeper, until it resembled a tornado sweeping through the oak, and making one great utterance out of the thousand and thousand of little murmurs which each leafy tongue had caused by its rustling. And now, though it still had the tone of mighty wind roaring among the branches, it was also a deep bass voice, speaking, as distinctly as a tree could be expected to speak, the following words:—

"Go to Argus, the shipbuilder, and bid him build a galley with fifty oars."

Then the voice melted again into the indistinct murmur of the rustling leaves, and died gradually away. When it was quite gone, Jason felt inclined to doubt whether he had actually heard the words,

or whether his fancy had not shaped them out of the ordinary sound made by a breeze, while passing through the thick foliage of the tree.

But on inquiry among the people of Iolchos, he found that there was really a man in the city, by the name of Argus, who was a very skilful builder of vessels. This showed some intelligence in the oak; else how should it have known that any such person existed? At Jason's request, Argus readily consented to build him a galley so big that it should require fifty strong men to row it; although no vessel of such a size and burden had heretofore been seen in the world. So the head carpenter, and all his journeymen and apprentices, began their work; and for a good while afterwards, there they were, busily employed, hewing out the timbers, and making a great clatter with their hammers; until the new ship, which was called the Argo, seemed to be quite ready for sea. And, as the Talking Oak had already given him such good advice, Jason thought that it would not be amiss to ask for a little more. He visited it again, therefore, and standing beside its huge, rough trunk, inquired what he should do next.

This time, there was no such universal quivering of the leaves, throughout the whole tree, as there had been before. But after a while, Jason observed that the foliage of a great branch which stretched above his head had begun to rustle, as if the wind were stirring that one bough, while all the other boughs of the oak were at rest.

"Cut me off!" said the branch, as soon as it could speak distinctly; "cut me off! cut me off! and carve me into a figure-head for your galley."

Accordingly, Jason took the branch at its word, and lopped it off the tree. A carver in the neighbourhood engaged to make the figure-head. He was a tolerably good workman, and had already carved several figure-heads, in what he intended for feminine shapes, and looking pretty much like those which we see nowadays stuck up under a vessel's bowsprit, with great staring eyes, that never wink at the dash of the spray. But (what was very strange) the carver found that his hand was guided by some unseen power, and by a skill beyond his own, and that his tools shaped out an image which he had never dreamed of. When the work was finished, it turned out to be the figure of a beautiful woman with a helmet on her head, from beneath which the long ringlets fell down upon her shoulders. On the left arm was a shield, and in its centre appeared a lifelike representation of the head of Medusa with the snaky locks. The right arm was extended, as if pointing onward. The face of this wonderful statue, though not angry or forbidding, was so grave and majestic, that perhaps you might call it severe; and as for the mouth, it seemed just ready to unclose its lips, and utter words of the deepest wisdom.

Jason was delighted with the oaken image, and gave the carver no

rest until it was completed, and set up where a figure-head has always stood, from that time to this, in the vessel's prow.

"And now," cried he, as he stood gazing at the calm, majestic face of the statue, "I must go to the Talking Oak, and inquire what next to do."

"There is no need of that, Jason," said a voice which, though it was far lower, reminded him of the mighty tones of the great oak, "When you desire good advice, you can seek it of me."

Jason had been looking straight into the face of the image when these words were spoken. But he could hardly believe either his ears or his eyes. The truth was, however, that the oaken lips had moved, and, to all appearance, the voice had proceeded from the statue's mouth. Recovering a little from his surprise, Jason bethought himself that the image had been carved out of wood of the Talking Oak, and that, therefore, it was really no great wonder, but on the contrary, the most natural thing in the world, that it should possess the faculty of speech. It would have been very odd, indeed, if it had not. But certainly it was a great piece of good fortune that he should be able to carry so wise a block of wood along with him in his perilous voyage.

"Tell me, wondrous image," exclaimed Jason,—"since you inherit the wisdom of the Speaking Oak of Dodona, whose daughter you are, —tell me, where shall I find fifty bold youths, who will take each of them an oar of my galley? They must have sturdy arms to row, and brave hearts to encounter perils, or we shall never win the Golden Fleece."

"Go," replied the oaken image, "go, summon all the heroes of Greece."

And, in fact, considering what a great deed was to be done, could any advice be wiser than this which Jason received from the figure-head of his vessel? He lost no time in sending messengers to all the cities, and making known to the whole people of Greece, that Prince Jason, the son of King Æson, was going in quest of the Fleece of Gold, and that he desired the help of forty-nine of the bravest and strongest young men alive, to row his vessel and share his dangers. And Jason himself would be the fiftieth.

At this news, the adventurous youths, all over the country, began to bestir themselves. Some of them had already fought with giants, and slain dragons; and the younger ones, who had not yet met with such good fortune, thought it a shame to have lived so long without getting astride of a flying serpent, or sticking their spears into a Chimæra, or, at least, thrusting their right arms down a monstrous lion's throat. There was a fair prospect that they would meet with plenty of such adventures before finding the Golden Fleece. As soon as they could furbish up their helmets and shields, therefore, and gird

on their trusty swords, they came thronging to Iolchos, and clambered on board the new galley. Shaking hands with Jason, they assured him that they did not care a pin for their lives, but would help row the vessel to the remotest edge of the world, and as much farther as he might think it best to go.

Many of these brave fellows had been educated by Chiron, the four-footed pedagogue, and were therefore old schoolmates of Jason, and knew him to be a lad of spirit. The mighty Hercules, whose shoulders afterwards held up the sky, was one of them. And there were Castor and Pollux, the twin brothers, who were never accused of being chicken-hearted, although they had been hatched out of an egg; and Theseus, who was so renowned for killing the Minotaur; and Lynceus, with his wonderfully sharp eyes, which could see through a millstone, or look right down into the depths of the earth, and discover the treasures that were there; and Orpheus, the very best of harpers, who sang and played upon his lyre so sweetly, that the brute beasts stood upon their hind legs, and capered merrily to the music. Yes, and at some of his more moving tunes, the rocks bestirred their moss-grown bulk out of the ground, and a grove of forest trees uprooted themselves, and, nodding their tops to one another, performed a country dance.

One of the rowers was a beautiful young woman, named Atalanta, who had been nursed among the mountains by a bear. So light of foot was this fair damsel that she could step from one foamy crest of a wave to the foamy crest of another, without wetting more than the sole of her sandal. She had grown up in a very wild way, and talked much about the rights of women, and loved hunting and war far better than her needle. But, in my opinion, the most remarkable of this famous company were two sons of the North Wind, (airy youngsters, and of rather a blustering disposition), who had wings on their shoulders, and, in case of a calm, could puff out their cheeks, and blow almost as fresh a breeze as their father. I ought not to forget the prophets and conjurers, of whom there were several in the crew, and who could foretell what would happen to-morrow, or the next day, or a hundred years hence, but were generally quite unconscious of what was passing at the moment.

Jason appointed Tiphys to be helmsman, because he was a star-gazer, and knew the points of the compass. Lynceus, on account of his sharp sight, was stationed as a lookout in the prow, where he saw a whole day's sail ahead, but was rather apt to overlook things that lay directly under his nose. If the sea only happened to be deep enough, however, Lynceus could tell you exactly what kind of rocks or sands were at the bottom of it; and he often cried out to his companions, that they were sailing over heaps of sunken treasure,

which yet he was the richer for beholding. To confess the truth, few people believed him when he said it.

Well! But when the Argonauts, as these fifty brave adventurers were called, had prepared everything for the voyage, an unforeseen difficulty threatened to end it before it was begun. The vessel, you must understand, was so long, and broad, and ponderous, that the united force of all the fifty was insufficient to shove her into the water. Hercules, I suppose, had not grown to his full strength, else he might have set her afloat as easily as a little boy launches his boat upon a puddle. But here were these fifty heroes, pushing, and straining, and growing red in the face, without making the Argo start an inch. At last, quite wearied out, they sat themselves down on the shore, exceedingly disconsolate, and thinking that the vessel must be left to rot, and fall in pieces, and that they must either swim across the sea or lose the Golden Fleece.

All at once, Jason bethought himself of the galley's miraculous figure-head.

"O daughter of the Talking Oak," cried he, "how shall we set to work to get our vessel into the water?"

"Seat yourselves," answered the image (for it had known what ought to be done from the very first, and was only waiting for the question to be put)—"seat yourselves, and handle your oars, and let Orpheus play upon his harp."

Immediately the fifty heroes got on board, and seizing their oars, held them perpendicularly in the air, while Orpheus (who liked such a task far better than rowing) swept his fingers across the harp. At the first ringing note of the music, they felt the vessel stir. Orpheus thrummed away briskly, and the galley slid at once in to the sea, dipping her prow so deeply that the figure-head drank the wave with its marvellous lips, and rose again as bouyant as a swan. The rowers plied their fifty oars; the white foam boiled up before the prow; the water gurgled and bubbled in their wake; while Orpheus continued to play so lively a strain of music, that the vessel seemed to dance over the billows by way of keeping time to it. Thus triumphantly did the Argo sail out of the harbour, amidst the huzzas and good wishes of every body except the wicked old Pelias, who stood on a promontory, scowling at her, and wishing that he could blow out of his lungs the tempest of wrath that was in his heart, and so sink the galley with all on board. When they had sailed above fifty miles over the sea, Lynceus happened to cast his sharp eyes behind, and said that there was this bad-hearted king, still perched upon the promontory, and scowling so gloomily that it looked like a black thundercloud in that quarter of the horizon.

In order to make the time pass away more pleasantly during the voyage, the heroes talked about the Golden Fleece. It originally be-

longed, it appears, to a Bœotian ram, who had taken on his back two children, when in danger of their lives, and fled with them over land and sea, as far as Colchis. One of the children, whose name was Helle, fell into the sea and was drowned. But the other (a little boy, named Phrixus) was brought safe ashore by the faithful ram, who, however, was so exhausted that he immediately lay down and died. In memory of this good deed, and as a token of his true heart, the fleece of the poor dead ram was miraculously changed to gold, and became one of the most beautiful objects ever seen on earth. It was hung upon a tree in a sacred grove, where it had now been kept I know not how many years, and was the envy of mighty kings, who had nothing so magnificent in any of their palaces.

If I were to tell you all the adventures of the Argonauts, it would take me till nightfall, and perhaps a great deal longer. There was no lack of wonderful events, as you may judge from what you have already heard. At a certain island, they were hospitably received by King Cyzicus, its sovereign, who made a feast for them, and treated them like brothers. But the Argonauts saw that this good king looked downcast and very much troubled, and they therefore inquired of him what was the matter. King Cyzicus hereupon informed them that he and his subjects were greatly abused and incommoded by the inhabitants of a neighbouring mountain, who made war upon them, and killed many people, and ravaged the country. And while they were talking about it, Cyzicus pointed to the mountain, and asked Jason and his companions what they saw there.

"I see some very tall objects," answered Jason; "but they are at such a distance that I cannot distinctly make out what they are. To tell your Majesty the truth, they look so very strangely that I am inclined to think them clouds, which have chanced to take something like human shapes."

"I see them very plainly," remarked Lynceus, whose eyes, you know, were as far-sighted as a telescope. "They are a band of enormous giants, all of whom have six arms apiece, and a club, a sword, or some other weapon in each of their hands."

"You have excellent eyes," said King Cyzicus. "Yes; they are six armed giants, as you say, and these are the enemies whom I and my subjects have to contend with."

The next day, when the Argonauts were about setting sail, down came these terrible giants, stepping a hundred yards at a stride, brandishing their six arms apiece, and looking very formidable, so far aloft in the air. Each of these monsters was able to carry on a whole war by himself, for with one of his arms he could fling immense stones, and wield a club with another, and a sword with a third, while a fourth was poking a long spear at the enemy, and the fifth and sixth were shooting him with a bow and arrow. But, luckily, though

the giants were so huge, and had so many arms, they had each but one heart, and that no bigger nor braver than the heart of an ordinary man. Besides, if they had been like the hundred-armed Briareus, the brave Argonauts would have given them their hands full of fight. Jason and his friends went boldly to meet them, slew a great many, and made the rest take to their heels, so that, if the giants had had six legs apiece instead of six arms, it would served them better to run away with.

Another strange adventure happened when the voyagers came to Thrace, where they found a poor blind king, named Phineus, deserted by his subjects, and living in a very sorrowful way, all by himself. On Jason's inquiring whether they could do him any service, the king answered that he was terribly tormented by three great winged creatures, called Harpies, which had the faces of women, and the wings, bodies, and claws of vultures. These ugly wretches were in the habit of snatching away his dinner, and allowed him no peace of his life. Upon hearing this, the Argonauts spread a plentiful feast on the sea-shore, well knowing, from what the blind king said of their greediness, that the Harpies would snuff up the scent of the victuals, and quickly come to steal them away. And so it turned out; for, hardly was the table set, before the three hideous vulture women came flapping their wings, seized the food in their talons, and flew off as fast as they could. But the two sons of the North Wind drew their swords, spread their pinions, and set off through the air in pursuit of the thieves, whom they at last overtook among some islands, after a chase of hundreds of miles. The two winged youths blustered terribly at the Harpies (for they had the rough temper of their father), and so frightened them with their swords, that they solemnly promised never to trouble King Phineus again.

Then the Argonauts sailed onward, and met with many other marvellous incidents, any one of which would make a story by itself. At one time, they landed on an island, and were reposing on the grass, when they suddenly found themselves assailed by what seemed a shower of steel-headed arrows. Some of them stuck in the ground, while others hit against their shields, and several penetrated their flesh. The fifty heroes started up, and looked about them for the hidden enemy, but could find none, nor see any spot, on the whole island, where even a single archer could lie concealed. Still, however, the steel-headed arrows came whizzing among them; and, at last, happening to look upward, they beheld a large flock of birds, hovering and wheeling aloft, and shooting their feathers down upon the Argonauts. These feathers were the steel-headed arrows that had so tormented them. There was no possibility of making any resistance; and the fifty heroic Argonauts might all have been killed or wounded by a flock of troublesome birds, without ever setting

eyes on the Golden Fleece, if Jason had not thought of asking the advice of the oaken image.

So he ran to the galley as fast as his legs would carry him.

"O, daughter of the Speaking Oak," cried he, all out of breath, "we need your wisdom more than ever before! We are in great peril from a flock of birds, who are shooting us with their steel-pointed feathers. What can we do to drive them away?"

"Make a clatter on your shields," said the image.

On receiving this excellent counsel, Jason hurried back to his companions, (who were far more dismayed than when they fought with the six-armed giants,) and bade them strike with their swords upon their brazen shields. Forthwith the fifty heroes set heartily to work, banging with might and main, and raised such a terrible clatter that the birds made what haste they could to get away; and though they had shot half the feathers out of their wings, they were soon seen skimming among the clouds, a long distance off, and looking like a flock of wild geese. Orpheus celebrated this victory by playing a triumphant anthem on his harp, and sang so melodiously that Jason begged him to desist, lest, as the steel-feathered birds had been driven away by an ugly sound, they might be enticed back again by a sweet one.

While the Argonauts remained on this island, they saw a small vessel approaching the shore, in which were two young men of princely demeanour, and exceedingly handsome, as young princes generally were in those days. Now, who do you imagine these two voyagers turned out to be? Why, if you will believe me, they were the sons of that very Phrixus, who, in his childhood, had been carried to Colchis, on the back of the golden-fleeced ram. Since that time, Phrixus had married the king's daughter; and the two young princes had been born and brought up at Colchis, and had spent their play-days in the outskirts of the grove, in the centre of which the Golden Fleece was hanging upon a tree. They were now on their way to Greece, in hopes of getting back a kingdom that had been wrongfully taken from their father.

When the princes understood whither the Argonauts were going, they offered to turn back, and guide them to Colchis. At the same time, however, they spoke as if it were very doubtful whether Jason would succeed in getting the Golden Fleece. According to their account, the tree on which it hung was guarded by a terrible dragon, who never failed to devour, at one mouthful, every person who might venture within his reach.

"There are other difficulties in the way," continued the young princes. "But is not this enough? Ah, brave Jason, turn back before it is too late. It would grieve us to the heart, if you and your

nine and forty brave companions should be eaten up, at fifty mouthfuls, by this execrable dragon."

"My young friends," quietly replied Jason, "I do not wonder that you think the dragon very terrible. You have grown up from infancy in the fear of this monster, and therefore still regard him with the awe that children feel for the bugbears and hobgoblins which their nurses have talked to them about. But, in my view of the matter, the dragon is merely a pretty large serpent, who is not half so likely to snap me up at one mouthful as I am to cut off his ugly head, and strip the skin from his body. At all events, turn back who may, I will never see Greece again unless I carry with me the Golden Fleece."

"We will none of us turn back!" cried his nine and forty brave comrades. "Let us get on board the galley this instant; and if the dragon is to make a breakfast of us, much good may it do him."

And Orpheus (whose custom it was to set everything to music) began to harp and sing most gloriously, and made every mother's son of them feel as if nothing in this world were so delectable as to fight dragons, and nothing so truly honourable as to be eaten up at one mouthful, in case of the worst.

After this, (being now under the guidance of the two princes. who were well acquainted with the way,) they quickly sailed to Colchis. When the king of the country, whose name was Æetes, heard of their arrival, he instantly summoned Jason to court. The king was a stern and cruel-looking potentate; and though he put on as polite and hospitable an expression as he could, Jason did not like his face a whit better than that of the wicked King Pelias, who dethroned his father.

"You are welcome, brave Jason," said King Æetes. "Pray, are you on a pleasure voyage?—or do you meditate the discovery of unknown islands?—or what other cause has procured me the happiness of seeing you at my court?"

"Great sir," replied Jason, with an obeisance,—for Chiron had taught him how to behave with propriety, whether to kings or beggars,—"I have come hither with a purpose which I now beg your Majesty's permission to execute. King Pelias, who sits on my father's throne, (to which he has no more right than to the one on which your excellent Majesty is now seated), has engaged to come down from it, and to give me his crown and sceptre, provided I bring him the Golden Fleece. This, as your Majesty is aware, is now hanging on a tree here at Colchis; and I humbly solicit your gracious leave to take it away."

In spite of himself, the king's face twisted itself into an angry frown; for, above all things else in the world, he prized the Golden Fleece, and was even suspected of having done a very wicked act, in

order to get it into his own possession. It put him into the worst possible humour, therefore, to hear that the gallant Prince Jason, and forty-nine of the bravest young warriors of Greece, had come to Colchis with the sole purpose of taking away his chief treasure.

"Do you know," asked King Æetes, eyeing Jason very sternly, "what are the conditions which you must fulfil before getting possession of the Golden Fleece."

"I have heard," rejoined the youth, "that a dragon lies beneath the tree on which the prize hangs, and that whoever approaches him runs the risk of being devoured at a mouthful."

"True," said the king, with a smile that did not look particularly good-natured. "Very true, young man. But there are other things as hard, or perhaps a little harder, to be done, before you can even have the privilege of being devoured by the dragon. For example, you must first tame my two brazen-footed and brazen-lunged bulls, which Vulcan, the wonderful blacksmith, made for me. There is a furnace in each of their stomachs; and they breathe such hot fire out of their mouths and nostrils, that nobody has hitherto gone nigh them without being instantly burned to a small, black cinder. What do you think of this, my brave Jason?"

"I must encounter the peril," answered Jason, composedly, "since it stands in the way of my purpose."

"After taming the fiery bulls, continued King Æetes, who was determined to scare Jason if possible, "you must yoke them to a plough, and must plough the sacred earth in the grove of Mars, and sow some of the same dragon's teeth from which Cadmus raised a crop of armed men. They are an unruly set of reprobates, those sons of the dragon's teeth; and unless you treat them suitably, they will fall upon you sword in hand. You and your nine and forty Argonauts, my bold Jason, are hardly numerous or strong enough to fight with such a host as will spring up."

"My master, Chiron," replied Jason, "taught me, long ago, the story of Cadmus. Perhaps I can manage the quarrelsome sons of the dragon's teeth as well as Cadmus did."

"I wish the dragon had him," muttered King Æetes to himself, "and the four-footed pedant, his schoolmaster, into the bargain. Why, what a fool-hardy, self-conceited coxcomb he is! We'll see what my fire-breathing bulls will do for him. Well, Prince Jason," he continued, aloud, and as complaisantly as he could, "make yourself comfortable for to-day, and to-morrow morning, since you insist upon it, you shall try your skill at the plough."

While the king talked with Jason, a beautiful young woman was standing behind the throne. She fixed her eyes earnestly upon the youthful stranger and listened attentively to every word that was

spoken; and when Jason withdrew from the king's presence, this young woman followed him out of the room.

"I am the king's daughter," she said to him, "and my name is Medea. I know a great deal of which other young princesses are ignorant, and can do many things which they would be afraid so much as to dream of. If you will trust to me, I can instruct you how to tame the fiery bulls, and sow the dragon's teeth, and get the Golden Fleece."

"Indeed, beautiful princess," answered Jason, "if you will do me this service, I promise to be grateful to you my whole life long."

Gazing at Medea, he beheld a wonderful intelligence in her face. She was one of those persons whose eyes are full of mystery; so that while looking into them, you seem to see a very great way, as into a deep well, yet can never be certain whether you see into the farthest depths, or whether there be not something else hidden at the bottom. If Jason had been capable of fearing anything, he would have been afraid of making this young princess his enemy; for, beautiful as she now looked, she might, the very next instant, become as terrible as the dragon that kept watch over the Golden Fleece.

"Princess," he exclaimed, "you seem indeed very wise and very powerful. But how can you help me to do the things of which you speak? Are you an enchantress?"

"Yes, Prince Jason," answered Medea, with a smile, "you have hit upon the truth. I am an enchantress. Circe, my father's sister, taught me to be one, and I could tell you, if I pleased, who was the old woman with the peacock, the pomegranite, and the cuckoo staff, whom you carried over the river; and, likewise, who it is that speaks through the lips of the oaken image, that stands in the prow of your galley. I am acquainted with some of your secrets, you perceive. It is well for you that I am favourably inclined; for, otherwise, you would hardly escape being snapped up by the dragon."

"I should not so much care for the dragon," replied Jason, "if I only knew how to manage the brazen-footed and fiery-lunged bulls."

"If you are as brave as I think you, and as you have need to be," said Medea, "your own bold heart will teach you that there is but one way of dealing with a mad bull. What it is I leave you to find out in the moment of peril. As for the fiery breath of these animals I have a charmed ointment here, which will prevent you from being burned up, and cure you if you chance to be a little scorched."

So she put a golden box into his hand, and directed him how to apply the perfumed unguent which it contained, and where to meet her at midnight.

"Only be brave," added she, "and before daybreak the brazen bulls shall be tamed."

The young man assured her that his heart would not fail him.

He then rejoined his comrades, and told them what had passed between the princess and himself, and warned them to be in readiness in case their might be need of their help.

At the appointed hour he met the beautiful Medea on the marble steps of the king's palace. She gave him a basket, in which were the dragon's teeth, just as they had been pulled out of the monster's jaws by Cadmus long ago. Medea then led Jason down the palace steps, and through the silent streets of the city, and into the royal pasture-ground, where the two brazen-footed bulls were kept. It was a starry night, with a bright gleam along the eastern edge of the sky, where the moon was soon going to show herself. After entering the pasture, the princess paused and looked around.

"There they are," said she, "reposing themselves and chewing their fiery cuds in that farthest corner of the field. It will be excellent sport, I assure you, when they catch a glimpse of your figure. My father and all his court delight in nothing so much as to see a stranger trying to yoke them, in order to come at the Golden Fleece. It makes a holiday in Colchis whenever such a thing happens. For my part, I enjoy it immensely. You cannot imagine in what a mere twinkling of an eye their hot breath shrivels a young man into a black cinder."

"Are you sure, beautiful Medea," asked Jason, "quite sure, that the unguent in the gold box will prove a remedy against those terrible burns?"

"If you doubt, if you are in the least afraid," said the princess, looking him in the face by the dim starlight, "you had better never have been born than go a step nigher to the bulls."

But Jason had set his heart steadfastly on getting the Golden Fleece; and I positively doubt whether he would have gone back without it, even had he been certain of finding himself turned into a red-hot cinder, or a handful of white ashes, the instant he made a step farther. He therefore let go Medea's hand, and walked boldly forward in the direction whither she had pointed. At some distance before him he perceived four streams of fiery vapour, regularly appearing, and again vanishing, after dimly lighting up the surrounding obscurity. These, you will understand, were caused by the breath of the brazen bulls, which was quietly stealing out of their four nostrils, as they lay chewing their cuds.

At the first two or three steps which Jason made, the four fiery streams appeared to gush out somewhat more plentifully; for the two brazen bulls had heard his foot tramp, and were lifting up their hot noses to snuff the air. He went a little farther, and by the way in which the red vapour now spouted forth, he judged that the creatures had got upon their feet. Now he could see glowing sparks, and vivid jets of flame. At the next step, each of the bulls made the

pasture echo with a terrible roar, while the burning breath, which they thus belched forth, lit up the whole field with a momentary flash. One other stride did bold Jason make; and, suddenly, as a streak of lightning, on came these fiery animals, roaring like thunder, and sending out sheets of white flame, which so kindled up the scene that the young man could discern every object more distinctly than by daylight. Most distinctly of all he saw the two horrible creatures galloping right down upon him, their brazen hoofs rattling and ringing over the ground, and their tails sticking up stiffly into the air, as has always been the fashion with angry bulls. Their breath scorched the herbage before them. So intensely hot it was, indeed, that it caught a dry tree, under which Jason was now standing, and set it all in a light blaze. But as for Jason himself (thanks to Medea's enchanted ointment), the white flame curled around his body, without injuring him a jot more than if he had been made of asbestos.

Greatly encouraged at finding himself not yet turned into a cinder, the young man awaited the attack of the bulls. Just as the brazen brutes fancied themselves sure of tossing him into the air, he caught one of them by the horn, and the other by his screwed-up tail, and held them in a grip like that of an iron vice, one with his right hand, the other with his left. Well, he must have been wonderfully strong in his arms, to be sure. But the secret of the matter was, that the brazen bulls were enchanted creatures, and that Jason had broken the spell of the fiery fierceness by his bold way of handling them. And, ever since that time, it has been the favourite method of brave men, when danger assails them, to do what they call, "taking the bull by the horns"; and to grip him by the tail is pretty much the same thing—that is, to throw aside fear, and overcome the peril by despising it.

It was now easy to yoke the bulls, and to harness them to the plough, which had lain rusting on the ground for a great many years gone by; so long was it before anybody could be found capable of ploughing that piece of land. Jason, I suppose, had been taught how to draw a furrow by the good old Chiron, who, perhaps, used to allow himself to be harnessed to the plough. At any rate, our hero succeeded perfectly well in breaking up the greensward; and, by the time that the moon was a quarter of her journey up the sky, the ploughed field lay before him, a large tract of black earth, ready to be sown with the dragon's teeth. So Jason scattered them broadcast, and harrowed them into the soil with a brush-harrow, and took his stand on the edge of the field, anxious to see what would happen next.

"Must we wait long for harvest time?" he inquired of Medea, who was now standing by his side.

"Whether sooner or later, it will be sure to come," answered the princess. "A crop of armed men never fails to spring up, when the dragon's teeth have been sown."

The moon was now high aloft in the heavens, and threw its bright beams over the ploughed field, where as yet there was nothing to be seen. Any farmer, on viewing it, would have said that Jason must wait weeks before the green blades would peep from among the clods, and whole months before the yellow grain would be ripened for the sickle. But by and by, all over the field, there was something that glistened in the moonbeams, like sparkling drops of dew. These bright objects sprouted higher, and proved to be the steel heads of spears. Then there was a dazzling gleam from a vast number of polished brass helmets, beneath which, as they grew farther out of the soil, appeared the dark and bearded visages of warriors, struggling to free themselves from the imprisoning earth. The first look that they gave at the upper world was a glare of wrath and defiance. Next were seen their bright breastplates; in every right hand there was a sword or a spear, and on each left arm a shield; and when this strange crop of warriors had but half grown out of the earth, they struggled,—such was their impatience of restraint,—and, as it were, tore themselves up by the roots. Wherever a dragon's tooth had fallen, there stood a man armed for battle. They made a clangour with their swords against their shields, and eyed one another fiercely; for they had come into this beautiful world, and into the peaceful moonlight, full of rage and stormy passions, and ready to take the life of every human brother, in recompense of the boon of their own existence.

There have been many other armies in the world that seemed to possess the same fierce nature with the one which had now sprouted from the dragon's teeth; but these, in the moonlit field, were the more excusable, because they never had women for their mothers. And how it would have rejoiced any great captain, who was bent on conquering the world, like Alexander or Napoleon, to raise a crop of armed soldiers as easily as Jason did!

For a while, the warriors stood flourishing their weapons, clashing their swords against their shields, and boiling over with the red-hot thirst for battle. Then they began to shout, "Show us the enemy! Lead us to the charge! Death or victory! Come on, brave comrades! Conquer or die!" and a hundred other outcries, such as men always bellow forth on a battlefield and which these dragon people seemed to have at their tongues' ends. At last, the front rank caught sight of Jason, who, beholding the flash of so many weapons in the moonlight, had thought it best to draw his sword. In a moment all the sons of the dragon's teeth appeared to take Jason for an enemy; and crying with one voice, "Guard the Golden Fleece!" they ran at

him with uplifted swords and protruded spears. Jason knew that it woud be impossible to withstand this bloodthirsty battalion with his single arm, but determined, since there was nothing better to be done, to die as valiantly as if he himself had sprang from a dragon's tooth.

Medea, however, bade him snatch up a stone from the ground.

"Throw it among them quickly!" cried she. "It is the only way to save yourself."

The armed men were now so nigh that Jason could discern the fire flashing out of their enraged eyes, when he let fly the stone, and saw it strike the helmet of a tall warrior, who was rushing upon him with his blade aloft. The stone glanced from this man's helmet to the shield of his nearest comrade, and thence flew right into the angry face of another, hitting him smartly between the eyes. Each of the three who had been struck by the stone took it for granted that his next neighbour had given him a blow; and instead of running any farther towards Jason, they began a fight among themselves. The confusion spread through the host, so that it seemed scarcely a moment before they were all hacking, hewing, and stabbing at one another, lopping off arms, heads, and legs, and doing such memorable deeds that Jason was filled with immense admiration; although, at the same time, he could not help laughing to behold these mighty men punishing each other for an offense which he himself had committed. In an incredibly short space of time(almost as short, indeed, as it had taken them to grow up), all but one of the heroes of the dragon's teeth were stretched lifeless on the field. The last survivor, the bravest and strongest of the whole, had just force enough to wave his crimson sword over his head, and give a shout of exultation, crying, "Victory! Victory! Immortal fame!" when he himself fell down, and lay quietly among his slain brethren.

And there was the end of the army that had sprouted from the dragon's teeth. That fierce and feverish fight was the only enjoyment which they had tasted on this beautiful earth.

"Let them sleep in the bed of honour," said the Princess Medea, with a sly smile at Jason. "The world will always have simpletons enough, just like them, fighting and dying for they know not what, and fancying that posterity will take the trouble to put laurel wreaths on their rusty and battered helmets. Could you help smiling, Prince Jason, to see the self-conceit of that last fellow, just as he tumbled down?"

"It made me very sad," answered Jason, gravely. "And, to tell you the truth, princess, the Golden Fleece does not appear so well worth the winning, after what I have here beheld."

"You will think differently in the morning," said Medea. "True the Golden Fleece may not be so valuable as you have thought it;

but then there is nothing better in the world; and one must needs have an object, you know. Come! Your night's work has been well performed; and to-morrow you can inform King Æetes that the first part of your allotted task fulfilled."

Agreeably to Medea's advice, Jason went betimes in the morning to the palace of King Æetes. Entering the presence-chamber, he stood at the foot of the throne, and made a low obeisance.

"Your eyes look heavy, Prince Jason," observed the king; "you appear to have spent a sleepless night. I hope you have been considering the matter a little more wisely, and have concluded not to get yourself scorched to a cinder, in attempting to tame my brazen-lunged bulls."

"That is already accomplished, may it please your Majesty," replied Jason. "The bulls have been tamed and yoked; the field has been ploughed; the dragon's teeth have been sown broadcast and harrowed into the soil; the crop of armed warriors has sprung up and they have slain one another to the last man. And now I solicit your Majesty's permission to encounter the dragon that I may take down the Golden Fleece from the tree and depart with my nine and forty comrades."

King Æetes scowled, and looked very angry and excessively disturbed; for he knew that, in accordance with his kingly promise, he ought now to permit Jason to win the fleece, if his courage and skill should enable him to do so. But since the young man had met with such good luck in the matter of the brazen bulls and the dragon's teeth, the king feared that he would be equally successful in slaying the dragon. And therefore, though he would gladly have seen Jason snapped up at a mouthful, he was resolved (and it was a very wrong thing of this wicked potentate) not to run any further risk of losing his beloved fleece.

"You never would have succeeded in this business, young man," said he, "if my undutiful daughter Medea had not helped you with her enchantments. Had you acted fairly, you would have been at this instant, a black cinder, or a handful of white ashes. I forbid you, on pain of death, to make any more attempts to get the Golden Fleece. To speak my mind plainly, you shall never set eyes on so much as one of its glistening locks."

Jason left the king's presence in great sorrow and anger. He could think of nothing better to be done than to summon together his forty-nine brave Argonauts, march at once to the grove of Mars, slay the dragon, take possession of the Golden Fleece, get on board the Argo, and spread all sail for Iolchos. The success of this scheme depended, it is true, on the doubtful point whether all the fifty heroes might not be snapped up, at so many mouthfuls, by the dragon. But, as Jason was hastening down the palace steps, the

Princess Medea called after him, and beckoned him to return. Her black eyes shone upon him with such a keen intelligence, that he felt as if there were a serpent peeping out of them; and although she had done him so much service only the night before, he was by no means very certain that she would not do him an equally great mischief before sunset. These enchantresses, you must know, are never to be depended upon.

"What says King Æetes, my royal and upright father?" inquired Medea, slightly smiling. "Will he give you the Golden Fleece, without any further risk or trouble?"

"On the contrary," answered Jason, "he is very angry with me for taming the brazen bulls and sowing the dragon's teeth. And he forbids me to make any more attempts, and positively refuses to give up the Golden Fleece, whether I slay the dragon or no."

"Yes, Jason," said the princess, "and I can tell you more. Unless you set sail from Colchis before to-morrow's sunrise, the king means to burn your fifty-oared galley, and put yourself and your forty-nine brave comrades to the sword. But be of good courage. The Golden Fleece you shall have, if it lies within the power of my enchantments to get it for you. Wait for me here an hour before midnight."

At the appointed hour, you might have seen Prince Jason and the Princess Medea, side by side, stealing through the streets of Colchis, on their way to the sacred grove, in the centre of which the Golden Fleece was suspended to a tree. While they were crossing the pasture ground, the brazen bulls came towards Jason, lowing, nodding their heads, and thrusting forth their snouts, which, as other cattle do, they loved to have rubbed and caressed by a friendly hand. Their fierce nature was thoroughly tamed; and, with their fierceness, the two furnaces in their stomachs had likewise been extinguished, insomuch that they probably enjoyed far more comfort in grazing and chewing their cuds than ever before. Indeed, it had heretofore been a great inconvenience to these poor animals, that, whenever they wished to eat a mouthful of grass, the fire out of their nostrils had shrivelled it up, before they could manage to crop it. How they contrived to keep themselves alive is more than I can imagine. But now, instead of emitting jets of flame and streams of sulphurous vapour, they breathed the very sweetest of cow breath.

After kindly patting the bulls, Jason followed Medea's guidance into the grove of Mars, where the great oak trees, that had been growing for centuries, threw so thick a shade that the moonbeams struggled vainly to find their way through it. Only here and there a glimmer fell upon the leaf-strewn earth, or now and then a breeze stirred the boughs aside, and gave Jason a glimpse of the sky, lest, in that deep obscurity, he might forget that there was one, overhead.

At length, when they had gone farther and farther into the heart of the duskiness, Medea squeezed Jason's hand.

"Look yonder," she whispered. "Do you see it?"

Gleaming among the venerable oaks, there was a radiance, not like the moonbeams, but rather resembling the golden glory of the setting sun. It proceeded from an object, which appeared to be suspended at about a man's height from the ground, a little farther within the wood.

"What is it?" asked Jason.

"Have you come so far to seek it," exclaimed Medea, "and do you not recognize the meed of all your toils and perils, when it glitters before your eyes? It is the Golden Fleece."

Jason went onward a few steps farther, and then stopped to gaze. Oh, how beautiful it looked, shining with a marvellous light of its own, that inestimable prize, which so many heroes had longed to behold, but had perished in the quest of it, either by the perils of their voyage, or by the fiery breath of the brazen-lunged bulls.

"How gloriously it shines!" cried Jason, in a rapture. "It has surely been dipped in the richest gold of sunset. Let me hasten onward, and take it to my bosom."

"Stay," said Medea, holding him back. "Have you forgotten what guards it?"

To say the truth, in the joy of beholding the object of his desires, the terrible dragon had quite slipped out of Jason's memory. Soon, however, something came to pass, that reminded him what perils were still to be encountered. An antelope, that probably mistook the yellow radiance for sunrise, came bounding fleetly through the grove. He was rushing straight towards the Golden Fleece, when suddenly there was a frightful hiss, and the immense head and half the scaly body of the dragon was thrust forth, (for he was twisted round the trunk of the tree on which the fleece hung,) and seizing the poor antelope, swallowed him with one snap of his jaws.

After this feat, the dragon seemed sensible that some other living creature was within reach, on which he felt inclined to finish his meal. In various directions he kept poking his ugly snout among the trees, stretching out his neck a terrible long way, now here, now there, and now close to the spot where Jason and the princess were hiding behind an oak. Upon my word, as the head came waving and undulating through the air, and reaching almost within arm's length of Prince Jason, it was a very hideous and uncomfortable sight. The gape of his enormous jaws was nearly as wide as the gateway of the king's palace.

"Well, Jason," whispered Medea, (for she was ill-natured, as all enchantresses are, and wanted to make the bold youth tremble,)

"what do you think now of your prospect of winning the Golden Fleece?"

Jason answered only by drawing his sword and making a step forward.

"Stay, foolish youth," said Medea, grasping his arm. "Do not you see you are lost, without me as your good angel? In this gold box I have a magic potion, which will do the dragon's business far more effectually than your sword."

The dragon had probably heard the voices; for, swift as lightning, his black head and forked tongue came hissing among the trees again, darting full forty feet at a stretch. As it approached, Medea tossed the contents of the gold box right down the monster's wide open throat. Immediately, with an outrageous hiss and a tremendous wriggle,—flinging his tail up to the tip-top of the tallest tree, and shattering all its branches as it crashed heavily down again,—the dragon fell at full length upon the ground, and lay quite motionless.

"It is only a sleeping potion," said the enchantress to Prince Jason "One always finds a use for these mischievous creatures, sooner or later; so I did not wish to kill him outright. Quick! Snatch the prize, and let us begone. You have won the Golden Fleece."

Jason caught the fleece from the tree, and hurried through the grove, the deep shadows of which were illuminated as he passed by the golden glory of the precious object that he bore along. A little way before him, he beheld the old woman whom he had helped over the stream, with her peacock beside her. She clapped her hands for joy, and beckoning him to make haste, disappeared among the duskiness of the trees. Espying the two winged sons of the North Wind, (who were disporting themselves in the moonlight, a few hundred feet aloft,) Jason bade them tell the rest of the Argonauts to embark as speedily as possible. But Lynceus, with his sharp eyes, had already caught a glimpse of him, bringing the Golden Fleece, although several stone walls, a hill, and the black shadows of the grove of Mars, intervened between. By this advice, the heroes had seated themselves on the benches of the galley, with their oars held perpendicularly, ready to let fall into the water.

As Jason drew near, he heard the Talking Image calling to him with more than ordinary eagerness, in its grave, sweet voice.—

"Make haste, Prince Jason! For your life, make haste!"

With one bound he leaped aboard. At sight of the glorious radiance of the Golden Fleece, the nine and forty heroes gave a mighty shout, and Orpheus, striking his harp, sang a song of triumph, to the cadence of which the galley flew over the water, homeward bound, as if careering along with wings!

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

By Jonathan Swift

PART I

CHAPTER I

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel College in Cambridge, at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me (although I had a very scanty allowance) being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years; and my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics, useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be some time or other my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates, I went down to my father; where, by the assistance of him and my uncle John, and some other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a year to maintain me at Leydon: there I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leydon, I was recommended by my good master Mr. Bates, to be surgeon to the *Swallow*, Captain Abraham Pannell, commander; with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant, and some other parts. When I came back, I resolved to settle in London, to which Mr. Bates my master, encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old Jewry; and being advised to alter my condition, I married Mrs. Mary Burton, second daughter, to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier, in Newgate Street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But, my good master Bates dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having therefore consulted with my wife, and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in

two ships, and made several voyages for six years to the East and West-Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern being always provided with a good number of books; and when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language, wherein I had a great facility by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old Jewry to Fetter-Lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors; but it would not turn to account. After three years' expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Pritchard, master of the *Antelope,* who was making a voyage to the South-Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4th, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas: Let it suffice to inform him, that, in our passage from thence to the East-Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the north-west of Van Diemen's Land. By an observation we found ourselves in the latitude of 30 degrees 2 minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labor, and ill food, the rest were in a very weak condition. On the fifth of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock, within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong, that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labor while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom: but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth; and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small, that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and

the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours; for when I awaked it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards, the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but, in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which advancing gently forward, over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the meantime, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (As I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud, that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, *Hekinah degul*: the others repeated the same word several times, but I then knew not what they meant. I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness; at length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and, at the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud, *Tolgo phonac*; when in an instant I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many I suppose fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a groaning with grief and pain, and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in

the sides; but, by good luck, I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself: and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherways of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows: but, by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over-against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected, about a foot and half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it: from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, where I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned, that before the principle person began his oration, he cried out three times, *Langro dehul san* (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me). Whereupon immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatening, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness: and, being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature strong upon me, that I could not forbear shewing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The Hurgo (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learned) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above an hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I eat them by two or three at a mouthful, and

took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as they could, shewing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign that I wanted drink. They found by my eating, that a small quantity would not suffice me, and being a most ingenious people, they flung up with great dexterity one of their largest hogshead, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times as they did at first, *Hekinah degul.* They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, *Borach mivola,* and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was an universal shout of *Hekinah degul.* I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honor I made them, for so I interpreted my submissive behavior, soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts, I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature, as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his Imperial Majesty. His Excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue. And producing his credentials under the Signet Royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes, without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution; often pointing fowards, which, as I afterwards found. was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither, it was agreed by his Majesty in council, that I must be conveyed. I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his Excellency's head, for fear of hurting him or his train) and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture, to shew that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he

made other signs to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows, upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them; and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens, to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this, the Hurgo and his train withdrew, with much civility and cheerful countenances. Soon after, I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words, *Peplom selan,* and I felt great numbers of people on my left side, relaxing the cords to such a degree, that I was able to turn upon my right. But before this, they had daubed my face, and both my hands, with a sort of ointment very pleasant to the smell, which in a few minutes removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the Emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogsheads of wine.

It seems that, upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground after my landing, the Emperor had early notice of it by an express; and determined in council that I should be tied in the manner I have related (which was done in the night while I slept), that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution, perhaps, may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident, would not be imitated by any prince in Europe, on the like occasion; however, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous: for supposing these people had endeavored to kill me with their spears and arrows, while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength, as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics, by the countenance and encouragement of the Emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince hath several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees, and other great weights. He often builds his largest men-of-war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long, and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The

shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty was, to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of pack-thread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords by many pulleys fastened on the poles, and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised, and flung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told, for while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the Emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the Metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped a while to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the Guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently: whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my awaking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of that day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me, if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sun-rise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The Emperor, and all his court, came out to meet us, but his great officers would by no means suffer his Majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped, there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom, which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was according to the zeal of these people, looked on as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north, was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground: into that on the left side, the King's smith conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hung to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg, with six and thirty padlocks. Over against this temple, on

t'other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the Emperor ascended, with many principle lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned, that above an hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand, at several times, who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued to forbid it, upon pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people, at seeing me rise and walk, are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg, were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in semicircle, but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

CHAPTER II

When I found myself on my feet I looked about me, and must confess I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country round appeared like a continual garden, and the enclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square, resembled so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of half a stang, and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theater.

The Emperor was already descended from the tower, and advancing on horseback towards me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder feet: but that Prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat, till his attendants ran in, and held the bridle, while his Majesty had time to dismount. When he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration, but kept without the length of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicles on wheels, till I could reach them. I took these vehicles, and soon emptied them all; twenty of them were filled with meat, and ten with liquor. Each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls, and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draught, and so I did with the rest. The Empress and young Princes of the blood, of both sexes, attended by many ladies,

sat at some distance in their chairs; but, upon the accident that happened to the Emperor's horse, they alighted, and came near his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court, which, alone, is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven, in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off: however, I had him since many times in my hand, and, therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it, between the Asiatic and the European: but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand, to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose; it was almost three inches long, the hilt and scabbard were gold enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate, and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up. The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad, so that the spot they stood upon, seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His Imperial Majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers, but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits) who were commanded to address themselves to me, and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were High and Low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and Lingua Franca; but all to no purpose. After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard, to prevent the impertinence, and probably, the malice of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst, and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me as I sat on the ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ringleaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper, as to deliver them bound into my hands, which some of his soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forwards with the butt ends of their pikes into my reach; I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat pocket, and as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my penknife: but I soon put them out of fear; for, looking mildy, and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I set him

gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them, one by one, out of my pocket, and I observed both the soldiers and people were obliged at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.

Towards night I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so about a fortnight; during which time, the Emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds of the common measure were brought in carriages, and worked up in my house. An hundred and fifty of their beds, sewn together, made up the breadth and length; and these were four double, which, however, kept me but very indifferently from the hardness of the floor, that was of smooth stone. But the same computation they provided me with sheets, blankets, and coverlets, tolerable enough for one who had been so long inured to hardships.

As the news of my arrival spread through the kingdom, it brought prodigious numbers of rich, idle, and curious people to see me, so that the villages were almost emptied, and great neglect of tillage and household affairs must have ensued, if his Imperial Majesty had not provided, by several proclamations and orders of State, against this inconveniency. He directed that those who had already beheld me should return home, and not presume to come within fifty yards of my house, without licence from court; whereby the Secretaries of State got considerable fees.

In the meantime, the Emperor had frequent councils to debate what course should be taken with me; and, I was afterwards assured by a particular friend, a person of great quality, who was looked upon to be as much in the secret as any, that the court was under many difficulties concerning me. They apprehended my breaking loose, that my diet would be very expensive, and might cause a famine. Sometimes they determined to starve me, or at least to shoot me in the face and hands with poisoned arrows, which would soon dispatch me; but again they considered, that the stench of so large a carcass might produce a plague in the metropolis, and probably spread through the whole kingdom. In the midst of the consultations, several officers of the army went to the door of the great council chamber, and two of them, being admitted, gave an account of my behavior to the six criminals above mentioned, which made so favorable an impression in the breast of his Majesty, and the whole board, in my behalf, that an Imperial Commission was issued out, obliging all the villages, nine hundred yards round the city, to deliver in every morning six beeves, forty sheep, and other victuals, for my sustenance; together with a proportionable quantity of bread, and wine, and other liquors; for the due payment of which, his Majesty gave assignments upon his treasury. For this prince lives chiefly upon his own demesnes, seldom,

except upon great occasions, raising any subsidies upon his subjects, who are bound to attend him in his wars, at their own expense. An establishment was also made of six hundred persons to be my domestics, who had board wages allowed for their maintenance, and tents built for them very conveniently on each side of my door. It was likewise ordered, that three hundred tailors should make me a suit of clothes after the fashion of the country: that six of his Majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their language, and lastly, that the Emperor's horses, and those of the nobility, and troops of guards, should be frequently exercised in my sight, to accustom themselves to me. All these orders were duly put in execution, and, in about three weeks, I made a great progress in learning their language, during which time, the Emperor frequently honored me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me. We began already to converse together in some sort; and the first words I learned were to express my desire that he would please to give me my liberty, which I every day repeated on my knees. His answer, as I could apprehend it, was, that this must be a work of time, not to be thought on without the advice of his council, and that first I must *Lumos kelmin peffo defmar lon Emposo;* that is, swear a peace with him and his kingdom. However, that I should be used with all kindness; and he advised me to acquire, by my patience and discreet behavior, the good opinion of himself and his subjects. He desired I would not take it ill, if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me; for probably I might carry about me several weapons, which must needs be dangerous things if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person. I said, his Majesty should be satisfied, for I was ready to strip myself, and turn up my pockets before him. This I delivered, part in words, and part in signs. He replied, that by the laws of the Kingdom I must be searched by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance; that he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice, as to trust their persons in my hands; that whatever they took from me, should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would set upon them. I took up the officers in my hands, put them first into my coat pockets, and then into every other pocket about me, except my two fobs, and another secret pocket I had no mind should be searched, wherein I had some little necessaries that were of no consequence to any but myself. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper, about them, made an exact inventory of everything they saw, and, when they had done, desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the Emperor. This inventory I afterwards translated into English and is word for word as follows:—

"*Imprimis*, In the right coat pocket of the 'Great Man-Mountain,' (for so I interpret the *Quinbus Flestrin*), after the strictest search, we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to be a foot-cloth for your Majesty's chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we, the searchers, were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us stepping into it, found himself up in the mid leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof, flying up in our faces, set us both a sneezing for several times together. In his right waist-coat pocket, we found a prodigious bundle of white, thin substances, folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures; which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the palisadoes before your Majesty's court; wherewith we conjecture the Man-Mountain combs his head, for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us. In the large pocket on the right side of his middle cover, (so I translate the word *Ranfu-Lo*, by which they meant my breeches) we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber, larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figure, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket, another engine of the same kind. In the smaller pocket, on the right side, were several round flat pieces of white and red metal, of different bulk; some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and heavy, that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. In the left pocket were two black pillars, irregularly shaped; we could not, without difficulty, reach the top of them, as we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered, and seemed all of a piece; but, at the upper end of the other, there appeared a white round substance, about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was enclosed a prodigious plate of steel; which, by our orders, we obliged him to shew us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us, in his own country, his practice was to shave his beard with one of these, and to cut his meat with the other. There were two pockets which we could not enter: these he called his fobs; they were two large slits cut into the top of his middle cover, but squeezed close by the pressure of his belly. Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was fastened to that chain; which appeared to be a globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal: for on the transparent side, we saw certain strange figures, cir-

cularly drawn, and thought we could touch them, till we found our fingers stopped by that lucid substance. He put this engine to our ears, which made an incessant noise, like that of a water-mill. And we conjecture, it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships: but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us (if we understood him right, for he expressed himself very imperfectly) that he seldom did anything without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said it pointed out the time for every action of his life. From the left fob he took out a net almost large enough for a fisherman, but contrived to open and shut like a purse, and served him for the same use: we found therein several massy pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

"Having thus, in obedience to your Majesty's commands, diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist, made of the hide of some prodigious animal, from which, on the left side, hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right, a bag or pouch, divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your Majesty's subjects. In one of these cells were several globes, or balls, of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and required a strong hand to lift them. The other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold above fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

"This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the Man-Mountain, who used us with great civility, and due respect to your Majesty's commission. Signed and sealed, on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your Majesty's auspicious reign.

"Clefrin Frelock, Marsi Frelock."

When this inventory was read over to the Emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars. He first called for my scimitar, which I took out, scabbard and all. In the mean time, he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops (who then attend him) to surround me at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge: but I did not observe it, for mine eyes were wholly fixed upon his Majesty. He then desired me to draw my scimitar, which, although it had got some rust by the sea-water, was in most parts exceeding bright. I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout, between terror and surprise; for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes, as I waved the scimitar to and fro in my hand. His Majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince, was less daunted than I could expect; he ordered me to return it into the scabbard, and cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six feet from the end of my chain. The next thing he demanded, was one of the hollow iron pillars, by which

he meant my pocket pistols. I drew it out, and at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it; and charging it only with powder, which, by the closeness of my pouch, happened to escape wetting in the sea (an inconvenience against which all prudent mariners take special care to provide) I first cautioned the Emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off into the air. The astonishment here was much greater than at the sight of my scimitar. Hundreds fell down, as if they had been struck dead; and even the Emperor, although he stood his ground, could not recover himself in some time. I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner as I had done my scimitar, and then my pouch of powder and bullets; begging him, that the former might be kept from the fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air. I likewise delivered up my watch, which the Emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two of his tallest yeomen of the guards to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders, as dray-men in England do a barrel of ale. He was amazed at the continual noise it made, and the motion of the minutehand, which he could easily discern (for their sight is much more acute than ours), and asked the opinions of his learned men about him, which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine without my repeating; although, indeed, I could not very perfectly understand them. I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse with nine large pieces of gold, and some smaller ones; my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief, and journal-book. My scimitar, pistols, and pouch were conveyed in carriages to his Majesty's stores; but the rest of my goods were returned me.

I had, as I before observed, one private pocket which escaped their search, wherein there was a pair of spectacles, (which I sometimes use for the weakness of my eyes) a pocket perspective, and several other little conveniences, which being of no consequence to the Emperor, I did not think myself bound in honor to discover, and I apprehended they might be lost or spoiled, if I ventured them out of my possession.

CHAPTER III

My gentleness and good behavior had gained so far on the Emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favorable disposition. The natives came, by degrees, to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down and let five or six of them dance on my hand; and, at last, the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide and seek in my hair. I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking their language. The Emperor had a

mind, one day, to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those persons who are candidates for great employments, and high favor at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth, or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace, (which often happens) five or six of those candidates petition the Emperor to entertain his Majesty and the court with a dance on the rope, and whoever jumps the highest, without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to shew their skill, and to convince the Emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the strait rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the somerset several times together, upon a trencher fixed on the rope, which is no thicker than a common pack-thread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; and the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity; for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far, that there is hardly one of them who hath not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured, that, a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would have infallibly broke his neck, if one of the king's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shewn before the Emperor and Empress, and first minister, upon particular occasions. The Emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long; one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the Emperor hath a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favor. The ceremony is performed in his Majesty's great chamber of state, where the canditates are to undergo a trial of dexterity very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the old or new world. The Emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates advancing, one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes

creep under it backwards and forwards several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the Emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-colored silk, the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt twice round about the middle, and you see few great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.

The horses of the army, and those of the royal stables, having been daily led before me, were no longer shy, but would come up to my very feet without starting. The riders would leap them over my hand as I held it on the ground, and one of the Emperor's huntsmen, upon a large courser, took my foot, shoe and all: which was, indeed, a prodigious leap. I had the good fortune to divert the Emperor one day, after a very extraordinary manner: I desired he should order several sticks of two feet high, and the thickness of an ordinary cane, to be brought me; whereupon his Majesty commanded the master of his woods to give directions accordingly, and the next morning six woodmen arrived with as many carriages, drawn by eight horses to each. I took nine of these sticks, and fixing them firmly in the ground, in a quadrangular figure, two feet and a half square, I took four other sticks, and tied them parallel at each corner, about two feet from the ground; then I fastened my handkerchief to the nine sticks that stood erect, and extended it on all sides till it was as tight as the top of a drum; and the four parallel sticks, rising about five inches higher than the handkerchief, served as ledges on each side. When I had finished my work, I desired the Emperor to let a troop of his best horse, twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His Majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them up one by one in my hands, ready mounted and armed, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got in order, they divided into two parties, performed mock skirmishers, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, attacked and retired, and in short discovered the best military discipline I ever beheld. The parallel sticks secured them and their horses from falling over the stage; and the Emperor was so much delighted, that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days, and once was pleased to be lifted up, and give the word of command; and, with great difficulty, persuaded the Empress herself to let me hold her in her close chair within two yards of the stage, from whence she was able to take a full view of the whole performance. It was by good fortune that no ill accident happened in these entertainments, only once a fiery horse, that belonged to one of the captians, pawing with his hoof, struck a hole in my handker-

chief, and his foot slipping, he overthrew his rider and himself; but I immediately relieved them both, and covering the hole with one hand, I set down the troop with the other, in the same manner as I took them up. The horse that fell was strained in the left shoulder, but the rider got no hurt, and I repaired my hankerchief as well as I could; however, I would not trust to the strength of it any more in such dangerous enterprises.

About two or three days before I was set at liberty, as I was entertaining the court with these kind of feats, there arrived an express to inform his Majesty, that some of his subjects, riding near the place where I was first taken up, had seen a great black substance on the ground, very oddly shaped, extended its edges round as wide as his Majesty's bed-chamber, and rising up in the middle as high as a man; that it was no living creature, as they at first apprehended, for it lay on the grass without motion; and some of them had walked round it several times; that, by mounting upon each other's shoulders, they had got to the top, which was flat and even, and stamping upon it, they found it was hollow within; that they humbly conceived it might be something belonging to the Man-Mountain; and if his Majesty pleased, they would undertake to bring it with only five horses. I presently knew what they meant, and was glad at heart to receive this intelligence. It seems upon my first reaching the shore, after our shipwreck, I was in such confusion, that, before I came to the place where I went to sleep, my hat, which I had fastened with a string to my head while I was rowing, and had stuck on all the time I was swimming, fell off after I came to land; the string, as I conjecture, breaking by some accident which I never observed, but thought my hat had been lost at sea. I intreated his Imperial Majesty to give orders it might be brought to me as soon as possible, describing to him the use and the nature of it; and the next day the wagoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition; they had bored two holes in the brim, within an inch and a half of the edge, and fastened two hooks in the holes; these hooks were tied by a long cord to the harness, and thus my hat was dragged along for above half an English mile; but, the ground in that country being extremely smooth and level, it received less damage than I expected.

Two days after this adventure, the Emperor having ordered that part of his army, which quarters in and about the metropolis, to be in readiness, took a fancy of diverting himself in a very singular manner: he desired I would stand like a colossus, my leg as far asunder as I conveniently could; he then commanded his general (who was an old experienced leader, and a great patron of mine) to draw up the troops in close order, and march them under me; the foot by twenty-four in a breast, and the horse by sixteen, with drums beat-

ing, colors flying, and pikes advanced. This body consisted of three thousand foot, and a thousand horse.

I had sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty, that his Majesty at length mentioned the matter first in the cabinet, and then in a full council; where it was opposed by none, except Skyresh Bolgolam, who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. But it was carried against him by the whole board, and confirmed by the Emperor. That minister was Galbet, or Admiral of the realm, very much in his master's confidence, and a person well versed in affairs, but of a morose and sour complexion. However, he was at length persuaded to comply; but prevailed that the articles and conditions upon which I should be set free, and to which I must swear, should be drawn up by himself. These articles were brought to me by Skyresh Bolgolam in person, attended by two under secretaries, and several persons of distinction. After they were read, I was demanded to swear to the performance of them; first in the manner of my own country, and afterwards in the method described by their laws, which was to hold my right foot in my left hand and to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the tip of my right ear. But, because the reader may be curious to have some idea of the style and manner of expression peculiar to that people, as well as to know the articles upon which I recovered my liberty, I have made a translation of the whole instrument, word for word, as near as I was able, which I here offer to the public.

"*Golbasto Momaren Evlame Gurdilo Shefin Mully Ully Gue,* most mighty Emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe, whose dominions extend five thousand blustrugs (about twelve miles in circumference), to the extremities of the globe; monarch of all monarchs, taller than the sons of men; whose feet press down to the center, and whose head strikes against the sun; at whose nod the princes of the earth shake their knees; pleasant as the spring, comfortable as the summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter. His most sublime Majesty proposeth to the Man-Mountain, lately arrived to our celestial dominions, the following articles, which, by a solemn oath, he shall be obliged to perform:

"1st. The Man-Mountain shall not depart from our dominions without our license under our great seal.

2nd. He shall not presume to come into our metropolis without our express order; at which time the inhabitants shall have two hours warning to keep within their doors.

"3d. The said Man-Mountain shall confine his walks to our principal high roads, and not offer to walk or lie down in a meadow or field of corn.

"4th. As he walked the said roads he shall take the utmost care not to trample upon the bodies of any of our loving subjects, their horses, or carriages, nor take any of our subjects into his hands without their own consent.

"5th. If an express requires extraordinary dispatch, the Man-Mountain shall be obliged to carry in his pocket the messenger and horse a six days journey once in every moon, and return the said messenger back (if so required) safe to our imperial presence.

"6th. He shall be our ally against our enemies in the Island of Blefuscu, and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

"7th. That the said Man-Mountain shall, at his times of leisure, be aiding and assisting to our workmen, in helping to raise certain great stones, towards covering the wall of the principal park, and other of our royal buildings.

"8th. That the said Man-Mountain shall, in two moons time, deliver in an exact survey of the circumference of our dominions, by a computation of his own paces round the coast.

"Lastly, That, upon his solemn oath to observe all the above articles, the said Man-Mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 of our subjects, with free access to our royal person, and other marks of our favor. Given at our palace at Belfaborac, the twelfth day of the ninety-first moon of our reign."

I swore and subscribed to these articles with great cheerfulness and content, although some of them were not so honorable as I could have wished; which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyresh Bolgolam, the high admiral; whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty; the Emperor himself in person did me the honor to be by at the whole ceremony. I made my acknowledgments, by prostrating myself at his Majesy's feet, but he commanded me to rise; and after many gracious expressions, which, to avoid the censure of vanity, I shall not repeat, he added that he hoped I should prove a useful servant, and well deserve all the favors he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future.

The reader may please to observe, that, in the last article for the recovery of my liberty, the Emperor stipulates to allow me a quantity of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 Lilliputians. Some time after, asking a friend at court, how they came to fix on that determinate number, he told me that his Majesty's mathematicians, having taken the height of my body by the help of a quadrant, and finding it to exceed theirs in the proportion of twelve to one, they concluded, from the similarity of their bodies, that mine must contain, at least, 1724 of theirs, and, consequently, would re-

quire as much food as was necessary to support that number of Lilliputians. By which, the reader may conceive an idea of the ingenuity of that people, as well as the prudent and exact economy of so great a prince.

CHAPTER IV

The first request I made, after I had obtained my liberty, was that I might have license to see Mildendo, the metropolis; which the Emperor easily granted me, but with a special charge to do no hurt either to the inhabitants of their houses. The people had notice by proclamation of my design to visit the town. The wall which encompassed it is two feet and a half high, and at least eleven inches broad, so that a coach and horses may be driven very safely round it; and it is flanked with strong towers, at ten feet distance. I stepped over the great Western Gate, and passed very gently and sidelong through the two principal streets, only in my short waist-coat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eaves of the houses with the shirts of my coat. I walked with the utmost circumspection, to avoid treading on any stragglers that might remain in the streets, although the orders were strict that all people should keep in their houses at their own peril. The garret-windows and tops of houses were so crowded with spectators that I thought, in all my travels, I had not seen a more populous place. The city is an exact square, each side of the wall being five hundred feet long. The two great streets, which run cross, and divide it into four quarters, are five feet wide. The lanes and alleys, which I could not enter, but only viewed them as I passed, are from twelve to eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thousand souls. The houses are from three to five stories; the shops and markets well provided.

The Emperor's palace is in the center of the city, where the two great streets meet. It is inclosed by a wall of two feet high, and twenty feet distance from the buildings. I had his Majesty's permission to step over this wall; and, the space being so wide between that and the palace, I could easily view it on every side. The outward court is a square of forty feet, and includes two other courts: in the inmost are the royal apartments which I was very desirous to see, but found it extremely difficult; for the great gates, from one square into another, were but eighteen inches high, and seven inches wide. Now, the buildings of the outer court were at least five feet high, and it was impossible for me to stride over them without infinite damage to the pile, though the walls were strongly built of hewn stone, and four inches thick. At the same time, the Emperor had a great desire that I should see the magnificence of his palace; but this I was not able to do till three days after, which I spent in cut-

ting down with my knife some the largest trees in the royal park, about an hundred yards distance from the city. Of these trees I made two stools, each about three feet high, and strong enough to bear my weight. The people having received notice a second time, I went again through the city to the palace, with my two stools in my hands. When I came to the side of the outer court, I stood upon one stool, and took the other in my hand; this I lifted over the roof, and gently set it down on the space between the first and second court, which was eight feet wide. I then stepped over the building very conveniently, from one stool to the other, and drew up the first after me with a hooked stick. By this contrivance I got into the inmost court; and lying down upon my side, I applied my face to the windows of the middle stories, which were left open on purpose, and discovered the most splendid apartments that can be imagined. There I saw the Empress, and the young Princes, in their several lodgings, with their chief attendants about them. Her Imperial Majesty was pleased to smile very graciously upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kiss.

But I shall not anticipate the reader with farther descriptions of this kind, because I reserve them for a greater work, which is now almost ready for the press, containing a general description of this empire, from its first erection, through a long series of princes, with a particular account of their wars and politics, laws, learning, and religion: their plants and animals, their peculiar manners and customs, with other matters very curious and useful; my chief design at present being only to relate such events and transactions as happened to the public or to myself during a residence of about nine months in that empire.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, Reldresal, principal secretary (as they style him) of private affairs, came to my house, attended only by one servant. He ordered his coach to wait at a distance, and desired I would give him an hour's audience; which I readily consented to, on account of his quality, and personal merits, as well as the many good offices he had done me during my solicitations at court. I offered to lie down, that he might the more conveniently reach my ear; but he chose rather to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation. He began with compliments on my liberty; said, he might pretend to some merit in it; but, however, added, that if it had not been for the present situation of things at court, perhaps I might not have obtained it so soon. "For," said he, "as flourishing a condition as we may appear to be in to foreigners, we labor under two mighty evils; a violent faction at home, and the danger of an invasion by a most potent enemy from abroad. As to the first, you are to understand that, for above seventy moons past, there have been two struggling parties in this empire,

under the names of Tramecksan and Slamecksan, from the high and low heels of their shoes, by which they distinguish themselves. It is alleged indeed, that the high heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution; but, however this be, his Majesty hath determined to make use of only low heels in the administration of the government, and all offices in the gift of the crown, as you cannot but observe; and particularly, that his Majesty's imperial heels are lower at least by a drurr than any of his court (drurr is a measure about the fourteenth part of an inch). The animosities between these two parties run so high that they will neither eat nor drink nor talk with each other. We compute the Tramecksan, or high heels, to exceed us in number; but the power is wholly on our side. We apprehend his Imperial Highness, the heir to the crown, to have some tendency towards the high-heels; at least, we can plainly discover that one of his heels is higher than the other, which gives him a hobble in his gate. Now, in the midst of these intestine disquiets, we are threatened with an invasion from the island of Blesfuscu, which is the other great empire of the universe, almost as large and powerful as this of his Majesty. For as to what we heard you affirm, that there are other kingdoms and states in the world, inhabited by human creatures, as large as yourself, our philosophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon, or one of the stars; because it is certain that an hundred mortals of your bulk would, in a short time, destroy all the fruits and cattle of his Majesty's dominions. Besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions than the two great empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu, which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a most obstinate war for six and thirty moons past. It began upon the following occasion: It is allowed on all hands that the primitive way of breaking eggs before we eat them was upon the larger end; but his present Majesty's grandfather while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the Emperor, his father, published an edict, commanding all subjects upon great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs. The people so highly resented this law, that our histories tell us, there have been six rebellions raised on that account; wherein one emperor lost his life, and another his crown. These civil commotions were constantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefuscu; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It is computed that eleven thousand persons have at several times suffered death rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been published upon this controversy; but the books of the Big-endians have been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered incapable by law of hold-

ing employments. During the course of these troubles the emperors of Blefuscu did frequently expostulate by their ambassadors, accusing us of making a schism in religion, by offending against a fundamental doctrine of our great Prophet Lustrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Blundecral (which is their Alcoran). This, however, is thought to be a mere strain upon the text; for the words are these: That all true believers break their eggs at the convenient end. And which is the convenient end seems, in my humble opinion, to be left to every man's conscience, or at least in the power of the chief magistrate to determine. Now, the Big-endian exiles have found so much credit in the Emperor of Blefuscu's court and so much private assistance and encouragement from their party here at home, that a bloody war hath been carried on between the two empires for thirty-six moons, with various success; during which time we have lost forty capital ships, and a much greater number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers; and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours. However, they have now equipped a numerous fleet, and are just preparing to make a descent upon us; and his Imperial Majesty, placing great confidence in your valor and strength, hath commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you."

I desired the secretary to present my humble duty to the Emperor, and to let him know that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready, with the hazard of my life, to defend his person and state against all invaders.

CHAPTER V

The empire of Blefuscu is an island, situated to the north-east side of Lilliput, from whence it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and upon this notice of intended invasion, I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence of me, all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war, upon pain of death, and an embargo laid by our Emperor upon all vessels whatsoever. I communicated to his Majesty a project I had formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet: which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbour ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plumbed, who told me, that in the middle, at high water, it was seventy glumgluffs deep, which is about six feet of European measure; and the rest of it fifty glumgluffs at most. I walked towards the north-east coast, over against Blefuscu; where, lying down behind

a hillock, I took out my small perspective glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men-of-war, and a great number of transports: I then came back to my house, and gave order (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and, for the same reason, I twisted three of the iron bars together, binding the extremeties into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the north-east coast, and putting off my coat, shoes and stockings, walked into the sea, in my leathern jerkin, about an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground; I arrived to the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy was so frighted when they saw me, that they leaped out of their ships, and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls. I then took my tackling, and, fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face: and, besides the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for mine eyes, which I should have infallibly lost, if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I kept among other little necessaries a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which, as I observed before, had escaped the Emperor's searchers. These I took out and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and, thus armed, went on boldly with my work in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect, farther than a little to discompose them. I had now fastened all the hooks, and, taking the knot in my hand, began to pull, but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the boldest part of my enterprize remained. I therefore let go the cord, and leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving above two hundred shots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after me.

The Blefuscudians, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run adrift, or fall foul on each other: but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair, that it is almost impossible to describe or conceive. When I had got out of danger, I stopped a while to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face: and

rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival, as I have formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and, waiting about an hour till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The Emperor and his whole court stood on the shore expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet in more pain, because I was under water to my neck. The Emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner: but he was soon eased of his fears, for the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and, holding up the end of the cable by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, Long live the most puissant Emperor of Lilliput! This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a nardac upon the spot, which is the highest title of honor among men.

His Majesty desired I would take some other opportunity of bringing all the rest of his enemy's ships into his ports. And so unmeasurable is the ambition of princes, that he seemed to think of nothing less than reducing the whole empire of Blefuscu into a province, and governing it by a viceroy; of destroying the Big-endian exiles, and compelling that people to break the smaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain the sole monarch of the whole world. But I endeavored to divert him from his design, by many arguments drawn from the topics of policy as well as justice: and I plainly protested, that I would never be an instrument of bringing a free and brave people into slavery. And, when the matter was debated in council, the wisest part of the ministry were of my opinion.

This open bold declaration of mine was so opposite to the schemes and politics of his Imperial Majesty, that he could never forgive me; he mentioned it in a very artful manner at council, where I was told that some of the wisest appeared, at least, by their silence, to be of my opinion; but others, who were my secret enemies, could not forbear some expressions, which by a side-wind reflected on me. And from this time began an intrigue between his Majesty and a junto of ministers maliciously bent against me, which broke out in less than two months, and had like to have ended in my utter destruction. Of so little weight are the greatest services to princes, when put into the balance with a refusal to gratify their passions.

About three weeks after this exploit, there arrived a solemn embassy from Blefuscu, with humble offers of a peace; which was soon concluded upon conditions very advantageous to our Emperor, wherewith I shall not trouble the reader. There were six ambassadors,

with a train of about five hundred persons, and their entry was very magnificent, suitable to the grandeur of their master, and the importance of their business. When their treaty was finished, wherein I did them several good offices by the credit I now had, or at least appeared to have at court, their Excellencies, who were privately told how much I had been their friend, made me a visit in form. They began with many compliments upon my valour and generosity, invited me to that kingdom in the Emperor their master's name, and desired me to shew them some proofs of my prodigious strength, of which they had heard so many wonders; wherein I readily obliged them, but shall not trouble the reader with the particulars.

When I had for some time entertained their Excellencies to their infinite satisfaction and surprise, I desired they would do me the honor to present my most humble respects to the Emperor their master, the renown of whose virtues had so justly filled the whole world with admiration, and whose royal person I resolved to attend before I returned to my own country: accordingly, the next time I had the honor to see our Emperor, I desired his general license to wait on the Blefuscudian monarch, which he was pleased to grant me, as I could plainly perceive, in a very cold manner; but could not guess the reason, till I had a whisper from a certain person, that Flimnap and Bolgolam had represented my intercourse with those ambassadors as a mark of disaffection, from which I am sure my heart was wholly free. And this was the first time I began to conceive some imperfect idea of courts and ministers.

It is to be observed, that these ambassadors spoke to me by an interpreter, the languages of both empires differing as much from each other as any two in Europe, and each nation priding itself upon the antiquity, beauty, and energy of their own tongues, with an avowed contempt for that of their neighbor; yet our Emperor, standing upon the advantage he had got by the seizure of their fleet, obliged them to deliver their credentials and make their speech in the Lilliputian tongue. And it must be confessed that, from the great intercourse of trade and commerce between both realms, from the continual reception of exiles, which is mutual among them, and from the custom in each empire to send their young nobility and richer gentry to the other, in order to polish themselves by seeing the world, and understanding men and manners, there are few persons of distinction, or merchants, or seamen, who dwell in the maritime parts, but what can hold conversation in both tongues; as I found some weeks after, when I went to pay my respects to the Emperor of Blefuscu, which, in the midst of great misfortunes through the malice of my enemies, proved a very happy adventure to me, as I shall relate in its proper place.

The reader may remember, that, when I signed those articles

upon which I recovered my liberty, there were some which I disliked upon account of their being too servile, neither could anything but an extreme necessity have forced me to submit. But, being now a nardac of the highest rank in that Empire, such offices were looked upon as below my dignity, and the Emperor (to do him justice) never once mentioned them to me.

CHAPTER VI

Although I intend to leave the description of this empire to a particular treatise, yet, in the meantime, I am content to gratify the curious reader with some general ideas. As the common size of the natives is somewhat under six inches high, so there is an exact proportion in all other animals, as well as plants and trees: for instance, the tallest horses and oxen are between four and five inches in height, the sheep an inch and half, more or less; their geese about the bigness of a sparrow, and so the several gradations downwards, till you come to the smallest, which, to my sight, were almost invisible; but nature hath adapted the eyes of the Lilliputians to all objects proper for their view: they see with great exactness, but at no great distance. And, to shew the sharpness of their sight towards objects that are near, I have been much pleased with observing a cook pulling a lark, which was not so large as a common fly, and a young girl threading an invisible needle with invisible silk. Their tallest trees are about seven feet high; I mean some of those in the great Royal Park, the tops whereof I could but just reach with my fist clinched. The other vegetables are in the same proportion; but this I leave to the reader's imagination.

I shall say but little at present of their learning, which for many ages hath flourished in all its branches among them: but their manner of writing is very peculiar, being neither from the left to the right, like the Europeans; nor from the right to the left, like the Arabians; nor from up to down, like the Chinese; but aslant from one corner of the paper to the other, like ladies in England.

They bury their dead with their heads directly downwards, because they hold an opinion that in eleven thousand moons they are all to rise again, in which period the earth (which they conceive to be flat) will turn upside down, and by this means they shall, at their resurrection, be found ready standing on their feet. The learned among them confess the absurdity of this doctrine, but the practice still continues, in compliance to the vulgar.

There are some laws and customs in this empire very peculiar; and, if they were not so directly contrary to those of my own dear country, I should be tempted to say a little in their justification. It is only to be wished they were as well executed. The first I shall

mention relates to informers. All crimes against the State are punished here with the utmost severity; but, if the person accused maketh his innocence plainly to appear upon his trial, the accuser is immediately put to an ignominious death; and, out of his goods or lands, the innocent person is quadruply recompensed for the loss of his time, for the danger he underwent, for the hardship of his imprisonment, and for all the charges he hath been at in making his defence. Or, if that fund be deficient, it is largely supplied by the crown. The Emperor does also confer on him some public mark of his favour, and proclamation is made of his innocence through the whole city.

They look upon fraud as a greater crime than theft, and therefore seldom fail to punish it with death; for they allege, that care and vigilance, with a very common understanding, may preserve a man's goods from thieves, but honesty has no fence against superior cunning; and since it is necessary that there should be a perpetual intercourse of buying and selling, and dealing upon credit, where fraud is permitted and connived at, or hath no law to punish it, the honest dealer is always undone, and the knave gets the advantage. I remember when I was once interceding with the king for a criminal, who had wronged his master of a great sum of money, which he had received by order and ran away with; and happening to tell his Majesty, by way of extenuation, that it was only a breach of trust; the Emperor thought it monstrous in me to offer, as a defence, the greatest aggravation of the crime: and truly I had little to say in return, farther than the common answer, that different nations and different customs; for, I confess, I was heartily ashamed.

Although we usually call reward and punishment the two hinges upon which all governments turn, yet I could never observe this maxim to be put in practice by any nation except that of Lilliput. Whoever can there bring sufficient proof that he hath strictly observed the laws of his country for seventy-three moons, hath a claim to certain privileges, according to his quality and condition of life, with a proportionable sum of money out of a fund appropriated for that use; he likewise acquires the title of Snilpall, or legal, which is added to his name, but does not descend to posterity. And these people thought it a prodigious defect of policy among us when I told them that our laws were enforced only by penalties without any mention of reward. It is upon this account that the image of Justice, in their courts of judicature, is formed with six eyes, two before, as many behind, and on each side one, to signify circumspection; with a bag of gold in her right hand, and a sword sheathed in her left, to shew she is more disposed to reward than to punish.

In choosing persons for all employments, they have more regard to good morals than to great abilities; for, since Government is nec-

essary to mankind, they believe that the common size of human understandings is fitted to some station or other, and that Providence never intended to make the management of public affairs a mystery, to be comprehended only by a few persons of sublime genius, of which there seldom are three born in an age; but they suppose truth, justice, temperance, and the like, to be in every man's power, the practice of which virtues, assisted by experience and a good intention, would qualify any man for the service of his country, except where a course of study is required. But they thought the want of moral virtues was so far from being supplied by superior endowments of the mind, that employments could never be put into such dangerous hands as those of persons so qualified; and at least, that the mistakes, committed by ignorance in a virtuous disposition, would never be of such fatal consequence to the public weal as the practices of a man whose inclinations led him to be corrupt, and had great abilities to manage and multiply and defend his corruptions.

In like manner the disbelief of a Divine Providence renders a man uncapable of holding any public station; for, since kings avow themselves to be the deputies of Providence, the Lilliputians think nothing can be more absurd than for a prince to employ such men as disown the authority under which they act.

In relating these and the following laws, I would only be understood to mean the original institutions, and not the most scandalous corruptions into which these people are fallen by the degenerate nature of man. For as to that infamous practice of acquiring great employments by dancing on the ropes, or badges of favour and distinction by leaping over sticks and creeping under them, the reader is to observe that they were first introduced by the grandfather of the Emperor now reigning, and grew to the present height by the gradual increase of party and faction.

Ingratitude is among them a capital crime, as we read it to have been in some other countries; for they reason thus, that whoever makes ill returns to his benefactor, must needs be a common enemy to the rest of mankind, from whom he hath received no obligation, and therefore such a man is not fit to live.

Their notions relating to the duties of parents and children differ extremely from ours. They will never allow that a child is under any obligation to his father for begetting him, or to his mother for bringing him into the world, which, considering the miseries of human life, was neither a benefit in itself, nor intended so by his parents, whose thoughts in their love encounters were otherwise employed. Upon these, and the like reasonings, their opinion is, that parents are the last of all others to be trusted with the education of their own children; and therefore they have in every town public nurseries; where all parents, except cottagers and labourers are obliged

to send their infants of both sexes to be reared and educated when they come to the age of twenty moons, at which time they are supposed to have some rudiments of docility. These schools are of several kinds, suited to different qualities, and to both sexes. They have certain professors well skilled in preparing children for such a condition of life as befits the rank of their parents, and their own capacities as well as inclination. I shall first say something of the male nurseries, and then of the female.

The nurseries for males of noble or eminent broth are provided with grave and learned professors, and their several deputies. The clothes and food of the children are plain and simple. They are bred up in the principles of honour, justice, courage, modesty, clemency, religion, and love of their country; they are always employed in some business, except in the times of eating and sleeping, which are very short, and two hours for diversions, consisting of bodily exercises. They are dressed by men till four years of age, and then are obliged to dress themselves, although their quality be ever so great; and the women attendants, who are aged proportionately to ours at fifty, perform only the most menial offices. They are never suffered to converse with servants, but go together in smaller and greater numbers to take their diversions, and always in the presence of a professor, or one of his deputies; whereby they avoid those early bad impression of folly and vice to which our children are subject. Their parents are suffered to see them only twice a year; the visit is to last but an hour. They are allowed to kiss the child at meeting and parting; but a professor, who always stands by on those occasions, will not suffer them to whisper, or use any fondling expressions, or bring any presents of toys, sweet-meats and the like.

The pension from each family for the education and entertainment of a child, upon failure of due payment, is levied by the Emperor's officers.

The nurseries for children of ordinary gentlemen, merchants, traders, and handicrafts, are managed proportionably after the same manner; only those designed for trades are put out apprentices at eleven years old, whereas those of persons of quality continue in their exercises till fifteen, which answers to twenty-one with us: but the confinement is gradually lessened for the last three years.

In the female nurseries, the young girls of quality are educated much like the males, only they are dressed by orderly servants of their own sex; but always in the presence of a professor or deputy, till they come to dress themselves, which is at five years old. And if it be found that these nurses ever presume to entertain the girls with frightful or foolish stories, or the common follies practised by chamber-maids among us, they are publicly whipped thrice about the city,

imprisoned for a year, and banished for life to the most desolate part of the country. Thus the young ladies there are as much ashamed of being cowards and fools as the men, and despise all personal ornaments beyond decency and cleanliness: neither did I perceive any difference in their education made by their difference of sex, only that the exercises of the females were not altogether so robust; and that some rules were given them relating to domestic life, and a smaller compass of learning was enjoined them: For their maxim is, that, among people of quality, a wife should be always a reasonable and agreeable companion, because she cannot always be young. When the girls are twelve years old, which among them is the marriageable age, their parents or guardians take them home with great expressions of gratitude to the professors, and seldom without tears of the young lady and her companion.

In the nurseries of the females of the meaner sort, the children are instructed in all kinds of works proper for sex and their several degrees: those intended for apprentices, are dismissed at seven years old, the rest are kept to eleven.

The meaner families, who have children at these nurseries, are obliged, besides their annual pension, which is as low as possible, to return to the steward of the nursery a small monthly share of their gettings, to be a portion for the child: and therefore all parents are limited in their expenses by the law. For the Lilliputians think nothing can be more unjust, than for people, in subservience to their own appetites, to bring children into the world, and leave the burden of supporting them on the public. As to persons of quality, they give security to appropriate a certain sum for each child, suitable to their condition; and these funds are always managed with good husbandry, and the most exact justice.

The cottagers and labourers keep their children at home, their business being only to till and cultivate the earth, and therefore their education is of little consequence to the public: but the old and diseased among them are supported by hospitals, for begging is a trade unknown in this empire.

And here it may, perhaps, divert the curious reader, to give some account of my domestic life, and my manner of living in this country, during a residence of nine months and thirteen days. Having a head mechanically turned, and being likewise forced by necessity, I had made for myself a table and chair convenient enough, out of the largest trees in the royal park. Two hundred sempstresses were employed to make me shirts, and linen for bed and table, all of the strongest and coarsest kind they could get; which however, they were forced to quilt together in several folds, for the thickest was some degrees finer than lawn. Their linen is usually three inches wide, and three feet make a piece. The sempstresses took my measure as

I lay on the ground, one standing at my neck, and another at my mid-leg, with a strong cord extended, that each held by the end, while the third measured the length of the cord with a rule of an inch long. Then they measured my right thumb and desired no more; for, by a mathematical computation that twice round the thumb is once round the wrist and so on the neck and the waist; and by the help of my old shirt, which I displayed on the ground before them for a pattern, they fitted me exactly. Three hundred tailors were employed in the same manner to make me clothes; but they had another contrivance for taking my measure. I kneeled down, and they raised a ladder from the ground to my neck; upon this ladder one of them mounted, and let fall a plumb-line from my collar to the floor, which just answered the length of my coat; but my waist and arms I measured myself. When my clothes were finished, which was done in my house (for the largest of theirs would not have been able to hold them) they looked like the patch-work made by the ladies in England, only that mine were all of a colour.

I had three hundred cooks to dress my victuals, in little convenient huts built about my house, where they and their families lived, and prepared me two dishes a-piece. I took up twenty waiters in my hand, and placed them on the table; an hundred more attended below on the ground, some with dishes of meat, and some with barrels of wine and other liquors, slung to their shoulders, all of which the waiters above drew up as I wanted, in a very ingenious manner, by certain cords, as we draw the bucket up a well in Europe. A dish of their meat was a good mouthful, and a barrel of their liquor a reasonable draught. Their mutton yields to ours, but their beef is excellent. I have had a surloin so large, that I have been forced to take three bites of it; but this is rare. My servants were astonished to see me eat it, bones and all, as in our country we do the leg of a lark. Their geese and turkeys I usually eat at a mouthful; and, I must confess, they far exceed ours. Of their smaller fowl, I could take up twenty or thirty at the end of my knife.

One day his Imperial Majesty, being informed of my way of living, desired that himself and his royal consort, with the young princes of the blood of both sexes, might have the happiness (as he pleased to call it) of dining with me. They came accordingly, and I placed them upon chairs of state on my table, just over against me, with their guards about them. Flimnap, the lord high treasurer, attended there likewise, with his white staff; and I observed he often looked on me with a sour countenance, which I would not seem to regard, but eat more than usual, in honour to my dear country, as well as to fill the court with admiration. I have some private reasons to believe that this visit from his Majesty gave Flimnap an opportunity of doing me ill offices to his master. That minister had always been my secret

enemy, though he outwardly caressed me more than was usual to the moroseness of his nature. He represented to the Emperor the low condition of his treasury; that he was forced to take up money at great discount; that exchequer bills would not circulate under nine per cent. below par; that, in short, I had cost his Majesty above a million and a half of sprugs (their greatest gold coin, about the bigness of a spangle) and, upon the whole that it would be advisable in the Emperor to take the first fair occasion of dismissing me.

I am here obliged to vindicate the reputation of an excellent lady, who was an innocent sufferer upon my account. The treasurer took a fancy to be jealous of his wife, from the malice of some evil tongues, who informed him that her Grace had taken a violent affection for my person; and the court scandal ran for some time, that she once came privately to my lodging. This I solemnly declare to be a most infamous falsehood, without any grounds, farther than that her Grace was pleased to treat me with all innocent marks of freedom and friendship. I own she came often to my house, but always publicly, nor ever without three more in the coach, who were usually her sister and young daughter and some particular acquaintance; but this was common to many other ladies of the court. And I shall appeal to my servants round, whether they at any time saw a coach at my door, without knowing what persons were in it. On those occasions, when a servant had given me notice, my custom was to go immediately to the door; and after paying my respects, to take up the coach and two horses very carefully in my hands (for, if there were six horses, the postilion always unharnessed four) and place them on a table, where I had fixed a moveable rim quite round, of five inches high, to prevent accidents. And I have often had four coaches and horses at once on my table full of company, while I sat in my chair, leaning my face towards them; and, when I was engaged with one set, the coachmen would gently drive the others round my table. I have passed many an afternoon very agreeably in these conversations. But I defy the treasurer, or his two informers (I will name them, and let them make their best of it), Clustril and Drunlo, to prove that any person ever came to me incognito, except the secretary Reldresal, who was sent by express command of his Imperial Majesty, as I have before related. I should not have dwelt so long upon this particular, if it had not been a point wherein the reputation of a great lady is so nearly concerned, to say nothing of my own; though I then had the honour to be a nardac, which the treasurer himself is not; for all the world knows that he is only a glumlum, a title inferior by one degree, as that of a marquis is to a duke in England, although I allow he proceeded me in right of his post. These false informations, which I afterwards came to the knowledge of by an accident not proper to mention, made Flimnap, the treasurer, shew his lady,

for some time, an ill countenance, and me a worse; and although he were at last undeceived and reconciled to her, yet I lost all credit with him, and found my interest decline very fast with the Emperor himself, who was, indeed, too much governed by that favourite.

CHAPTER VII

BEFORE I proceed to give an account of my leaving this kingdom, it may be proper to inform the reader of a private intrigue which had been for two months forming against me.

I had been hitherto all my life a stranger to courts, for which I was unqualified by the meanness of my condition. I had, indeed, heard and read enough of the disposition of great princes and ministers; but never expected to have found such terrible effects of them in so remote a country, governed, as I thought, by very different maxims from those in Europe.

When I was just preparing to pay my attendance on the Emperor of Blefuscu, a considerable person at court (to whom I had been very serviceable, at a time when he lay under the highest displeasure of his Imperial Majesty) came to my house very privately at night in a close chair, and, without sending his name, desired admittance. The chairmen were dismissed; I put the chair, with his lordship in it, into my coat pocket; and, giving orders to a trusty servant to say I was indisposed and gone to sleep, I fastened the door of my house, placed the chair on the table, according to my usual custom, and sat down by it. After the common salutations were over, observing his lordship's countenance full of concern, and enquiring into the reason, he desired I would hear him with patience, in a matter that highly concerned my honor and my life. His speech was to the following effect, for I took notes of it as soon as he left me.

"You are to know," said he, "that several committees of council have been lately called in the most private manner on your account; and it is but two days since his Majesty came to a full resolution.

"You are very sensible that Skyresh Bolgolam (galbet, or high-admiral) hath been your mortal enemy almost ever since your arrival: his original reasons I know not; but his hatred is increased since your great success against Blefuscu, by which his glory, as admiral, is much obscured. This lord, in conjunction with Flimnap, the high-treasurer, whose enmity against you is notorious on account of his lady, Limtoc the general, Lalcon the chamberlain, and Balmuff the grand justiciary, have prepared articles of impeachment against you, for treason, and other capital crimes."

This preface made me so impatient, being conscious of my own merits and innocence, that I was going to interrupt; when he intreated me to be silent, and thus proceeded:

"Out of gratitude for the favors you have done me, I procured information of the whole proceedings, and a copy of the articles, wherein I venture my head for your service.

Articles of Impeachment against QUINBUS FLESTRIN (*the* MAN-MOUNTAIN).

ARTICLE I

"'That the said Quinbus Flestrin having brought the imperial fleet of Blefuscu into the royal port, and being afterwards commanded by his Imperial Majesty to seize all the other ships of the said empire of Blefuscu, and reduce that empire to a province, to be governed by a viceroy from hence, and to destroy and put to death not only all the Big-endian exiles, but likewise all the people of that empire, who would not immediately forsake the Big-endian heresy: he, the said Flestrin, like a false traitor against his most auspicious, serene, Imperial Majesty, did petition to be excused from the said service, upon pretence of unwillingness to force the consciences, or destroy the liberties and lives of innocent people.

ARTICLE II

"'That, whereas certain ambassadors arrived from the court of Blefuscu, to sue for peace in his Majesty's court: he the said Flestrin, did, like a false traitor, aid, abet, comfort, and divert the said ambassadors, although he knew them to be servants to a prince who was lately an open enemy to his Imperial Majesty, and in open war against his said Majesty.

ARTICLE III

"'That the said Quinbus Flestrin, contrary to the duty of a faithful subject, is now preparing to make a voyage to the court and empire of Blefuscu, for which he hath received only verbal licence from his Imperial Majesty; and under color of the said licence doth falsely and traitorously intend to take the said voyage, and thereby to aid, comfort, and abet the Emperor of Blefuscu, so late an enemy, and in open war with his Imperial Majesty aforesaid."

"There are some other articles, but these are the most important, of which I have read you an abstract.

"In the several debates upon this impeachment, it must be confessed that his Majesty gave many marks of his great lenity, often urging the services you had done him, and endeavoring to extenuate

your crimes. The treasurer and admiral insisted that you should be put to the most painful and ignominious death, by setting fire on your house at night, and the general was to attend with twenty thousand men armed with poisoned arrows, to shoot you on the face and hands. Some of your servants were to have private orders to strew a poisonous juice on your shirts and sheets, which would soon make you tear your own flesh, and die in the utmost torture. The general came into the same opinion; so that for a long time there was a majority against you: but his Majesty resolving, if possible, to spare your life, at last brought off the chamberlain.

"Upon this incident, Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, who always approved himself your true friend, was commanded by the Emperor to deliver his opinion, which he accordingly did: and therein justified the good thoughts you have of him. He allowed your crimes to be great, but that still there was room for mercy, the most commendable virtue in a prince, and for which his Majesty was so justly celebrated. He said the friendship between you and him was so well known to the world, that perhaps the most honorable board might think him partial. However, in obedience to the command he had received, he would freely offer his sentiments. That if his Majesty, in consideration of your services, and pursuant to his own merciful disposition, would please to spare your life, and only give order to put out both your eyes, he humbly conceived, that, by this expedient, justice might in some measure be satisfied, and all the world would applaud the lenity of the Emperor, as well as the fair and generous proceedings of those who have the honor to be his counsellors. That the loss of your eyes would be no impediment to your bodily strength, by which you might still be useful to his Majesty. That blindness is an addition to courage, by concealing dangers from us; that the fear you had for your eyes was the greatest difficulty in bringing over the enemy's fleet, and it would be sufficient for you to see by the eyes of the ministers, since the greatest princes do no more.

"This proposal was received with the utmost disapprobation by the whole board. Bolgolam, the admiral, could not preserve his temper; but, rising up in fury, said, he wondered how the secretary durst presume to give his opinion for preserving the life of a traitor: that the services you had performed were, by all true reasons of state, the great aggravation of your crimes; that the same strength, which enabled you to bring over the enemy's fleet, might serve, upon the first discontent, to carry it back; that he had good reasons to think you were a Big-endian in your heart; and as treason begins in the heart, before it appears in overt acts, so he accused you as a traitor on that account, and therefore insisted you should be put to death.

"The treasurer was of the same opinion. He showed to what

straits his Majesty's revenue was reduced by the charge of maintaining you, which would soon grow insupportable: that the secretary's expedient of putting out your eyes was so far from being a remedy against this evil, it would probably increase it, as it is manifest from the common practice of blinding some kind of fowl, after which they fed the faster, and grew sooner fat; that his sacred Majesty and the council, who are your judges, were in their own consciences fully convinced of your guilt, which was a sufficient argument to condemn you to death, without the formal proofs required by the strict letter of the law.

"But his Imperial Majesty, fully determined against capital punishment, was graciously pleased to say, that, since the council thought the loss of your eyes too easy a censure, some other may be inflicted hereafter. And your friend, the secretary, humbly desiring to be heard, again, in answer to what the treasurer had objected concerning the great charge his Majesty was at in maintaining you, said that his Excellency, who had the sole disposal of the Emperor's revenue, might easily provide against that evil by gradually lessening your establishment, by which, for want of sufficient food, you would grow weak and faint, and lose your appetite, and consume in a few months; neither would the stench of your carcase be then so dangerous, when it should become more than half diminished; and immediately, upon your death, five or six thousand of his Majesty's subjects might, in two or three days, cut your flesh from your bones, take it away by cartloads, and bury it in distant parts to prevent infection, leaving the skeleton as a monument of admiration to posterity.

"Thus, by the great friendship of the secretary, the whole affair was compromised. It was strictly enjoined that the project of starving you, by degrees, should be kept a secret, but the sentence of putting out your eyes was entered on the books; none dissenting except Bolgolam, the admiral, who, being a creature of the Empress, was perpetually instigated by her Majesty to insist upon your death.

"In three days, your friend, the secretary, will be directed to come to your house, and read before you the articles of impeachment; and then to signify the great lenity and favor of his Majesty and council, whereby you are only condemned to the loss of your eyes, which his Majesty doth not question you will gratefully and humbly submit to; and twenty of his Majesty's surgeons will attend, in order to see the operation well-performed, by discharging very sharp-pointed arrows into the balls of your eyes as you lie on the ground.

"I leave to your prudence what measures you will take; and, to avoid suspicion, I must immediately return in as private manner as I came."

His lordship did so, and I remained alone, under many doubts and perplexities of mind.

It was a custom introduced by this prince and his ministry (very different, as I have been assured, from the practices of former times) that after the court had decreed any cruel execution, either to gratify the monarch's resentment or the malice of a favorite, the Emperor always made a speech to his whole council, expressing his great lenity and tenderness, as qualities known and confessed by all the world. This speech was immediately published through the kingdom; nor did anything terrify the people so much as those encomiums on his Majesty's mercy, because it was observed, that, the more these praises were enlarged and insisted on, the more inhuman was the punishment, and the sufferer more innocent. And as to myself, I must confess, having never been designed for a courtier, either by birth or education, I was so ill a judge of things, that I could not discover the lenity and favor of this sentence, but conceived it (perhaps erroneously) rather to be rigorous than gentle. I sometimes thought of standing my trial; for, although I could not deny the facts alleged in the several articles, yet I hoped they would admit of some extenuation. But having in my life perused many state-trials, which I ever observed to terminate as the judges thought fit to direct, I durst not rely on so dangerous a decision in so critical a juncture, and against such powerful enemies. Once I was strongly bent upon resistance, for, while I had liberty, the whole strength of that empire could hardly subdue me, and I might easily with stones pelt the metropolis to pieces; but I soon rejected that project with horror, by remembering the oath I had made to the Emperor, the favors I received from him, and the high title of nardac he conferred upon me. Neither had I so soon learned the gratitude of courtiers, to persuade myself that his Majesty's present severities acquitted me of all past obligations.

At last I fixed upon a resolution, for which it is probable I may incur some censure, and not unjustly; for I confess I owe the preserving my eyes, and consequently my liberty, to my own great rashness, and want of experience; because, if I had then known the nature of princes and ministers, which I have since observed in many other courts, and their methods of treating criminals less obnoxious than myself, I should with great alacrity and readiness have submitted to so easy a punishment. But hurried on by the precipitancy of youth, and having his Imperial Majesty's licence to pay my attendance upon the Emperor of Blefuscu, I took this opportunity, before the three days were elapsed, to send a letter to my friend the secretary, signifying my resolution of setting out that morning for Blefuscu, pursuant to the leave I had got; and, without waiting for an answer, I went to that side of the island where our fleet lay.

I seized a large man-of-war, tied a cable to the prow, and, lifting up the anchors, I stript myself, put my clothes (together with my coverlet, which I brought under my arm) into the vessel, and, drawing it after me, between wading and swimming, arrived at the royal port of Blefuscu, where the people had long expected me; they lent me two guides to direct me to the capital city, which is of the same name. I held them in my hands till I came within two hundred yards of the gate, and desired them to signify my arrival to one of the secretaries, and let him know, I there waited his Majesty's command. I had an answer in about an hour, that his Majesty, attended by the royal family and great officers of the court, was coming out to receive me, I advanced a hundred yards. The Emperor and his train alighted from their horses, the Empress and ladies from their coaches, and did not perceive they were in any fright or concern. I lay on the ground to kiss his Majesty's and the Empresses's hand. I told his Majesty that I was come according to my promise, and with the licence of the Emperor my master, to have the honor of seeing so mighty a monarch, and to offer him any service in my power consistent with my duty to my own prince; not mentioning a word of my disgrace, because I had hitherto no regular information of it, and might suppose myself wholly ignorant of any such design; neither could I reasonably conceive that the Emperor would discover the secret while I was out of his power; wherein, however, it soon appeared I was deceived.

I shall not trouble the reader with the particular account of my reception at this court, which was suitable to the generosity of so great a prince; nor of the difficulties I was in for want of a house and bed, being forced to lie on the ground, wrapped up in my coverlet.

CHAPTER VIII

Three days after my arrival, walking out of curiosity to the north-east coast of the island, I observed, about half a league off, in the sea, somewhat that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and, wading two or three hundred yards, I found the object to approach nearer by force of the tide; and then plainly saw it to be a real boat, which I supposed might by some tempest, have been driven from a ship. Whereupon I returned immediately towards the city, and desired his Imperial Majesty to lend me twenty of the tallest vessels he had left after the loss of his fleet, and three thousand seamen, under the command of the vice-admiral. This fleet sailed round, while I went back the shortest way to the coast, where I first discovered the boat; I found the tide had driven it still nearer. The seamen were all provided with

cordage, which I had beforehand twisted to a sufficient strength. When the ships came up, I stripped myself, and waded till I came within an hundred yards of the boat, after which I was forced to swim till I got up to it. The seamen threw me the end of the cord, which I fastened to a hole in the fore-part of the boat, and the other end to a man-of-war. But I found all my labor to little purpose; for, being out of my depth, I was not able to work. In this necessity, I was forced to swim behind, and push the boat forwards as often as I could, with one of my hands; and, the tide favoring me, I advanced so far, that I could just hold up my chin and feel the ground. I rested two or three minutes and then gave the boat another shove, and so on, till the sea was no higher than my arm-pits; and now, the most laborious part being over, I took out my other cables, which were stowed in one of the ships, and fastened them first to the boat, and then to nine of the vessels which attended me; the wind being favorable, the seamen towed, and I shoved till we arrived within forty yards of the shore, and, waiting till the tide was out, I got dry to the boat, and by the assistance of two thousand men, with ropes, and engines, I made a shift to turn it on its bottom, and found it was but little damaged.

I shall not trouble the reader with the difficulties I was under, by the help of certain paddles, which cost me ten days making, to get my boat to the royal port of Blefuscu, where a mighty concourse of people appeared upon my arrival, full of wonder at the sight of so prodigious a vessel. I told the Emperor that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way, to carry me to some place from whence I might return into my native country, and begged his Majesty's orders for getting materials to fit up, together with his licence to depart, which, after some kind expostulations, he was pleased to grant.

I did very much wonder, in all this time, not to have heard of any express relating to me from our Emperor to the court of Blefuscu. But I was afterwards given privately to understand that his Imperial Majesty, never imagining I had the least notice of his designs, believed I was only gone to Blefuscu, in performance of my promise, according to the licence he had given me, which was well known at our court, and would return in a few days when the ceremony was ended. But he was at last in pain at my long absence; and, after consulting with the treasurer and the rest of that cabal, a person of quality was dispatched with the copy of the articles against me. This envoy had instructions to represent to the monarch of Blefuscu the great lenity of his master, who was content to punish me no farther than with the loss of my eyes; that I had fled from justice, and, if I did not return in two hours, I should be deprived of my title of nardac, and declared a traitor. The envoy

further added, that in order to maintain the peace and amity between both empires, his master expected that his brother of Blefuscu would give orders to have me sent back to Lilliput, bound hand and foot, to be punished as a traitor.

The Emperor of Blefuscu, having taken three days to consult, returned an answer, consisting of many civilities and excuses. He said that as for sending me bound, his brother knew it was impossible; that although I had deprived him of his fleet, yet he owed great obligations to me for many good offices I had done him in making the peace: that, however, both their Majesties would soon be made easy; for I had found a prodigious vessel on the shore, able to carry me on the sea, which he had given order to fit up with my own assistance and direction; and he hoped, in a few weeks, both empires would be freed from so insupportable an incumbrance.

With this answer the envoy returned to Lilliput, and the monarch of Blefuscu related to me all that had passed; offering me at the same time (but under the strictest confidence) his gracious protection, if I would continue in his service; wherein, although I believed him sincere, yet I resolved never more to put my confidence in princes or ministers, where I could possible avoid it, and, therefore, with all due acknowledgments for his favorable intentions, I humbly begged to be excused. I told him, that since fortune, whether good or evil, had thrown a vessel in my way, I was resolved to venture myself in the ocean rather than be an occasion of difference between two such mighty monarchs. Neither did I find the Emperor at all displeased, and I discovered by a certain accident, that he was very glad of my resolution, and so were most of his ministers.

These considerations moved me to hasten my departure somewhat sooner than I intended; to which the court, impatient to have me gone, very readily contributed. Five hundred workmen were employed to make two sails to my boat, according to my directions, by quilting thirteen folds of their strongest linen together. I was at the pains of making ropes and cables, by twisting ten, twenty, or thirty of the thickest and strongest of theirs. A great stone that I happened to find, after a long search by the sea-shore, served me for an anchor. I had the tallow of three hundred cows for greasing my boat and other uses. I was at incredible pains in cutting down some of the largest timber-trees for oars and masts, wherein I was, however, much assisted by his Majesty's ship-carpenters, who helped me in smoothing them after I had done the rough work.

In about a month, when all was prepared, I sent word to receive his Majesty's commands, and to take my leave. The Emperor and royal family came out of the palace; I lay down on my face to kiss his hand, which he very graciously gave me; so did the Empress, and

young princes of the blood. His Majesty presented me with fifty purses of two hundred sprugs a-piece, together with his picture at full length, which I put immediately into one of my gloves, to keep it from being hurt. The ceremonies at my departure were too many to trouble the reader with at this time.

I stored the boat with the carcases of an hundred oxen, and three hundred sheep, with bread and drink proportionable, and as much meat ready dressed as four hundred cooks could provide. I took with me six cows and two bulls alive, with as many ewes and rams, intending to carry them into my own country and propagate the breed. And, to feed them on board, I had a good bundle of hay, and a bag of corn. I would gladly have taken a dozen of the natives, but this was a thing the Emperor would by no means permit; and, besides a diligent search into my pockets, his Majesty engaged my honor not to carry away any of his subjects, although with their own consent and desire.

Having thus prepared all things as well as I was able, I set sail on the twenty-fourth day of September 1701, at six in the morning; and when I had gone about four leagues to the northward, the wind being at south-east, at six in the evening I descried a small island about half a league to the north-west. I advanced forward, and cast anchor on the lee-side of the island, which seemed to be uninhabited. I then took some refreshment and went to my rest. I slept well, and I conjecture at least six hours, for I found the day broke in two hours after I awaked. It was a clear night. I eat my breakfast before the sun was up; and heaving anchor, the wind being favorable, I steered the same course that I had done the day before, wherein I was directed by my pocket-compass. My intention was to reach, if possible, one of those islands which I had reason to believe lay on the north-east of Van Diemen's Land. I discovered nothing all that day; but upon the next, about three in the afternoon, when I had by my computation made twenty-four leagues from Blefuscu, I descried a sail steering to the south-east; my course was due east. I hailed her, but could get no answer; yet I found I gained upon her, for the wind slackened. I made all the sail I could, and in half an hour she spied me, then hung out her ancient, and discharged a gun. It is not easy to express the joy I was in upon the unexpected hope of once more seeing my beloved country, and the dear pledges I had left in it. The ship slackened her sails, and I came up with her between five and six in the evening September 26; but my heart leapt within me to see her English colors. I put my cows and sheep into my coat-pockets, and got on board with all my little cargo of provisions. The vessel was an English merchantman, returning from Japan by the north and south seas, the captain, Mr. John Biddel

of Deptford, a very civil man, and an excellent sailor. We were now in the latitude of 30 degrees south; there were about fifty men in the ship; and here I met an old comrade of mine, one Peter Williams, who gave me a good character to the captain. The gentleman treated me with kindness, and desired I would let him know what place I came from last and whither I was bound; which I did in few words, but he thought I was raving, and that the dangers I underwent had disturbed my head; whereupon I took my black cattle and sheep out of my pocket, which, after great astonishment, clearly convinced him of my veracity. I then shewed him the gold given me by the Emperor of Blefuscu, together with his Majesty's picture at full length, and some other rarities of that country. I gave him two purses of two hundred sprugs each, and promised, when we arrived in England, to make him a present of a cow and a sheep big with young.

I shall not trouble the reader with a particular account of this voyage which was very prosperous for the most part. We arrived in the Downs on the 13th of April 1702. I had only one misfortune, that the rats on board carried away one of my sheep; I found her bones in a hole, picked clean from the flesh. The rest of my cattle I got safe a-shore, and set them a-grazing in a bowling-green at Greenwich, where the fineness of the grass made them feed very heartily, though I had always feared the contrary: neither could I possibly preserved them in so long a voyage if the captain had not allowed me some of his best biscuit, which rubbed to powder, and mingled with water, was their constant food. The short time I continued in England, I made a considerable profit of my shewing my cattle to many persons of quality and others: and, before I began my second voyage, I sold them for six hundred pounds. Since my last return, I find the breed is considerably increased, especially the sheep, which I hope will prove much to the advantage of the woollen manufacture, by the fineness of the fleeces.

I stayed but two months with my wife and family; for my insatiable desire of seeing foreign countries would suffer me to continue no longer. I left fifteen hundred pounds with my wife, and fixed her in a good house at Redriff. My remaining stock I carried with me, part in money and part in goods, in hopes to improve my fortunes. My eldest uncle John had left me an estate in land, near Epping, of about thirty pounds a year; and I had a long lease of the Black Bull in Fetter Lane, which yielded me as much more: so that I was not in any danger of leaving my family upon the parish. My son Johnny, named so after his uncle, was at the Grammar School, and a towardly child. My daughter Betty (who is now well married, and has children) was then at her needlework. I took leave of

my wife, and boy and girl, with tears on both sides, and went on board the *Adventure*, a merchant ship, of three hundred tons, bound for Surat, Captain John Nicholas of Liverpool, commander. But my account of this voyage must be referred to the second part of my travels.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

THE KING OF PERSIA AND THE PRINCESS OF THE SEA

THERE was once a King of Persia, who at the beginning of his reign had distinguished himself by many glorious and successful conquests, and had afterwards enjoyed such profound peace and tranquillity as rendered him the happiest of monarchs. His only occasion for regret was that he had no heir to succeed him in the kingdom after his death. One day, according to the custom of his royal predecessors during their residence in the capital, he held an assembly of his courtiers, at which all the ambassadors and strangers of renown at his court were present. Among these there appeared a merchant from a far-distant country, who sent a message to the king craving an audience, as he wished to speak to him about a very important matter. The king gave orders for the merchant to be instantly admitted; and when the assembly was over, and all the rest of the company had retired, the king inquired what was the business which had brought him to the palace.

"Sire," replied the merchant, "I have with me, and beg your majesty to behold, the most beautiful and charming slave it would be possible to find if you searched every corner of the earth; if you will but see her, you will surely wish to make her your wife."

The fair slave was, by the king's commands, immediately brought in, and no sooner had the king beheld a lady whose beauty and grace surpassed anything he had ever imagined, than he fell passionately in love with her, and determined to marry her at once. This was done.

So the king caused the fair slave to be lodged in the next finest apartment to his own, and gave particular orders to the matrons and the women-slaves appointed to attend her, that they should dress her in the richest robe they could find, and carry her the finest pearl necklaces, the brightest diamonds, and the other richest precious stones, that she might choose those she liked best.

The King of Persia's capital was situated in an island; and his palace, which was very magnificent, was built upon the seashore; his window looked towards the sea; and the fair slave's, which was pretty near it, had also the same prospect, and it was the most pleas-

ant on account of the sea's beating almost against the foot of the wall.

At the end of three days the fair slave, magnificently dressed, was alone in her chamber, sitting upon a sofa, and leaning against one of the windows that faced the sea, when the king, being informed that he might visit her, came in. The slave hearing somebody walk in the room, immediately turned her head to see who it was. She knew him to be the king; but without showing the least surprise, or so much as rising from her seat to salute or receive him, she turned back to the window again as if he had been the most insignificant person in the world.

The King of Persia was extremely surprised to see a slave of so beauteous a form so very ignorant of the world. He attributed this to the narrowness of her education, and the little care that had been taken to instruct her in the first rules of civility. He went to her at the window, where, notwithstanding the coldness and indifference with which she had just now received him, she suffered herself to be admired, kissed, and embraced as much as he pleased, but answered him not a word.

"My dearest life," said the king, "you neither answer, nor by any visible token give me the least reason to believe that you are listening to me. Why will you still keep to this obstinate silence, which chills me? Do you mourn for your country, your friends, or your relations? Alas! is not the King of Persia, who loves and adores you, capable of comforting, and making you amends for the loss of everything in the world?"

But the fair slave continued her astonishing reserve; and keeping her eyes still fixed upon the ground, would neither look at him nor utter a word; but after they had dined together in absolute silence, the king went to the women whom he had assigned to the fair slave as her attendants, and asked them if they had ever heard her speak.

One of them presently made answer, "Sire, we have neither seen her open her lips, nor heard her speak any more than your majesty has just now; we have rendered her our services; we have combed and dressed her hair, put on her clothes, and waited upon her in her chamber; but she has never opened her lips, so much as to say, That is well, or, I like this. We have often asked, Madam, do you want anything? Is there anything you wish for? Do but ask and command us: but we have never been able to draw a word from her. We cannot tell whether her silence proceeds from pride, sorrow, stupidity, or dumbness; and this is all we can inform your majesty."

The King of Persia was more astonished at hearing this than he was before: however, believing the slave might have some reason for sorrow, he endeavored to divert and amuse her, but all in vain.

For a whole year she never afforded him the pleasure of a single word.

At length, one day there were great rejoicings in the capital, because to the king and his silent slave-queen there was born a son and heir to the kingdom. Once more the king endeavored to get a word from his wife. "My queen," he said, "I cannot divine what your thoughts are; but, for my own part, nothing would be wanting to complete my happiness and crown my joy but that you should speak to me one single word, for something within me tells me you are not dumb: and I beseech, I conjure you, to break through this long silence, and speak but one word to me; and after that I care not how soon I die."

At this discourse, the fair slave, who, according to her usual custom, had hearkened to the king with downcast eyes, and had given him cause to believe not only that she was dumb, but that she had never laughed in her life, began to smile a little. The King of Persia perceived it with a surprise that made him break forth into an exclamation of joy; and no longer doubting but that she was going to speak, he waited for that happy moment with an eagerness and attention that cannot easily be expressed.

At last the fair slave, breaking her long-kept silence, thus addressed herself to the king: "Sire," said she, "I have so many things to say to your majesty, that, having once broken silence, I know not where to begin. However, in the first place, I think myself in duty bound to thank you for all the favors and honors you have been pleased to confer upon me, and to implore Heaven to bless and prosper you, to prevent the wicked designs of your enemies, and not to suffer you to die after hearing me speak, but to grant you a long life. Had it never been my fortune to have borne a child, I was resolved (I beg your majesty to pardon the sincerity of my intention) never to have loved you, as well as to have kept an eternal silence; but now I love you as I ought to do."

The King of Persia, ravished to hear the fair slave speak, embraced her tenderly. "Shining light of my eyes," said he, "it is impossible for me to receive a greater joy than what you have now given me."

The King of Persia, in the transport of his joy, said no more to the fair slave. He left her, but in such a manner as made her perceive that his intention was speedily to return: and being willing that his joy should be made public, he sent in all haste for the grand vizier. As soon as he came, he ordered him to distribute a thousand pieces of gold among the holy men of his religion, who had made vows of poverty; as also among the hospitals and the poor, by way of returning thanks to Heaven: and his will was obeyed by the direction of that minister.

After the King of Persia had given this order, he returned to the fair slave again. "Madam," said he, "pardon me for leaving you so abruptly, but I hope you will indulge me with some conversation, since I am desirous to know several things of great consequence. Tell me, my dearest soul, what were the powerful reasons that induced you to persist in that obstinate silence for a whole year together, though you saw me, heard me talk to you, and ate and drank with me every day."

To satisfy the King of Persia's curiosity, "Think," replied the queen, "whether or no to be a slave, far from my own country, without any hopes of ever seeing it again,—to have a heart torn with grief at being separated forever from my mother, my brother, my friends, and my acquaintance,—are not these sufficient reasons for my keeping a silence your majesty has thought strange and unaccountable? The love of our native country is as natural to us as that of our parents; and the loss of liberty is insupportable to every one who is not wholly destitute of common sense, and knows how to set a value on it."

"Madam," replied the king, "I am convinced of the truth of what you say; but till this moment I was of opinion that a person beautiful like yourself, whom her evil destiny had condemned to be a slave, ought to think herself very happy in meeting with a king for her master."

"Sire," replied the fair slave, "whatever the slave is, there is no king on earth who can tyrannize over her will. But when this very slave is in nothing inferior to the king that bought her, your majesty shall then judge yourself of her misery, and her sorrow, and to what desperate attempts the anguish of despair may drive her."

The King of Persia, in great astonishment, said, "Madam, can it be possible that you are of royal blood? Explain the whole secret to me, I beseech you, and no longer increase my impatience. Let me instantly know who are your parents, your brothers, your sisters, and your relations; but, above all, what your name is."

"Sire," said the fair slave, "my name is Gulnare, Rose of the Sea; and my father, who is now dead, was one of the most potent monarchs of the ocean. When he died, he left his kingdom to a brother of mine, named Saleh, and to the queen, my mother, who is also a princess, the daughter of another powerful monarch of the sea. We enjoyed a profound peace and tranquillity through the whole kingdom, till a neighboring prince, envious of our happiness, invaded our dominions with a mighty army; and penetrating as far as our capital, made himself master of it; and we had but just time enough to save ourselves in an impenetrable and inaccessible place, with a few trusty officers who did not forsake us in our distress.

"In this retreat my brother contrived all manner of ways to drive

the unjust invader from our dominions. One day 'Sister,' said he, 'I may fail in the attempt I intend to make to recover my kingdom; and I shall be less concerned for my own disgrace than for what may possibly happen to you. To prevent it, and to secure you from all accident, I would fain see you married first: but in the miserable condition of our affairs at present, I see no probability of matching you to any of the princes of the sea; and therefore I should be very glad if you would think of marrying some of the princes of the earth. I am ready to contribute all that lies in my power towards it; and I am certain there is not one of them, however powerful, but would be proud of sharing his crown with you.'

"At this discourse of my brother's, I fell into a violent passion. 'Brother,' said I, 'you know that I am descended, as well as you, by both father's and mother's side, from the kings and queens of the sea, without any mixture of alliance with those of the earth; therefore I do not intend to marry below myself, any more than they did. The condition to which we are reduced shall never oblige me to alter my resolution; and if you perish in the execution of your design, I am prepared to fall with you, rather than to follow the advice I so little expected from you.'

"My brother, who still earnest for the marriage, however improper for me, endeavored to make me believe that there were kings of the earth who were nowise inferior to those of the sea. This put me into a more violent passion, which occasioned him to say several bitter words that stung me to the quick. He left me as much dissatisfied with myself as he could possibly be with me; and in this peevish mood I gave a spring from the bottom of the sea up to the island of the moon.

"Notwithstanding the violent displeasure that made me cast myself upon that island, I lived content in retirement. But in spite of all my precautions, a person of distinction, attended by his servants, surprised me sleeping, and carried me to his own house, and wished me to marry him. When he saw that fair means would not prevail upon me, he attempted to make use of force; but I soon made him repent of his insolence. So at last he resolved to sell me; which he did to that very merchant who brought me hither and sold me to your majesty. This man was a very prudent, courteous, humane person, and during the whole of the long journey, never gave me the least reason to complain.

"As for your majesty," continued Queen Gulnare, "if you had not shown me all the respect you have hitherto paid, and given me such undeniable marks of your affection that I could no longer doubt of it, I hesitate not to tell you plainly that I should not have remained with you. I would have thrown myself into the sea out of this very window, and I would have gone in search of my mother, my brother,

and the rest of my relations; and, therefore, I hope you will no longer look upon me as a slave, but as a princess worthy of your alliance."

After this manner Queen Gulnare discovered herself to the King of Persia, and finished her story. "My charming, my adorable queen," cried he, "what wonders have I heard! I must ask a thousand questions concerning those strange and unheard-of things which you have related to me. I beseech you to tell me more about the kingdom and people of the sea, who are altogether unknown to me. I have heard much talk, indeed, of the inhabitants of the sea, but I always looked upon it as nothing but a tale or fable; but, by what you have told me, I am convinced there is nothing more true; and I have a very good proof of it in your own person, who are one of them, and are pleased to condescend to be my wife; which is an honor no other inhabitant on the earth can boast of besides myself. There is one thing yet which puzzles me; therefore I must beg the favor of you to explain it; that is, I cannot comprehend how it is possible for you to live or move in the water without being drowned. There are very few amongst us who have the art of staying under water; and they would surely perish, if after a certain time, they did not come up again."

"Sire," replied Queen Gulnare, "I shall with pleasure satisfy the King of Persia. We can walk at the bottom of the sea with as much ease as you can upon land; and we can breathe in the water as you do in the air; so that instead of suffocating us, as it does you, it absolutely contributes to the preservation of our lives. What is yet more remarkable is, that it never wets our clothes; so that when we have a mind to visit the earth, we have no occasion to dry them. Our common language is the same as that of the writing engraved upon the seal of the great prophet Solomon, the son of David.

"I must not forget to tell you, further, that the water does not in the least hinder us from seeing in the sea; for we can open our eyes without any inconvenience; and as we have quick, piercing sight, we can discern any object as clearly in the deepest part of the sea as upon land. We have also there a succession of day and night; the moon affords us her light, and even the planets and the stars appear visible to us. I have already spoken of our kingdoms; but as the sea is much more spacious than the earth, so there are a greater number of them, and of greater extent. They are divided into provinces; and in each province there are several great cities, well peopled. In short, there are an infinite number of nations, differing in manners and customs, just as upon the earth.

"The palaces of the kings and princes are very sumptuous and magnificent. Some of them are of marble of various colors; others of rock-crystal, with which the sea abounds, mother-of-pearl, coral, and of other materials more valuable; gold, silver, and all sorts of

precious stones are more plentiful there than on earth. I say nothing of the pearls, since the largest that ever were seen upon earth would not be valued amongst us; and none but the very lowest rank of citizens would wear them.

"As we can transport ourselves whither we please in the twinkling of an eye, we have no occasion for any carriages or riding-horses; not but what the king has his stables, and his stud of sea-horses; but they are seldom made use of, except upon public feasts or rejoicing days. Some, after they have trained them, take delight in riding them, and show their skill and dexterity in races; others put them to chariots of mother-of-pearl, adorned with an infinite number of shells of all sorts, of the brightest colors. These chariots are open; and in the middle there is a throne upon which the king sits, and shows himself to his subjects. The horses are trained up to draw by themselves; so that there is no occasion for a charioteer to guide them. I pass over a thousand other curious particulars relating to these marine countries, which would be very entertaining to your majesty; but you must permit me to defer it to a future leisure, to speak of something of much greater consequence. I should like to send for my mother and my cousins, and at the same time to desire the king my brother's company, to whom I have a great desire to be reconciled. They will be very glad to see me again, after I have related my story to them, and when they understand I am wife to the mighty king of Persia. I beseech your majesty to give me leave to send for them: I am sure they will be happy to pay their respects to you; and I venture to say you will be extremely pleased to see them."

"Madam," replied the King of Persia, "you are mistress; do whatever you please; I will endeavor to receive them with all the honors they deserve. But I would fain know how you would acquaint them with what you desire, and when they will arrive, that I may give orders to make preparation for their reception, and go myself in person to meet them."

"Sire," replied the Queen Gulnare, "there is no need of these ceremonies; they will be here in a moment; and if your majesty will but look through the lattice, you shall see the manner of their arrival."

Queen Gulnare then ordered one of her women to bring her a brazier with a little fire. After that she bade her retire, and shut the door. When she was alone, she took a piece of aloes out of a box, and put it into the brazier. As soon as she saw the smoke rise, she repeated some words unknown to the King of Persia, who from a recess observed with great attention all that she did. She had no sooner ended, than the sea began to be disturbed. At length the sea opened at some distance; and presently there rose out of it

a tall, handsome young man, with moustaches of a sea-green color; a little behind him, a lady, advanced in years, but of a majestic air, attended by five young ladies, nowise inferior in beauty to the Queen Gulnare.

Queen Gulnare immediately went to one of the windows, and saw the king her brother, the queen her mother, and the rest of her relations, who at the same time perceived her also. The company came forward, borne, as it were, upon the surface of the waves. When they came to the edge, they nimbly, one after another, sprang up to the window, from whence Queen Gulnare had retired to make room for them. King Saleh, the queen her mother, and the rest of her relations, embraced her tenderly, with tears in their eyes, on their first entrance.

After Queen Gulnare had received them with all imaginable honor, and made them sit down upon a sofa, the queen her mother addressed herself to her: "Daughter," said she, "I am overjoyed to see you again after so long an absence; and I am confident that your brother and your relations are no less so. Your leaving us without acquainting anybody with it involved us in inexpressible concern; and it is impossible to tell you how many tears we have shed upon that account. We know of no other reason that could induce you to take such a surprising step, but what your brother told us of the conversation that passed between him and you. The advice he gave you seemed to him at that time very advantageous for settling you handsomely in the world, and very suitable to the then posture of our affairs. If you had not approved of his proposal, you ought not to have been so much alarmed; and, give me leave to tell you, you took the thing in a quite different light from what you ought to have done. But no more of this; we and you ought now to bury it for ever in oblivion: give us an account of all that has happened to you since we saw you last, and of your present situation; but especially let us know if you are satisfied."

Queen Gulnare immediately threw herself at her mother's feet; and after rising and kissing her hand, "I own," said she, "I have been guilty of a very great fault, and I am indebted to your goodness for the pardon which you are pleased to grant me." She then related the whole of what had befallen her since she quitted the sea.

As soon as she had acquainted them with her having been sold to the King of Persia, in whose palace she was at present; "Sister," said the king her brother, "you now have it in your power to free yourself. Rise, and return with us into my kingdom, that I have reconquered from the proud usurper who had made himself master of it."

The King of Persia, who heard these words from the recess where he was concealed, was in the utmost alarm. "Ah!" said he to him-

self, "I am ruined; and if my queen, my Gulnare, hearkens to this advice, and leaves me, I shall surely die." But Queen Gulnare soon put him out of his fears.

"Brother," said she, smiling, "I can scarce forbear being angry with you for advising me to break the engagement I have made with the most puissant and most renowned monarch in the world. I do not speak here of an engagement between a slave and her master; it would be easy to return the ten thousand pieces of gold that I cost him; but I speak now of a contract between a wife and a husband, and a wife who has not the least reason to complain. He is a religious, wise, and temperate king. I am his wife, and he has declared me Queen of Persia, to share with him in his councils. Besides, I have a child, the little Prince Beder. I hope then neither my mother, nor you, nor any of my cousins, will disapprove of the resolution or the alliance I have made, which will be an equal honor to the kings of the sea and the earth. Excuse me for giving you the trouble of coming hither from the bottom of the deep, to communicate it to you, and for the pleasure of seeing you after so long a separation."

"Sister," replied King Saleh, "the proposal I made you of going back with us into my kingdom was only to let you see how much we all love you, and how much I in particular honor you, and that nothing in the world is so dear to me as your happiness."

The queen confirmed what her son had just spoken, and addressing herself to Queen Gulnare, said, "I am very glad to hear you are pleased; and I have nothing else to add to what your brother has just said to you. I should have been the first to have condemned you, if you had not expressed all the gratitude you owe to a monarch that loves you so passionately, and has done such great things for you."

When the King of Persia, who was still in the recess, heard this he began to love her more than ever, and resolved to express his gratitude in every possible way.

Presently Queen Gulnare clapped her hands, and in came some of her slaves, whom she had ordered to bring in a meal: as soon as it was served up, she invited the queen her mother, the king her brother, and her cousin, to sit down and take part of it. They began to reflect, that without asking leave, they had got into the palace of a mighty king, who had never seen nor heard of them, and that it would be a great piece of rudeness to eat at his table without him. This reflection raised a blush in their faces; in their emotion their eyes glowed like fire, and they breathed flames at their mouths and nostrils.

This unexpected sight put the King of Persia, who was totally ignorant of the cause of it, into a dreadful consternation. Queen

Gulnare suspecting this, and understanding the intention of her relations, rose from her seat, and told them she would be back in a moment. She went directly to the recess, and recovered the King of Persia from his surprise.

"Sir," said she, "give me leave to assure you of the sincere friendship that the queen my mother and the king my brother are pleased to honor you with: they earnestly desire to see you, and tell you so themselves: I intended to have some conversation with him by ordering a banquet for them, before I introduced them to your majesty, but they are very impatient to pay their respects to you: and therefore I desire your majesty would be pleased to walk in, and honor them with your presence."

"Madam," said the King of Persia, "I should be very glad to salute persons that have the honor to be so nearly related to you, but I am afraid of the flames that they breathe at their mouths and nostrils."

"Sir," replied the queen, laughing, "you need not in the least be afraid of those flames, which are nothing but a sign of their unwillingness to eat in your palace, without your honoring them with your presence, and eating with them."

The King of Persia, encouraged by these words, rose up, and came out into the room with his Queen Gulnare. She presented him to the queen her mother, to the king her brother, and to her other relations, who instantly threw themselves at his feet, with their faces to the ground. The King of Persia ran to them, and lifting them up, embraced them one after another. After they were all seated, King Saleh began: "Sir," said he to the King of Persia, "we are at a loss for words to express our joy to think that the queen my sister should have the happiness of falling under the protection of so powerful a monarch. We can assure you she is not unworthy of the high rank you have been pleased to raise her to; and we have always had so much love and tenderness for her, that we could never think of parting with her to any of the puissant princes of the sea, who often demanded her in marriage before she came of age. Heaven has reserved her for you, Sir, and we have no better way of returning thanks to it for the favor it has done her, than by beseeching it to grant your majesty a long and happy life with her, and to crown you with prosperity and satisfaction."

"Certainly," replied the King of Persia, "I cannot sufficiently thank either the queen her mother, or you, Prince, or your whole family, for the generosity with which you have consented to receive me into an alliance so glorious to me as yours." So saying, he invited them to take part of the luncheon, and he and his queen sat down at the table with them. After it was over, the King of Persia conversed with them till it was very late; and when they thought it

time to retire, he waited upon them himself to the several rooms he had ordered to be prepared for them.

Next day, as the King of Persia, Queen Gulnare, the queen her mother, King Saleh her brother, and the princesses their relations, were discoursing together in her majesty's room, the nurse came in with the young Prince Beder in her arms. King Saleh no sooner saw him, than he ran to embrace him; and taking him in his arms, fell to kissing and caressing him with the greatest demonstration of tenderness. He took several turns with him about the room, dancing and tossing him about, when all of a sudden, through a transport of joy, the window being open, he sprang out, and plunged with him into the sea.

The King of Persia, who expected no such sight, set up a hideous cry, verily believing that he should either see the dear prince his son no more, or else that he should see him drowned; and he nearly died of grief and affliction. "Sir," said Queen Gulnare (with a quiet and undisturbed countenance, the better to comfort him), "let your majesty fear nothing; the young prince is my son as well as yours, and I do not love him less than you do. You see I am not alarmed; neither in truth ought I to be so. He runs no risk, and you will soon see the king his uncle appear with him again, and bring him back safe and sound. For he will have the same advantage his uncle and I have, of living equally in the sea and upon the land." The queen his mother and the princesses his relations confirmed the same thing; yet all they said had no effect on the king's fright, from which he could not recover till he saw Prince Beder appear again before him.

The sea at length became troubled, when immediately King Saleh arose with the young prince in his arms, and holding him up in the air, he re-entered at the same window he went out at. The King of Persia being overjoyed to see Prince Beder again, and astonished that he was as calm as before he lost sight of him, King Saleh said, "Sir, was not your majesty in a great fright, when you first saw me plunge into the sea with the prince my nephew?"

"Alas! Prince," answered the King of Persia, "I cannot express my concern. I thought him lost from that very moment, and you now restore life to me by bringing him again."

"I thought as much," replied King Saleh, "though you had not the least reason to apprehend any danger; for, before I plunged into the sea with him I pronounced over him certain mysterious words, which were engraven on the seal of the great Solomon, the son of David. We do the same to all those children that are born in the regions at the bottom of the sea, by virtue of which they receive the same privileges that we have over those people who inhabit the earth. From what your majesty has observed, you may easily see

what advantage your son Prince Beder has acquired by his birth, for as long as he lives, and as often as he pleases, he will be at liberty to plunge into the sea, and traverse the vast empires it contains in its bosom."

Having so spoken, King Saleh, who had restored Prince Beder to his nurse's arms, opened a box he had fetched from his palace in the little time he had disappeared. It was filled with three hundred diamonds, as large as pigeons' eggs, a like number of rubies of extraordinary size, as many emerald wands, each half a foot long, and thirty strings or necklaces of pearl, consisting each of ten feet. "Sir," said he to the King of Persia, presenting him with this box, "when I was first summoned by the queen my sister, I knew not what part of the earth she was in, or that she had the honor to be married to so great a monarch. This made us come empty handed. As we cannot express how much we have been obliged to your majesty, I beg you to accept this small token of gratitude, in acknowledgment of the many particular favors you have been pleased to show her."

It is impossible to express how greatly the King of Persia was surprised at the sight of so much riches, enclosed in so little compass. "What! Prince," cried he, "do you call so inestimable a present a small token of your gratitude? I declare once more, you have never been in the least obliged to me, neither the queen your mother nor you. Madam," continued he, turning to Gulnare, "the king your brother has put me into the greatest confusion; and I would beg of him to permit me to refuse his present, were I not afraid of disobliging him; do you therefore endeavor to obtain his leave that I may be excused accepting it."

"Sir," replied King Saleh, "I am not at all surprised that your majesty thinks this present so extraordinary. I know you are not accustomed upon earth to see precious stones of this quality and quantity: but if you knew, as I do, the mines whence these jewels were taken, and that it is in my power to form a treasure greater than those of all the kings of the earth, you would wonder we should have the boldness to make you a present of so small a value. I beseech you, therefore, not to regard it in that light, but on account of the sincere friendship which obliges us to offer it to you not to give us the mortification of refusing it." This obliged the King of Persia to accept the present, for which he returned many thanks both to King Saleh and the queen his mother.

A few days after, King Saleh gave the King of Persia to understand that the queen his mother, the princesses his relations and himself, could have no greater pleasure than to spend their whole lives at his court; but that having been so long absent from their own kingdom, where their presence was absolutely necessary, they

begged of him not to take it ill if they took leave of him and Queen Gulnare. The King of Persia assured them he was very sorry that it was not in his power to return their visit in their own dominions; but he added, "As I am verily persuaded you will not forget Queen Gulnare, but come and see her now and then, I hope I shall have the honor to see you again more than once."

Many tears were shed on both sides upon their separation. King Saleh departed first; but the queen his mother, and the princesses his relations, were fain to force themselves in a manner from the embraces of Queen Gulnare, who could not prevail upon herself to let them go. This royal company were no sooner out of sight than the King of Persia said to Queen Gulnare, "Madam I should have looked with suspicion upon the person that had pretended to pass those off upon me for true wonders, of which I myself have been an eye-witness from the time I have been honored with your illustrious family at my court. But I cannot refuse to believe my own eyes; and shall remember it as long as I live, and never cease to bless Heaven for sending you to me, instead of to any other prince."

THE FIRST VOYAGE OF SINBAD THE SAILOR

My father left me a considerable estate, the best part of which I spent in riotous living during my youth; but I perceived my error, and reflected that riches were perishable, and quickly consumed by such ill managers as myself. I further considered that by my irregular way of living I had wretchedly misspent my time, which is the most valuable thing in the world. Struck with those reflections, I collected the remains of my furniture, and sold all my patrimony by public auction to the highest bidder. Then I entered into a contract with some merchants, who traded by sea: I took the advice of such as I thought most capable to give it me; and resolving to improve what money I had, I went to Balsora, and embarked with several merchants on board a ship which we jointly fitted out.

We set sail, and steered our course towards the East Indies, through the Persian Gulf, which is formed by the coasts of Arabia Felix on the right, and by those of Persia on the left, and, according to common opinion, is seventy leagues across at the broadest part. The eastern sea, as well as that of the Indies, is very spacious: it is bounded on one side by the coasts of Abyssinia, and is 4,500 leagues in length to the isles of Vakvak. At first I was troubled with seasickness, but speedily recovered my health, and was not afterwards troubled with that disease.

In our voyage we touched at several islands, where we sold or exchanged our goods. One day, whilst under sail, we were becalmed

near a little island, almost even with the surface of the water, which resembled a green meadow. The captain ordered his sails to be furled, and permitted such persons as had a mind to do so to land upon the island, amongst whom I was one.

But while we were diverting ourselves with eating and drinking, and recovering ourselves from the fatigue of the sea, the island on a sudden trembled, and shook us terribly.

They perceived the trembling of the island on board the ship, and called us to re-embark speedily, or we should all be lost, for what we took for an island was only the back of a whale. The nimblest got into the sloop, others betook themselves to swimming; but for my part I was still upon the back of the whale when he dived into the sea, and had time only to catch hold of a piece of wood that we had brought out of the ship to make a fire. Meanwhile, the captain, having received those on board who were in the sloop, and taking up some of those that swam, resolved to use the favorable gale that had just risen, and hoisting his sails, pursued his voyage, so that it was impossible for me to regain the ship.

Thus was I exposed to the mercy of the waves, and struggled for my life all the rest of the day and the following night. Next morning I found my strength gone, and despaired of saving my life, when happily a wave threw me against an island. The bank was high and rugged, so that I could scarcely have got up had it not been for some roots of trees, which fortune seemed to have preserved in this place for my safety. Being got up, I lay down upon the ground half dead until the sun appeared; then, though I was very feeble, both by reason of hard labor and want of food, I crept along to look for some herbs fit to eat, and had the good luck not only to find some, but likewise a spring of excellent water, which contributed much to restore me. After this I advanced farther into the island, and came at last into a fine plain, where I perceived a horse feeding at a great distance. I went towards him, between hope and fear, not knowing whether I was going to lose my life or save it. Presently I heard the voice of a man from underground, who immediately appeared to me, and asked who I was. I gave him an account of my adventure; after which, taking me by the hand, he led me into a cave, where there were several other people, no less amazed to see me than I was to see them.

I ate some victuals which they offered me, and then asked them what they did in such a desert place. They answered that they were grooms belonging to King Mihrage, sovereign of the island, and that every year they brought thither the king's horses. They added that they were to get home to-morrow, and had I been one day later I must have perished, because the inhabited part of the island was at a

great distance, and it would have been impossible for me to have got thither without a guide.

Next morning they returned with their horses to the capital of the island, took me with them, and presented me to King Mihrage. He asked me who I was, and by what adventure I came into his dominions? And, after I had satisfied him, he told me he was much concerned for my misfortune, and at the same time ordered that I should want for nothing, which his officers were so generous and careful as to see exactly fulfilled.

Being a merchant, I frequented the society of men of my own profession, and particularly inquired for those who were strangers, if perhaps I might hear any news from Bagdad, or find an opportunity to return thither, for King Mihrage's capital was situated on the edge of the sea, and had a fine harbor, where ships arrived daily from the different quarters of the world. I frequented also the society of the learned Indians, and took delight in hearing them discourse; but withal I took care to make my court regularly to the king, and conversed with the governors and petty kings, his tributaries, that were about him. They asked me a thousand questions about my country, and I, being willing to inform myself as their laws and customs, asked them everything which I thought worth knowing.

There belonged to this king an island named Cassel. They assured me that every night a noise of drums was heard there, whence the mariners fancied that it was the residence of Degial. I had a great mind to see this wonderful place, and on my way thither saw fishes of one hundred and two hundred cubits long, that occasion more fear than hurt, for they are so timid that they will fly at the rattling of two sticks or boards. I saw likewise other fishes, about a cubit in length, that had heads like owls.

As I was one day at the port after my return, a ship arrived, and as soon as she cast anchor, they begun to unload her, and the merchants on board ordered their goods to be carried into the warehouse. As I cast my eye upon some bales, and looked at the name, I found my own, and perceived the bales to be the same that I had embarked at Balsora. I also knew the captain; but being persuaded that he believed me to be drowned, I went and asked him whose bales they were. He replied: "They belonged to a merchant of Bagdad, called Sinbad, who came to sea with us; but one day, being near an island, as we thought, he went ashore with several other passengers upon this supposed island, which was only a monstrous whale that lay asleep upon the surface of the water; but as soon as he felt the heat of the fire they had kindled on his back to dress some victuals he began to move, and dived under water: most of the persons who were upon him perished, and among them unfortunate Sinbad. Those bales be-

longed to him, and I am resolved to trade with them until I meet with some of his family, to whom I may return the profit."

"Captain," said I, "I am that Sinbad whom you thought to be dead, and those bales are mine."

When the captain heard me speak thus, "O heaven," said he, "whom can we ever trust now-a-days? There is no faith left among men. I saw Sinbad perish with my own eyes, and the passengers on board saw it as well as I, and yet you tell me you are Sinbad. What impudence is this! To look at you, one would take you for a man of honesty, and yet you tell a horrible falsehood, in order to possess yourself of what does not belong to you."

"Have patience, captain," replied I; "do me the favor to hear what I have to say."

"Very well," said he, "speak; I am ready to hear you." Then I told him how I escaped, and by what adventure I met with the grooms of King Mihrage, who brought me to his court.

He was soon persuaded that I was no cheat, for there came people from his ship who knew me, paid me great compliments, and expressed much joy to see me alive. At last he knew me himself, and embracing me, "Heaven be praised," said he, "for your happy escape; I cannot enough express my joy for it: there are your goods; take and do with them what you will." I thanked him, acknowledged his honesty, and in return offered him part of my goods as a present, which he generously refused.

I took out what was most valuable in my bales, and presented it to King Mihrage, who, knowing my misfortune, asked me how I came by such rarities. I acquainted him with the whole story. He was mightily pleased at my good luck, accepted my present, and gave me one much more considerable in return. Upon this I took leave of him, and went aboard the same ship, after I had exchanged my goods for the commodities of that country. I carried with me wood of aloes, sandal, camphor, nutmegs, cloves, pepper, and ginger. We passed by several islands, and at last arrived at Balsora, from whence I came to this city, with the value of one hundred thousand sequins. My family and I received one another with transports of sincere friendship. I bought slaves and fine lands, and built me a great house. And thus I settled myself, resolving to forget the miseries I had suffered, and to enjoy the pleasures of life.

THE SECOND VOYAGE OF SINBAD THE SAILOR

I DESIGNED, after my first voyage, to spend the rest of my days at Bagdad; but it was not long ere I grew weary of a quiet life. My inclination to trade revived. I bought goods suited to the commerce I intended, and put to sea a second time, with merchants of known

probity. We embarked on board a good ship, and after recommending ourselves to God, set sail. We traded from island to island, and exchanged commodities with great profit. One day we landed on an island covered with several sorts of fruit trees, but so unpeopled, that we could see neither man nor beast upon it. We went to take a little fresh air in the meadows, and along the streams that watered them. Whilst some diverted themselves with gathering flowers, and others with gathering fruits, I took my wine and provisions, and sat down by a stream betwixt two great trees, which formed a curious shape. I made a very good meal, and afterward fell asleep. I cannot tell how long I slept, but when I awoke the ship was gone.

I was very much surprised to find the ship gone. I got up and looked about everywhere, and could not see one of the merchants who landed with me. At last I perceived the ship under sail, but at such a distance that I lost sight of her in a very little time.

I leave you to guess at my melancholy reflections in this sad condition. I was ready to die with grief: I cried out sadly, beat my head and breast, and threw myself down upon the ground, where I lay some time in a terrible agony. I upbraided myself a hundred times for not being content with the produce of my first voyage, that might well have served me all my life. But all this was in vain, and my repentance out of season.

At last I resigned myself to the will of God; and not knowing what to do, I climbed up to the top of a great tree, from whence I looked about on all sides to see if there was anything that could give me hope. When I looked towards the sea, I could see nothing but sky and water, but looking towards the land I saw something white; and, coming down from the tree, I took up what provision I had left and went towards it, the distance being so great that I could not distinguish what it was.

When I came nearer, I thought it to be a white bowl of a prodigious height and bigness; and when I came up to it I touched it, and found it to be very smooth. I went round to see if it was open on any side, but saw it was not, and that there was no climbing up to the top of it, it was so smooth. It was at least fifty paces round.

By this time the sun was ready to set, and all of a sudden the sky became as dark as if it had been covered with a thick cloud. I was much astonished at this sudden darkness, but much more when I found it was occasioned by a bird, of a monstrous size, that came flying toward me. I remembered a fowl, called *roc,* that I had often heard mariners speak of, and conceived that the great bowl, which I so much admired, must needs be its egg. In short, the bird alighted, and sat over the egg to hatch it. As I perceived her coming, I crept close to the egg, so that I had before me one of the legs of the bird, which was as big as the trunk of a tree. I tied myself strongly to it

with the cloth that went round my turban, in hopes that when the roc flew away next morning she would carry me with her out of this desert island. And after having passed the night in this condition, the bird really flew away next morning, as soon as it was day, and carried me so high that I could not see the earth. Then she descended all of a sudden, with so much rapidity that I lost my senses; but when the roc was settled, and I found myself upon the ground, I speedily untied the knot, and had scarcely done so when the bird, having taken up a serpent of a monstrous length in her bill, flew away.

The place where she had left me was a very deep valley, encompassed on all sides with mountains, so high that they seemed to reach above the clouds, and so full of steep rocks that there was no possibility of getting out of the valley. This was a new perplexity, so that when I compared this place with the desert island from which the roc brought me, I found that I had gained nothing by the change.

As I walked through this valley I perceived it was strewn with diamonds, some of which were of surprising bigness. I took a great deal of pleasure in looking at them; but speedily I saw at a distance such objects as very much diminished my satisfaction, and which I could not look upon without terror; they were a great number of serpents, so big and so long that the least of them was capable of swallowing an elephant. They retired in the day-time to their dens, where they hid themselves from the roc, their enemy, and did not come out but in the night-time.

I spent the day in walking about the valley, resting myself at times in such places as I thought most suitable. When night came on I went into a cave, where I thought I might be in safety. I stopped the mouth of it, which was low and straight, with a great stone, to preserve me from the serpents, but not so exactly fitted as to hinder light from coming in. I supped on part of my provisions, but the serpents, which began to appear, hissing about in the meantime, put me into such extreme fear that you may easily imagine I did not sleep. When day appeared the serpents retired, and I came out of the cave trembling. I can justly say that I walked a long time upon diamonds without feeling an inclination to touch any of them. At last I sat down, and notwithstanding my uneasiness, not having shut my eyes during the night, I fell asleep, after having eaten a little more of my provisions; but I had scarcely shut my eyes, when something that fell by me with great noise awakened me. This was a great piece of fresh meat, and at the same time I saw several others fall down from the rocks in different places.

I had always looked upon it as a fable when I heard mariners and others discourse of the valley of diamonds, and of the stratagems made use of by some merchants to get jewels from thence; but now

I found it to be true. For, in reality, those merchants come to the neighborhood of this valley when the eagles have young ones, and throwing great joints of meat into the valley, the diamonds, upon whose points they fall, stick to them; the eagles, which are stronger in this country than anywhere else, pounce with great force upon those pieces of meat, and carry them to their nests upon the top of the rocks to feed their young with, at which time the merchants, running to their nests, frighten the eagles by their noise, and take away the diamonds that stick to the meat. And this stratagem they make use of to get the diamonds out of the valley, which is surrounded with such precipices that nobody can enter it.

I believed till then that it was not possible for me to get out of this abyss, which I looked upon as my grave; but now I changed my mind, for the falling in of those pieces of meat put me in hopes of a way of saving my life.

I began to gather together the largest diamonds that I could see and put them into the leathern bag in which I used to carry my provisions. I afterwards took the largest piece of meat I could find, tied it close round me with the cloth of my turban, and then laid myself upon the ground, with my face downward, the bag of diamonds being tied fast to my girdle, so that it could not possibly drop off.

I had scarcely laid me down before the eagles came. Each of them seized a piece of meat, and one of the strongest having taken me up, with a piece of meat on my back, carried me to his nest on the top of the mountain. The merchants fell straightway to shouting, to frighten the eagles; and when they had obliged them to quit their prey, one of them came to the nest where I was. He was very much afraid when he saw me, but recovering himself, instead of inquiring how I came thither, he began to quarrel with me, and asked why I stole his goods. "You will treat me," replied I, "with more civility when you know me better. Do not trouble yourself; I have diamonds enough for you and myself too, more than all the other merchants together. If they have any, it is by chance; but I chose myself in the bottom of the valley all those which you see in this bag"; and having spoken those words, I showed them to him. I had scarcely done speaking, when the other merchants came trooping about us, much astonished to see me; but they were much more surprised when I told them my story. Yet they did not so much admire my stratagem to save myself as my courage to attempt it.

They took me to the place where they were staying all together, and there having opened my bag, they were surprised at the largeness of my diamonds, and confessed that in all the courts where they had been they had never seen any that came near them. I prayed the merchant to whom the nest belonged (for every merchant had his own), to take as many for his share as he pleased. He contented

himself with one, and that too the least of them; and when I pressed him to take more, without fear of doing me any injury, "No," said he, "I am very well satisfied with this, which is valuable enough to save me the trouble of making any more voyages to raise as great a fortune as I desire."

I spent the night with those merchants, to whom I told my story a second time, for the satisfaction of those who had not heard it. I could not moderate my joy when I found myself delivered from the danger I have mentioned. I thought I was in a dream, and could scarcely believe myself to be out of danger.

The merchants had thrown their pieces of meat into the valley for several days. and each of them being satisfied with the diamonds that had fallen to his lot, we left the place next morning all together, and traveled near high mountains, where there were serpents of a prodigious length, which we had the good fortune to escape. We took ship at the nearest port and came to the Isle of Roha, where the trees grow that yield camphor. This tree is so large, and its branches so thick, that a hundred men may easily sit under its shade. The juice of which the camphor is made runs out from a hole bored in the upper part of the tree, is received in a vessel, where it grows thick, and becomes what we call camphor; and the juice thus drawn out the tree withers and dies.

There is in this island the rhinoceros, a creature less than the elephant, but greater than the buffalo; it has a horn upon its nose about a cubit long; this horn is solid, and cleft in the middle from one end to the other, and there are upon it white lines, representing the figure of a man. The rhinoceros fights with the elephant, runs his horn into him, and carried him off upon his head; but the blood of the elephant running into his eyes and making him blind, he falls to the ground, and then, strange to relate, the roc comes and carries them both away in her claws to be food for her young ones.

Here I exchanged some of my diamonds for good merchandise. From thence we went to other isles, and at last, having touched at several trading towns of the main land, we landed at Balsora, from whence I went to Bagdad. There I immediately gave great alms to the poor, and lived honorably upon the vast riches I had gained with so much fatigue.

THE THIRD VOYAGE OF SINBAD THE SAILOR

The pleasures of the life which I then led soon made me forget the risks I had run in my two former voyages; but, being then in the flower of my age, I grew weary of living without business; and hardening myself against the thought of any danger I might incur, I went from Bagdad, with the richest commodities of the country, to

Balsora: there I embarked again with the merchants. We made a long voyage, and touched at several ports, where we drove a considerable trade. One day, being out in the main ocean, we were attacked by a horrible tempest, which made us lose our course. The tempest continued several days, and brought us before the port of an island, where the captain was very unwilling to enter; but we were obliged to cast anchor there. When we had furled our sails the captain told us that this and some other neighboring islands were inhabited by hairy savages, who would speedily attack us; and though they were but dwarfs, yet our misfortune was that we must make no resistance, for they were more in number than the locusts; and if we happened to kill one of them they would all fall upon us and destroy us.

This discourse of the captain put the whole company into a great consternation; and we found very soon, to our cost, that what he had told us was but too true; an innumerable multitude of frightful savages, covered all over with red hair, and about two feet high, came swimming towards us, and in a little time encompassed our ship. They spoke to us as they came near, but we understood not their language; they climbed up the sides of the ships with an agility that surprised us. We beheld all this with mortal fear, without daring to offer to defend ourselves, or to speak one word to divert them from their mischievous design. In short, they took down our sails, cut the cable, and, hauling to the shore, made us all get out, and afterward carried the ship into another island, from whence they had come. All travelers carefully avoided that island where they left us, it being very dangerous to stay there, for a reason you shall hear anon; but we were forced to bear our affliction with patience.

We went forward into the island, where we found some fruits and herbs to prolong our lives as long as we could; but we expected nothing but death. As we went on we perceived at a distance a great pile of building, and made towards it. We found it to be a palace, well built, and very lofty, with a gate of ebony with double doors, which we thrust open. We entered the court, where we saw before us a vast apartment with a porch, having on one side a heap of men's bones, and on the other a vast number of roasting spits. We trembled at this spectacle, and, being weary with traveling, our legs failed under us: we fell to the ground, seized with deadly fear, and lay a long time motionless.

The sun had set, and whilst we were in the lamentable condition just mentioned, the gate of the apartment opened with a great noise, and there came out the horrible figure of a black man, as high as a tall palm tree. He had but one eye, and that in the middle of his forehead, where it looked as red as a burning coal. His fore-teeth were very long and sharp, and stood out his mouth, which was as deep

as that of a horse; his upper lip hung down upon his breast; his ears resembled those of an elephant, and covered his shoulders; and his nails were as long and crooked as the talons of the greatest birds. At the sight of so frightful a giant we lost all our senses, and lay like men dead.

At last we came to ourselves, and saw him sitting in the porch, looking at us. When he had considered us well, he advanced towards us, and laying his hand upon me, he took me up by the nape of my neck, and turned me round as a butcher would do a sheep's head. After having viewed me well, and perceiving me to be so lean that I had nothing but skin and bone, he let me go. He took up all the rest, one by one, and viewed them in the same manner; and the captain being the fattest, he held him with one hand, as I might a sparrow, and thrusting a spit through him, kindled a great fire, roasted, and ate him in his apartment for his supper. This being done, he returned to his porch, where he lay and fell asleep, snoring louder than thunder. He slept thus till morning. For our parts, it was not possible for us to enjoy any rest; so that we passed the night in the most cruel fear that can be imagined. Day being come, the giant awoke, got up, went out, and left us in the palace.

When we thought him at a distance, we broke the melancholy silence we had kept all night, and every one grieving more than another, we made the palace resound with our complaints and groans. Though there were a great many of us, and we had but one enemy, we had not at first the presence of mind to think of delivering ourselves from him by his death.

We thought of several other things, but determined nothing; so that, submitting to what it should please God to order concerning us, we spent the day in running about the island for fruit and herbs to sustain our lives. When evening came, we sought for a place to lie down in, but found none; so that we were forced, whether we would or not, to return to the palace.

The giant failed not to come back, and supped once more upon one of our companions; after which he slept, and snored till day, and then went out and left us as formerly. Our condition was so very terrible that several of my comrades designed to throw themselves into the sea, rather than die so strange a death. Those who were of this mind argued with the rest to follow their example; upon which one of the company answered that we were forbidden to destroy ourselves; but even if it were lawful, it was more reasonable to think of a way to rid ourselves of the barbarous tyrant who designed so cruel a death for us.

Having thought of a project for that end, I communicated the same to my comrades, who approved it. "Brethren," said I, "you know there is a great deal of timber floating upon the coast; if you will be

advised by me, let us make several rafts that may carry us, and when they are done, leave them there till we think fit to make use of them. In the meantime we will execute the design to deliver ourselves from the giant, and if it succeed, we may stay here with patience till some ship pass by to carry us out of this fatal island; but if it happen to miscarry, we will speedily get to our rafts, and put to sea. I confess, that by exposing ourselves to the fury of the waves, we run a risk of losing our lives; but if we do, is it not better to be buried in the sea than in the entrails of this monster, who has already devoured two of us." My advice was relished, and we made rafts capable of carrying three persons each.

We returned to the palace toward evening, and the giant arrived a little later. We were forced to see another of our comrades roasted. But at last we revenged ourselves on the brutish giant thus. After he had made an end of his cursed supper, he lay down on his back, and fell asleep. As soon as we heard him snore, according to his custom, nine of the boldest among us, and myself, took each of us a spit, and putting the points of them into the fire till they were burning hot, we thrust them into his eye all at once, and blinded him. The pain occasioned him to make a frightful cry, and to get up and stretch out his hands in order to sacrifice some of us in his rage, but we ran to places where he could not find us; and after having sought for us in vain, he grouped for the gate, and went out, howling dreadfully.

We went out of the palace after the giant, and came to the shore, where we had left our rafts, and put them immediately into the sea. We waited till day in order to get upon them, in case the giant came towards us with any guide of his own species; but we hoped that if he did not appear by sunrise, and gave over his howling, which we still heard, he would die; and if that happened to be the case, we resolved to stay in the island, and not to risk our lives upon the rafts. But day had scarcely appeared when we perceived our cruel enemy, accompanied by two others almost of the same size leading him, and a great number more coming before him with a very quick pace.

When we saw this, we made no delay, but got immediately upon our rafts, and rowed off from the shore. The giants, who perceived this, took up great stones, and running to the shore entered the water up to their waists, and threw so exactly that they sank all the rafts but that I was upon, and all my companions, except the two with me, were drowned. We rowed with all our might, and got out of the reach of the giants; but when we got out to sea, we were exposed to the mercy of the waves and winds, and tossed about, sometimes on one side, and sometimes on another, and spent that night and the following day under a cruel uncertainty as to our fate; but next

morning we had the good luck to be thrown upon an island, where we landed with much joy. We found excellent fruit there, that gave us great relief, so that we pretty well recovered our strength.

In the evening we fell asleep on the bank of the sea, but were awaked by the noise of a serpent as long as a palm tree, whose scales made a rustling as he crept along. He swallowed up one of my comrades, notwithstanding his loud cries and the efforts he made to rid himself from the serpent, which shook him several times against the ground, and crushed him; and we could hear him gnaw and tear the poor wretch's bones, when we had fled a great distance from him. Next day we saw the serpent again, to our great terror, and I cried out, "O heaven, to what dangers are we exposed! We rejoiced yesterday at having escaped from the cruelty of a giant and the rage of the waves, and now we are fallen into another danger altogether as terrible."

As we walked about we saw a large tall tree, upon which we designed to pass the following night, for our security; and having satisfied our hunger with fruit, we mounted it accordingly. A little while after, the serpent came hissing to the root of the tree, raised itself up against the trunk of it, and meeting with my comrade, who sat lower than I, swallowed him at once, and went off.

I stayed upon the tree till it was day, and then came down, more like a dead man than one alive, expecting the same fate as my two companions. This filled me with horror, so that I was going to throw myself into the sea; but nature prompting us to a desire to live as long as we can, I withstood this temptation to despair, and submitted myself to the will of God, who disposes of our lives at His pleasure.

In the meantime I gathered together a great quantity of small wood, brambles, and dry thorns, and making them up into faggots made a great circle with them round the tree, and also tied some of them to the branches over my head. Having done thus, when the evening came I shut myself up within this circle, with this melancholy piece of satisfaction that I had neglected nothing which could preserve me from the cruel destiny with which I was threatened. The serpent failed not to come at the usual hour, and went round the tree, seeking for an opportunity to devour me, but was prevented by the rampart I had made, so that he lay till day, like a cat watching in vain for a mouse that has retreated to a place of safety. When day appeared he retired, but I dared not to leave my fort until the sun arose.

I was fatigued with the toil he had put me to, and suffered so much from his poisonous breath that, death seeming preferable to me than the horror of such a condition. I came down from the tree, and not thinking on the resignation I had made to the will of God the

preceding day, I ran towards the sea, with a design to throw myself into it headlong.

God took compassion on my desperate state, for just as I was going to throw myself into the sea, I perceived a ship at a considerable distance. I called as loud as I could, and taking the linen from my turban, displayed it that they might observe me. This had the desired effect; all the crew perceived me, and the captain sent his boat for me. As soon as I came aboard, the merchants and seamen flocked about me to know how I came to that desert island; and after I had told them of all that befell me, the oldest among them said they had several times heard of the giants that dwelt in that island, that they were cannibals and ate men raw as well as roasted; and as to the serpents, he added, there were abundance in the isle that hid themselves by day and came abroad by night. After having testified their joy at my escaping so many dangers, they brought me the best of what they had to eat; and the captain, seeing that I was all in rags, was so generous as to give me one of his own suits.

We were at sea for some time, touched at several islands, and at last landed at that of Salabat, where there grows sanders, a wood of great use in physic. We entered the port, and came to anchor. The merchants began to unload their goods, in order to sell or exchange them. In the meantime the captain came to me, and said, "Brother, I have here a parcel of goods that belonged to a merchant who sailed some time on board this ship; and he being dead, I intend to dispose of them for the benefit of his heirs, when I know them." The bales he spoke of lay on the deck, and showing them to me, he said, "There are the goods; I hope you will take care to sell them, and you shall have a commission." I thanked him that he gave me an opportunity to employ myself, because I hated to be idle.

The clerk of the ship took an account of all the bales, with the names of the merchants to whom they belonged; and when he asked the captain in whose name he should enter those he gave me the charge of, "Enter them," said the captain, "in the name of Sinbad the sailor." I could not hear myself named without some emotion, and looking steadfastly on the captain, I knew him to be the person who, in my second voyage, had left me in the island where I fell asleep by a brook, and set sail without me, and without sending to look for me. But I could not remember him at first, he was so much altered since I saw him.

And as for him, who believed me to be dead, I could not wonder at his not knowing me. "But, captain," said I, "was the merchant's name to whom those goods belonged Sinbad?"

"Yes," replied he, "that was his name; he came from Bagdad, and embarked on board my ship at Balsora. One day, when we landed at an island to take in water and other refreshments, I know not by

what mistake I set sail without observing that he did not re-embark with us; neither I nor the merchants perceived it till four hours after. We had the wind in our stern and so fresh a gale that it was not then possible for us to tack about for him."

"You believe him then to be dead?" said I.

"Certainly," answered he.

"No, captain," said I; "look upon me, and you may know that I am Sinbad, whom you left in that desert island. I fell asleep by a brook, and when I awoke I found all the company gone."

The captain, having considered me attentively, knew me at last, embraced me, and said, "God be praised that fortune has supplied my defect. There are your goods, which I always took care to preserve and to make the best of at every port where I touched. I restore them to you, with the profit I have made on them." I took them from him, and at the same time acknowledged how much I owed to him.

From the Isle of Salabat we went to another, where I furnished myself with cloves, cinnamon, and other spices. As we sailed from that island we saw a tortoise that was twenty cubits in length and breadth. We observed also a fish which looked like a cow, and gave milk, and its skin is so hard that they usually make bucklers of it. I saw another which had the shape and color of a camel. In short, after a long voyage, I arrived at Balsora, and from thence returned to this city of Bagdad, with so much riches that I knew not what I had. I gave a great deal to the poor, and bought another great estate in addition to what I had already.

THE FOURTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD THE SAILOR

The pleasures I took after my third voyage had not charms enough to divert me from another. I was again prevailed upon by my passion for traffic and curiosity to see new things. I therefore settled my affairs, and having provided a stock of goods fit for the places where I designed to trade, I set out on my journey. I took the way of Persia, of which I travelled over several provinces, and then arrived at a port, where I embarked. We set sail, and having touched at several ports of the mainland and some of the eastern islands, we put out to sea, and were overtaken by a sudden gust of wind that obliged the captain to furl his sails, and to take all other necessary precautions to prevent the danger that threatened us. But all was in vain; our endeavors had no effect, the sails were torn into a thousand pieces, and the ship was stranded; so that a great many of the merchants and seamen were drowned and the cargo lost.

I had the good fortune, with several of the merchants and mariners, to get a plank, and we were carried by the current to an island which lay before us: there we found fruit and spring water, which

preserved our lives. We stayed all night near the place where the sea cast us ashore, without consulting what we should do, our misfortune had dispirited us so much.

Next morning, as soon as the sun was up, we walked from the shore, and advancing into the island, saw some houses, to which we went; and as soon as we came thither we were encompassed by a great number of black men, who seized us, shared us among them, and carried us to their respective habitations.

I and five of my comrades were carried to one place; they made us sit down immediately, and gave us a certain herb, which they made signs to us to eat. My comrades, not taking notice that the black men ate none of it themselves, consulted only the satisfying of their own hunger, and fell to eating with greediness: but I, suspecting some trick, would not so much as taste it, which happened well for me; for in a little time I perceived my companions had lost their senses, and that when they spoke to me they knew not what they said.

The black men fed us afterwards with rice, prepared with oil of cocoanuts, and my comrades, who had lost their reason, ate of it greedily. I ate of it also, but very sparingly. The black men gave us that herb at first on purpose to deprive us of our senses, that we might not be aware of the sad destiny prepared for us; and they gave us rice on purpose to fatten us, for, being cannibals, their design was to eat us as soon as we grew fat. They did accordingly eat my comrades, who were not aware of their condition; but my senses being entire, you may easily guess that instead of growing fat, as the rest did, I grew leaner every day. The fear of death under which I labored turned all my food into poison. I fell into a languishing illness which proved my safety, for the black men having killed and eaten up my companions, seeing me to be withered, lean, and sick, deferred my death till another time.

Meanwhile, I had a great deal of liberty, so that there was scarcely any notice taken of what I did, and this gave me an opportunity one day to get at a distance from the houses, and to make my escape. An old man who saw me, and suspected my design, called to me as loud as he could to return, but instead of obeying him, I redoubled my pace, and quickly got out of sight. At that time there was none but the old man about the houses, the rest being away, and not to come home till night, which was pretty usual with them; therefore, being sure they they could not come in time to pursue me, I went on till night, when I stopped to rest a little, and to eat some of the provisions I had taken care to bring; but I speedily set forward again, and travelled seven days, avoiding those places which seemed to be inhabited, and living for the most part upon cocoanuts, which served me for both meat and drink. On the eighth day I came near the

sea, and all of a sudden saw white people like myself, gathering pepper, of which there was great plenty in that place. This I took to be a good omen, and went to them without any scruple.

The people who gathered pepper came to meet me as soon as they saw me, and asked me in Arabic who I was, and whence I came. I was overjoyed to hear them speak in my own language, and satisfied their curiosity by giving them an account of my shipwreck, and how I fell into the hands of the black men. "Those black men are cannibals, and by what miracle did you escape their cruelty?" I told them the same story I now tell you, at which they were wonderfully surprised.

I stayed with them till they had gathered their quantity of pepper, and then sailed with them to the island from whence they came. They presented me to their king, who was a good prince. He had the patience to hear the relation of my adventures, which surprised him, and he afterwards gave me clothes, and commanded care to be taken of me.

The island was very well peopled, plentiful in everything, and the capital was a place of great trade. This agreeable retreat was very comfortable to me after my misfortune, and the kindness of this generous prince towards me completed my satisfaction. In a word, there was not a person more in favor with him than myself; and, in consequence, every man in court and city sought to oblige me, so that in a very little time I was looked upon rather as a native than a stranger.

I observed one thing which to me appeared very extraordinary. All the people, the king himself not excepted, rode their horses without bridle or stirrups. This made me one day take the liberty to ask the king how that came to pass. His majesty answered, that I talked to him of things which nobody knew the use of in his dominions. I went immediately to a workman, and gave him a model for making the stock of a saddle. When this was done, I covered it myself with velvet and leather, and embroidered it with gold. I afterwards went to a locksmith, who made me a bridle according to the pattern I showed him, and then he made me also some stirrups. When I had all things completed, I presented them to the king, and put them upon one of his horses. His majesty mounted immediately, and was so pleased with them, that he testified his satisfaction by large presents to me. I could not avoid making several others for his ministers and the principal officers of his household, who all of them made me presents that enriched me in a little time. I also made some for the people of best quality in the city, which gained me great reputation and regard.

As I paid court very constantly to the king, he said to me one day, "Sinbad, I love thee; and all my subjects who know thee treat thee ac-

cording to my example. I have one thing to demand of thee, which thou must grant."

"Sir," answered I, "there is nothing but I will do, as a mark of my obedience to your majesty, whose power over me is absolute."

"I have a mind thou shouldst marry," replied he, "that so thou mayst stay in my dominion, and think no more of thy own country."

I dared not resist the prince's will, and so he gave me one of the ladies of his court, a noble, beautiful, and rich lady. The ceremonies of marriage being over, I went and dwelt with the lady, and for some time we lived together in perfect harmony. I was not, however, very well satisfied with my condition, and therefore designed to make my escape on the first occasion, and to return to Bagdad, which my present settlement, how advantageous soever, could not make me forget.

While I was thinking on this, the wife of one of my neighbors, with whom I had contracted a very close friendship, fell sick and died. I went to see and comfort him in his affliction, and finding him swallowed up with sorrow, I said to him as I saw him, "God preserve you and grant you a long life."

"Alas!" replied he, "how do you think I should obtain that favor you wish me? I have not above an hour to live."

"Pray," said I, "do not entertain such a melancholy thought; I hope it will not be so, but that I shall enjoy your company for many years."

"I wish you," said he, "a long life; but for me my days are at an end, for I must be buried this day with my wife. This is a law which our ancestors established in this island, and always observed inviolably. The living husband is interred with the dead wife, and the living wife with the dead husband. Nothing can save me; every one must submit to this law."

While he was entertaining me with an account of this barbarous custom, the very hearing of which frightened me cruelly, his kindred, friends and neighbors came in a body to assist at the funerals. They put on the corpse the woman's richest apparel, as if it had been her wedding-day, and dressed her with all her jewels; then they put her in an open coffin, and lifting it up, began their march to the place of burial. The husband walked at the head of the company, and followed the corpse. They went up to a high mountain, and when they came thither, took up a great stone, which covered the mouth of a very deep pit, and let down the corpse, with all its apparel and jewels. Then the husband, embracing his kindred and friends, suffered himself to be put into another open coffin without resistance, with a pot of water, and seven little loaves, and was let down in the same manner as they let down his wife. The mountain was pretty long, and reached to the sea. The ceremony being over, they covered the hole again with the stone, and returned.

It is needless to say that I was the only melancholy spectator of this funeral, whereas the rest were scarcely moved at it, the practice was so customary to them. I could not forbear speaking my thoughts on this matter to the king. "Sir," said I, "I cannot but wonder at the strange custom in this country of burying the living with the dead, I have been a great traveler, and seen many countries, but never heard of so cruel a law."

"What do you mean, Sinbad?" said the King; "it is a common law. I shall be interred with the queen, my wife, if she die first."

"But, sir," said I, "may I presume to ask your majesty if strangers be obliged to observe this law?"

"Without doubt," replied the king, smiling at my question; "they are not exempted, if they are married in this island."

I went home very melancholy at this answer, for the fear of my wife dying first, and my being interred alive with her, occasioned me very mortifying reflections. But there was no remedy; I must have patience, and submit to the will of God. I trembled, however, at every little indisposition of my wife; but alas! in a little time my fears came upon me all at once, for she fell ill, and died in a few days.

You may judge of my sorrow; to be interred alive seemed to me as deplorable an end as to be devoured by cannibals. But I must submit; the king and all his court would honor the funeral with their presence, and the most considerable people of the city would do the like. When all was ready for the ceremony, the corpse was put in a coffin, with all her jewels and magnificent apparel. The cavalcade began, and, as second actor in this doleful tragedy, I went next to the corpse, with my eyes full of tears, bewailing my deplorable fate. Before I came to the mountain, I addressed myself to the king, in the first place, and then to all those who were round me, and bowing before them to the earth to kiss the border of their garments, I prayed them to have compassion upon me. "Consider," said I, "that I am a stranger, and ought not to be subject to this rigorous law, and that I have another wife and child in my own country." It was to no purpose for me to speak thus, no soul was moved at it; on the contrary, they made haste to let down my wife's corpse into the pit, and put me down the next moment in an open coffin, with a vessel full of water and seven loaves. In short, the fatal ceremony being performed, they covered up the mouth of the pit, notwithstanding the excess of my grief and my lamentable cries.

As I came near the bottom, I discovered, by help of the little light that came from above, the nature of this subterranean place; it was a vast long cave, and might be about fifty fathoms deep. I immediately smelled an insufferable stench proceeding from the multitude of corpses which I saw on the right and left; nay, nay, I fancied that I heard some of them sigh out their last. However, when I got

down, I immediately left my coffin, and, getting at a distance from the corpses, lay down upon the ground, where I stayed a long time, bathed in tears. Then reflecting on my sad lot, "It is true," said I, "that God disposes all things according to the decrees of His providence; but, poor Sinbad, art not thou thyself the cause of thy being brought to die so strange a death? Would to God thou hadst perished in some of those tempests which thou hast escaped! Then thy death had not been so lingering and terrible in all its circumstances. But thou hast drawn all this upon thyself by thy cursed avarice. Ah! unfortunate wretch, shouldst thou not rather have stayed at home, and quietly enjoyed the fruits of thy labor?"

Such were the vain complaints with which I made the cave echo, beating my head and breast out of rage and despair, and abandoning myself to the most afflicting thoughts. Nevertheless, I must tell you that, instead of calling death to my assistance in that miserable condition, I felt still an inclination to live, and to do all I could to prolong my days. I went groping about, with my nose stopped, for the bread and water that was in my coffin, and took some of it. Though the darkness of the cave was so great that I could not distinguish day and night, yet I always found my coffin again, and the cave seemed to be more spacious and fuller of corpses than it appeared to me at first. I lived for some days upon my bread and water, which being all used up at last I prepared for death.

As I was thinking of death, I heard something walking, and blowing or panting as it walked. I advanced towards that side from whence I heard the noise, and upon my approach the thing puffed and blew harder, as if it had been running away from me. I followed the noise, and the thing seemed to stop sometimes, but always fled and blew as I approached. I followed it so long and so far that at last I perceived a light resembling a star; I went on towards that light, and sometimes lost sight of it, but always found it again, and at last discovered that it came through a hole in the rock large enough for a man to get out at.

Upon this I stopped some time to rest myself, being much fatigued with pursuing this discovery so fast. Afterwards coming up to the hole I went out at it, and found myself upon the shore of the sea. I leave you to guess the excess of my joy; it was such that I could scarce persuade myself of its being real.

But when I had recovered from my surprise, and was convinced of the truth of the matter, I found that the thing which I had followed and heard puff and blow was a creature which came out of the sea, and was accustomed to enter at that hole to feed upon the dead carcasses.

I examined the mountain, and perceived it to be situated betwixt the sea and the town, but without any passage or way to communicate

with the latter, the rocks on the side of the sea were so rugged and steep. I fell down upon the shore to thank God for this mercy, and afterwards entered the cave again to fetch bread and water, which I did by daylight, with a better appetite than I had done since my interment in the dark hole.

I returned thither again, and groped about about among the biers for all the diamonds, rubies, pearls gold bracelets, and rich stuffs I could find. These I brought to the shore, and, tying them up neatly into bales with the cords that let down the coffins, I laid them together upon the bank to wait till some ship passed by without fear of rain, for it was not then the season.

After two or three days I perceived a ship that had but just come out of the harbour and passed near the place where I was. I made a sign with the linen of my turban, and called to them as loud as I could. They heard me, and sent a boat to bring me on board, when the mariners asked by what misfortune I came thither. I told them that I had suffered shipwreck two days ago, and made shift to get ashore with the goods they saw. It was happy for me that those people did not consider the place where I was, nor inquire into the probability of what I told them; but without any more ado took me on board with my goods. When I came to the ship, the captain was so well pleased to have saved me, and so much taken up with his own affairs, that he also took the story of my pretended shipwreck upon trust, and generously refused some jewels which I offered him.

We passed with a regular wind by several islands, among others the one called the Isle of Bells, about ten days' sail from Serendib, and six from that of Kela, where we landed. This island produces lead from its mines, Indian canes, and excellent camphor.

The king of the Isle of Kela is very rich and potent, and the Isle of Bells, which is about two days' journey in extent, is also subject to him. The inhabitants are so barbarous that they still eat human flesh. After we had finished our commerce in that island we put to sea again, and touched at several other ports. At last I arrived happily at Bagdad with infinite riches, of which it is needless to trouble you with the detail. Out of thankfulness to God for His mercies, I gave great alms for the support of several mosques, and for the subsistence of the poor, and employed myself wholly in enjoying the society of my kindred and friends, and in making merry with them.

THE FIFTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD THE SAILOR

The pleasures I enjoyed again had charm enough to make me forget all the troubles and calamities I had undergone, without curing me of my inclination to make new voyages. Therefore I bought goods, ordered them to be packed up and loaded, and set out with

them for the best seaport; and there, that I might not be obliged to depend upon a captain, but have a ship at my own command, I waited till one was built on purpose at my own expense. When the ship was ready, I went on board with my goods; but not having enough to load her, I took on board with me several merchants of different nations, with their merchandise.

We sailed with the first fair wind, and after a long voyage, the first place we touched at was a desert island, where we found an egg of a roc, equal in size to that I formerly mentioned. There was a young roc in it just ready to be hatched, and the bill of it began to appear.

The merchants whom I had taken on board my ship, and who landed with me, broke the egg with hatchets, and made a hole in it, from whence they pulled out the young roc piece by piece, and roasted it. I had earnestly persuaded them not to meddle with the egg, but they would not listen to me.

Scarcely had they made an end of their feast, when there appeared in the air, at a considerable distance from us, two great clouds. The captain whom I hired to manage my ship, knowing by experience what it meant, cried that it was the cock and hen roc that belonged to the young one, and pressed us to re-embark with all speed, to prevent the misfortune which he saw would otherwise befall us. We made haste to do so, and set sail with all possible diligence.

In the meantime the two rocs approached with a frightful noise, which they redoubled when they saw the egg broken, and their young one gone. But having a mind to avenge themselves, they flew back towards the place from whence they came, and disappeared for some time, while we made all the sail we could to prevent that which unhappily befell us.

They returned, and we observed that each of them carried between their talons stones, or rather rocks, of a monstrous size. When the came directly over my ship, they hovered, and one of them let fall a stone; but by the dexterity of the steersman, who turned the ship with the rudder, it missed us, and falling by the side of the ship into the sea; divided the water so that we could see almost to the bottom. The other roc, to our misfortune, threw the stone so exactly upon the middle of the ship that it split into a thousand pieces. The mariners and passengers were all killed by the stone, or sunk. I myself had the last fate; but as I came up again I fortunately caught hold of a piece of the wreck, and swimming sometimes with one hand and sometimes with the other, but always holding fast to my board, the wind and the tide favouring me, I came to an island, where the beach was very steep. I overcame that difficulty however, and got ashore.

I sat down upon the grass, to recover myself a little from my

fatigue, after which I got up, and went into the island to view it, It seemed to be a delicious garden. I found trees everywhere, some of them bearing green and others ripe fruits, and streams of fresh pure water, with pleasant windings and turnings. I ate of the fruits, which I found excellent, and drank of the water, which was very pleasant.

Night being come, I lay down upon the grass in a convenient place enough, but I could not sleep for an hour at a time, my mind was so disturbed with the fear of being alone in so desert a place. Thus I spent the best part of the night in fretting, and reproached myself for my imprudence in not staying at home, rather than undertaking this last voyage. These reflections carried me so far, that I began to from a design against my own life, but daylight dispersed these melancholy thoughts, and I got up, and walked among the trees, but not without apprehensions of danger.

When I was a little advanced into the island, I saw an old man who appeared very weak and feeble. He sat upon the bank of a stream, and at first I took him to be one who had been shipwrecked like myself. I went towards him and saluted him, but he only bowed his head a little. I asked him what he did there, but instead of answering he made a sign for me to take him upon my back and carry him over the brook, signifying that it was to gather fruit.

I believed him really to stand in need of my help, so took him upon my back, and having carried him over, bade him get down, and for that end stooped that he might get off with ease: but instead of that (which I laugh at every time I think of it), the old man, who to me had appeared very decrepit, clasped his legs nimbly about my neck, and then I perceived his skin to resemble that of a cow. He sat astride upon my shoulders, and held my throat so tight that I thought he would have strangled me, the fright of which made me faint away and fall down.

Notwithstanding my fainting, the ill-natured old fellow kept fast about my neck, but opened his legs a little to give me time to recover my breath. When I had done so, he thrust one of his feet against my stomach, and struck me so rudely on the side with the other, that he forced me to rise up against my will. Having got up, he made me walk under the trees, and forced me now and then to stop, to gather and eat fruit such as we found. He never left me all day, and when I lay down to rest by night, he laid himself down with me, always holding fast about my neck. Every morning he pushed me to make me wake, and afterwards obliged me to get up and walk, and pressed me with his feet. You may judge then what trouble I was in, to be loaded with such a burden as I could by no means rid myself of.

One day I found in my way several dry calabashes that had fallen from a tree; I took a large one, and, after cleaning it, pressed

into it some juice of grapes, which abounded in the island. Having filled the calabash, I set it in a convenient place; and coming hither again some days after, I took up my calabash, and setting it to my mouth found the wine to be so good that it presently made me not only forget my sorrow, but grow vigorous, and so light-hearted that I began to sing and dance as I walked along.

The old man, perceiving the effect which this drink had upon me, and that I carried him with more ease than I did before, made a sign for me to give him some of it. I gave him the calabash, and the liquor pleasing his palate, he drank it all off. He became drunk immediately, and the fumes getting up into his head he began to sing after his manner, and to dance upon my shoulders. His jolting about made him sick, and he loosened his legs from about me by degrees; so finding that he did not press me as before, I threw him upon the ground, where he lay without motion, and then I took up a great stone, with which I crushed his head to pieces.

I was extremely rejoiced to be freed thus for ever from this cursed old fellow, and walked along the shore of the sea, where I met the crew of a ship that had cast anchor to take in water to refresh themselves. They were extremely surprised to see me, and to hear the particulars of my adventure. "You fell," said they, "into the hands of the old man of the sea, and are the first that has ever escaped strangling by him. He never left those he had once made himself master of till he destroyed them, and he has made this island famous for the number of men he had slain; so that the merchants and mariners who landed upon it dared not advance into the island but in number together."

After having informed me of these things they carried me with them to the ship; the captain received me with great satisfaction when they told him what had befallen me. He put out again to sea, and after some day's sail we arrived at the harbour of a great city, where the houses were built of good stone.

One of the merchants of the ship, who had taken me into his friendship, asked me to go along with him, and took me to a place appointed as a retreat for foreign merchants. He gave me a great bag, and having recommended me to some people of the town, who were used to gather cocoa-nuts, he desired them to take me with them to do the like: "Go," said he "follow them, and do as you see them do and do not separate from them, otherwise you endanger your life." Having thus spoken, he gave me provisions for the journey, and I went with them.

We came to a great forest of trees, extremely straight and tall, their trunks so smooth that it was not possible for any man to climb up to the branches that bore the fruit. All the trees were cocoa-nut trees, and when we entered the forest we saw a great number of

apes of all sizes, that fled as soon as they perceived us, and climbed up to the top of the trees with surprising swiftness.

The merchants with whom I was gathered stones, and threw them at the apes on the top of the trees. I did the same, and the apes, out of revenge, threw cocoa-nuts at us as fast and with such gestures as sufficiently testified their anger and resentment: we gathered up the cocoa-nuts, and from time to time threw stones to provoke the apes; so that by this strategem we filled our bags with cocoa-nuts, which it had been impossible for us to do otherwise.

When we had gathered our number, we returned to the city, where the merchant who sent me to the forest gave me the value of the cocoa-nuts I had brought; "Go on," said he, "and do the like every day, until you have money enough to carry you home." I thanked him for his good advice, and gathered together as many cocoa-nuts as amounted to a considerable sum.

The vessel in which I came sailed with merchants who loaded her with cocoa-nuts. I expected the arrival of another, whose merchants landed speedily for the like loading. I embarked on board the same all the cocoa-nuts that belonged to me, and when she was ready to sail I went and took leave of the merchant who had been so kind to me; but he could not embark with me because he had not finished his business.

We set sail towards the islands where pepper grows in great plenty. From thence we went to the Isle of Comari, where the best sort of wood of aloes grows, and whose inhabitants have made it an inviolable law to drink no wine themselves, nor to suffer and kind of improper conduct. I exchanged my cocoa-nuts in those two island for pepper and wood of aloes, and went with other merchants pearl-fishing. I hired divers, who fetched me up those that were very large and pure. Then I embarked joyfully in a vessel that happily arrived at Balsora; from thence I returned to Bagdad, where I made vast sums by my pepper, wood aloes, and pearls. I gave the tenth of my gains in alms, as I had done upon my return from other voyages, and endeavoured to ease myself from my fatigue by diversions of all sorts.

THE SIXTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD THE SAILOR

After being shipwrecked five times, and escaping so many dangers, could I resolve again to try my fortune, and expose myself to new hardships? I am astonished at it myself when I think of it, and must certainly have been induced to it by my stars. But be that as it will, after a year's rest I prepared for a sixth voyage, notwithstanding the entreaties of my kindred and friends, who did all that was possible to prevent me. Instead of taking my way by the Persian

Gulf, I travelled once more through several provinces of Persia and the Indies, and arrived at a sea-port, where I embarked on board a ship, the captain of which was resolved on a long voyage.

It was very long indeed, but at the same time so unfortunate that the captain and pilot lost their course, and knew not where they were. They found it at last, but we had no reason to rejoice at it. We were all seized with extraordinary fear when we saw the captain quit his post, and cry out. He threw off his turban, pulled his beard, and beat his head like a madman. We asked him the reason, and he answered that he was in the most dangerous place in all the sea. "A rapid current carries the ship along with it," he said, "and we shall all of us perish in less than a quarter of an hour. Pray to God to deliver us from this danger; we cannot escape it if He does not take pity on us." At these words he ordered the sails to be changed; but all the ropes broke, and the ship, without being possible to help it, was carried by the current to the foot of an inaccessible mountain, where she ran ashore, and was broken to pieces, yet so that we saved our lives, our provisions, and the best of our goods.

This being over, the captain said to us, "God has done what pleased Him; we may every man dig our grave here, and bid the world adieu, for we are all in so fatal a place that none shipwrecked here have ever returned to their homes again." His discourse afflicted us sorely, and we embraced each other with tears in our eyes, bewailing our deplorable lot.

The mountain at the foot of which we were cast was the coast of a very long and large island. This coast was covered all over with wrecks, and from the vast number of men's bones we saw everywhere, and which filled us with horror, we concluded that abundance of people had died there. It is also impossible to tell what a quantity of goods and riches we found cast ashore there. All these objects served only to augment our grief. Whereas in all other places rivers run from their channels into the sea, here a great river of fresh water runs out of the sea into a dark cave, whose entrance is very high and large. What is most remarkable in this place is that the stones of the mountain are of crystal, rubies, or other precious stones. Here is also a sort of fountain of pitch or bitumen, that runs into the sea, which the fishes swallow, and then vomit up again, turned into ambergris; and this the waves throw up on the beach in great quantities. Here also grow trees, most of which are wood of aloes, equal in goodness to those of Comari.

To finish the description of this place, which may well be called a gulf, since nothing ever returns from it—it is not possible for ships to get away again when once they come near it. If they are driven thither by a wind from the sea, the wind and the current run them; and if they come into it when a land-wind blows, which might seem

to favour their getting out again, the height of the mountain stops the wind, and occasions a calm, so that the force of the current runs them ashore, where they are broken to pieces, as ours was; and that which completes the misfortune is that there is no possibility to get to the top of the mountain, or to get out any manner of way.

We continued upon the shore, like men out of their senses, and expected death every day. At first we divided our provisions as equally as we could, and thus everyone lived a longer or shorter time, according to their temperance, and the use they made of their provisions.

Those who died first were interred by the rest; and, for my part, I paid the last duty to all my companions. Nor are you to wonder at this; for besides that I husbanded the provision that fell to my share better than they, I had provision of my own, which I did not share with my comrades; yet when I buried the last, I had so little remaining that I thought I could not hold out long: so I dug a grave, resolving to lie down in it, because there was none left to inter me. I must confess to you at the same time that while I was thus employed I could not but reflect upon myself as the cause of my own ruin, and repented that I had ever undertaken this last voyage; nor did I stop at reflections only, but had well night hastened my own death, and began to tear my hands with my teeth.

But it pleased God once more to take compassion one me, and put it in my mind to go to the bank of the river which ran into the great cave; where, considering the river with great attention, I said to myself, "This river, which runs thus under ground, must come out somewhere or other. If I make a raft, and leave myself to the current, it will bring me to some inhabited country, or drown me. If I be drowned I lose nothing, but only change one kind of death for another; and if I get out of this fatal place, I shall not only avoid the sad fate of my comrades, but perhaps find some new occasion of enriching myself. Who knows but fortune waits, upon my getting off this dangerous shelf, to compensate my shipwreck with interest?"

I immediately went to work on a raft. I made it of large pieces of timber and cables, for I had no choice of them, and tied them together so strongly that I had made a very solid little raft. When I had finished it I loaded it with some bales of rubies, emeralds, ambergris, rock-crystal, and rich stuffs. Having balanced all my cargo exactly and fastened it well to the raft, I went on board it with two little oars I had made, and, leaving it to the course of the river, I resigned myself to the will of God.

As soon as I came into the cave I lost all light, and the stream carried me I knew not whither. Thus I floated for some days in perfect darkness, and once found the arch so low that it well nigh

broke my head, which made me very cautious afterwards to avoid the like danger. All this while I ate nothing but what was just necessary to support nature; yet, notwithstanding this frugality, all my provisions were spent. Then a pleasing sleep fell upon me. I cannot tell how long it continued; but when I awoke, I was surprised to find myself in the middle of a vast country, at the bank of a river, where my raft was tied, amidst a great number of negroes. I got up as soon as I saw them and saluted them. They spoke to me, but I did not understand their language. I was so transported with joy that I knew not whether I was asleep or awake; but being persuaded that I was not asleep, I recited the following words in Arabic aloud: "Call upon the Almighty, he will help thee; thou needest not perplex thyself about anything else; shut thy eyes, and while thou art asleep, God will change thy bad fortune into good."

One of the blacks, who understood Arabic, hearing me speak thus, came towards me and said, "Brother, be not surprised to see us; we are inhabitants of this country, and came hither to-day to water our fields, by digging little canals from this river, which comes out of the neighbouring mountain. We saw something floating upon the water, went speedily to find out what it was, and perceiving your raft, one of us swam into the river, and brought it hither, where we fastened it, as you see, until you should awake. Pray tell us your history, for it must be extraordinary; how did you venture into this river, and whence did you come?"

I begged of them first to give me something to eat, and then I would satisfy their curiosity. They gave me several sorts of food; and when I had satisfied my hunger, I gave them a true account of all that had befallen me, which they listened to with wonder. As soon as I had finished my discourse, they told me, by the person who spoke Arabic and interpreted to them what I said, that it was one of the most surprising stories they ever heard, and that I must go along with them, and tell it to their king myself; the story was too extraordinary to be told by any other than the person to whom it happened. I told them I was ready to do whatever they pleased.

They immediately sent for a horse, which was brought in a little time; and having made me get upon him, some of them walked before me to show me the way, and the rest took my raft and cargo, and followed me.

We marched thus altogether, till we came to the city of Serendib, for it was in that island I landed. The blacks presented me to their king; I approached his throne, and saluted him as I used to do the kings of the Indies; that is to say, I prostrated myself at his feet, and kissed the earth. The prince ordered me to rise up, received me with an obliging air, and made me come up, and sit down near him. He first asked me my name, and I answered, "They call me

Sinbad the sailor, because of the many voyages I have undertaken, and I am a citizen of Bagdad."

"But," replied he, "how came you into my dominions, and from whence came you last?"

I concealed nothing from the king; I told him all that I have now told you, and his majesty was so surprised and charmed with it, that he commanded my adventure to be written in letters of gold, and laid up in the archives of his kingdom. At last my raft was brought in, and the bales opened in his presence: he admired the quantity of wood of aloes and ambergris; but, above all, the rubies and emeralds, for he had none in his treasury that came near them.

Observing that he looked on my jewels with pleasure, and viewed the most remarkable among them one after another, I fell prostrate at his feet, and took the liberty to say to him, "Sir, not only my person is at your majesty's service, but the cargo of the raft, and I would beg of you to dispose of it as your own."

He answered me with a smile, "Sinbad, I will take care not to covet anything of yours, nor to take anything from you that God has given you; far from lessening your wealth, I design to augment it, and will not let you go out of my dominions without marks of my liberality."

All the answer I returned was prayers for the prosperity of this prince, and commendations of his generosity and bounty. He charged one of his officers to take care of me, and ordered people to serve me at his own charge. The officer was very faithful in the execution of his orders, and caused all the goods to be carried to the lodgings provided for me. I went every day at a set hour to pay court to the king, and spent the rest of my time in seeing the city, what was most worthy of notice.

The Isle of Serendib is situated just under the equinoctial line, so that the days and nights there are always of twelve hours each, and the island is eighty parasangs in length, and as many in breadth.

The capital city stands at the end of a fine valley formed by a mountain in the middle of the island, which is the highest in the world. I made, by way of devotion, a pilgrimage to the place where Adam was confined after his banishment from Paradise, and had the curiosity to go to the top of it.

When I came back to the city, I prayed the king to allow me to return to my country, which he granted me in the most obliging and honourable manner. He would needs force a rich present upon me, and when I went to take my leave of him, he gave me one much more valuable, and at the same time charged me with a letter for the Commander of the Faithful, our sovereign, saying to me, "I pray you give this present from me and this letter to Caliph Haroun Alraschid, and assure him of my friendship." I took the present and

letter in a very respectful manner, and promised his majesty punctually to execute the commission with which he was pleased to honour me. Before I embarked, this prince sent for the captain and the merchants who were to go with me, and ordered them to treat me with all possible respect.

The letter from the King of Serendib was written on the skin of a certain animal of great value, because of its being so scarce, and of a yellowish colour. The writing was azure, and the contents as follows:—

"The king of the Indies, before whom march a hundred elephants, who lives in a palace that shines with a hundred thousand rubies, and who has in his treasury twenty thousand crowns enriched with diamonds, to Caliph Haroun Alraschid:

"Though the present we send you be inconsiderable, receive it as a brother and a friend, in consideration of the hearty friendship which we bear to you, and of which we are willing to give you proof. We desire the same part in your friendship, considering that we believe it to be our merit, being of the same dignity with yourself. We conjure you this in the rank of a brother. Farewell."

The present consisted first, of one single ruby made into a cup, about half a foot high, an inch thick, and filled with round pearls. Secondly, the skin of a serpent, whose scales were as large as an ordinary piece of gold, and had the virtue to preserve from sickness those who lay upon it. Thirdly, fifty thousand drachms of the best wood of aloes, with thirty grains of camphor as big as pistachios. And fourthly, a she-slave of ravishing beauty, whose apparel was covered all over with jewels.

The ship set sail, and after a very long and successful voyage, we landed at Balsora; from thence I went to Bagdad, where the first thing I did was to acquit myself of my commission.

I took the King of Serendib's letter, and went to present myself at the gate of the Commander of the Faithful, followed by the beautiful slave and such of my own family as carried the presents. I gave an account of the reason of my coming, and was immediately conducted to the throne of the caliph. I made my reverence, and after a short speech gave him the letter and present. When he had read what the King of Serendib wrote to him, he asked me if that prince were really so rich and potent as he had said in this letter. I prostrated myself a second time, and rising again, "Commander of the Faithful," said I, "I can assure your majesty he doth not exceed the truth on that head: I am witness of it. There is nothing more capable of raising a man's admiration than the magnificence of his palace. When the prince appears in public, he has a throne fixed on the back of an elephant, and marches betwixt two ranks of

his ministers, favorites, and other people of his court; before him, upon the same elephant, an officer carries a golden lance in his hand, and behind the throne there is another, who stands upright with a column of gold, on the top of which there is an emerald half a foot long and an inch thick; before him march a guard of a thousand men, clad in cloth of gold and silk, and mounted on elephants richly caparisoned.

"While the king is on his march, the officer who is before him on the same elephant cries from time to time, with a loud voice, 'Behold the great monarch, the potent and redoubtable Sultan of the Indies, whose palace is covered with a hundred thousand rubies, and who possesses twenty thousand crowns of diamonds.' After he has pronounced these words, the officer behind the throne cries in his turn, 'This monarch so great and so powerful, must die, must die, must die.' And the officer in front replies, 'Praise be to Him who lives forever.'

"Further, the King of Serendib is so just that there are no judges in his dominions. His people have no need of them. They understand and observe justice of themselves."

The caliph was much pleased with my discourse. "The wisdom of this king," said he, "appears in his letter, and after what you tell me I must confess that his wisdom is worthy of his people, and his people deserve so wise a prince." Having spoken thus he dismissed me, and sent me home with a rich present.

THE SEVENTH AND LAST VOYAGE OF SINBAD THE SAILOR

Being returned from my sixth voyage, I absolutely laid aside all thoughts of traveling any farther; for besides that my years now required rest, I was resolved no more to expose myself to such risk as I had run; so that I thought of nothing but to pass the rest of my days in quiet. One day, as I was treating some of my friends, one of my servants came and told me that an officer of the caliph asked for me. I rose from the table, and went to him. "The caliph," said he, "has sent me to tell you that he must speak with you." I followed the officer to the palace, where, being presented to the caliph, I saluted him by prostrating myself at his feet. "Sinbad," said he to me, "I stand in need of you; you must do me the service to carry my answer and present to the King of Serendib. It is but just I should return his civility."

This command of the caliph to me was like a clap of thunder. "Commander of the Faithful," replied I, "I am ready to do whatever your majesty shall think fit to command me; but I beseech you most humbly to consider what I have undergone. I have also

made a vow never to go out of Bagdad." Here I took occasion to give him a large and particular account of all my adventures, which he had the patience to hear out.

As soon as I had finished, "I confess," said he, "that the things you tell me are very extraordinary, yet you must for my sake undertake this voyage which I propose to you. You have nothing to do but to go to the Isle of Serendib, and deliver the commission which I give you. After that you are at liberty to return. But you must go; for you know it would be indecent, and not suitable to my dignity, to be indebted to the king of that island." Perceiving that the caliph insisted upon it, I submitted, and told him that I was willing to obey. He was very well pleased at it, and ordered me a thousand sequins for the expense of my journey.

I prepared for my departure in a few days, and as soon as the caliph's letter and present were delivered to me, I went to Balsora, where I embarked, and had a very happy voyage. I arrived at the Isle of Serendib, where I acquainted the king's ministers with my commission, and prayed them to get me speedy audience. They did so, and I was conducted to the palace in an honorable manner, where I saluted the king by prostration, according to custom. That prince knew me immediately, and testified very great joy to see me. "O Sinbad," said he, "you are welcome; I swear to you I have many times thought of you since you went hence; I bless the day upon which we see one another once more." I made my compliment to him, and after having thanked him for his kindness to me, I delivered the caliph's letter and present, which he received with all imaginable satisfaction.

The caliph's present was a complete set of cloth of gold, valued at one thousand sequins; fifty robes of rich stuff, a hundred others of white cloth, the finest of Cairo, Suez, Cusa, and Alexandria; a royal crimson bed, and a second of another fashion; a vessel of agate broader than deep, an inch thick, and half a foot wide, the bottom of which represented in bas-relief a man with one knee on the ground, who held a bow and an arrow, ready to let fly at a lion. He sent him also a rich table, which, according to tradition, belonged to the great Solomon. The caliph's letter was as follows:

"Greeting in the name of the Sovereign Guide of the Right Way, to the potent and happy Sultan, from Abdallah Haroun Alraschid, whom God hath set in the place of honor, after his ancestors of happy memory:

"We received your letter with joy, and send you this from the council of our port, the garden of superior wits. We hope, when you look upon it, you will find our good intention, and be pleased with it. Farewell."

The King of Serendib was highly pleased that the caliph returned his friendship. A little time after this audience, I solicited leave to depart, and had much difficulty to obtain it. I obtained it, however, at last, and the king, when he dismissed me, made me a very considerable present. I embarked immediately to return to Bagdad, but had not the good fortune to arrive there as I hoped. God ordered it otherwise.

Three or four days after my departure, we were attacked by pirates, who easily seized upon our ship. Some of the crew offered resistance, which cost them their lives. But as for me and the rest, who were not so imprudent, the pirates saved us on purpose to make slaves of us.

We were all stripped, and instead of our own clothes they gave us sorry rags, and carried us into a remote island, where they sold us.

I fell into the hands of a rich merchant, who, as soon as he bought me, carried me to his house, treated me well, and clad me handsomely for a slave. Some days after, not knowing who I was, he asked me if I understood any trade. I answered that I was no mechanic, but a merchant, and that the pirates who sold me had robbed me of all I had.

"But tell me," replied he, "can you shoot with a bow?"

I answered that the bow was one of my exercises in my youth, and I had not yet forgotten it. Then he gave me a bow and arrows, and, taking me behind him upon an elephant, carried me to a vast forest some leagues from the town. We went a great way into the forest, and when he thought fit to stop he bade me alight; then showing be a great tree, "Climb up that tree," said he, "and shoot at the elephants as you see them pass by, for there is a prodigious number of them in this forest, and, if any of them fall, come and give me notice of it." Having spoken thus, he left me victuals, and returned to the town, and I continued upon the tree all night.

I saw no elephant during that time, but next morning, as soon as the sun was up, I saw a great number: I shot several arrows among them, and at last one of the elephants fell; the rest retired immediately, and left me at liberty to go and acquaint my patron with my booty. When I had told him the news, he gave me a good meal, commended my dexterity, and caressed me highly. We afterwards went together to the forest, where we dug a hole for the elephant; my patron intending to return when it was rotten, and to take the teeth, etc., to trade with.

I continued this game for two months, and killed an elephant every day, getting sometimes upon one tree, and sometimes upon another. One morning, as I looked for the elephants, I perceived with an extreme amazement that, instead of passing by me across the forest as

usual, they stopped, and came to me with a horrible noise, in such a number that the earth was covered with them, and shook under them. They encompassed the tree where I was with their trunks extended and their eyes all fixed upon me. At this frightful spectacle I remained immovable, and was so much frightened that my bow and arrows fell out of my hand.

My fears were not in vain; for after the elephants had stared upon me for some time, one of the largest of them put his trunk round the root of the tree, and pulled so strong that he plucked it up and threw it on the ground; I fell with the tree, and the elephant taking me up with his trunk, laid me on his back, where I sat more like one dead than alive, with my quiver on my shoulder: then he put himself at the head of the rest, who followed him in troops, and carried me to a place where he laid me down on the ground, and retired with all his companions. Conceive, if you can, the condition I was in: I thought myself to be in a dream; at last, after having lain some time, and seeing the elephants gone, I got up, and found I was upon a long and broad hill, covered all over with the bones and teeth of elephants. I confess to you that this furnished me with abundance of reflections. I admired the instinct of those animals; I doubted not but that this was their burying-place, and that they carried me thither on purpose, to tell me that I should forbear to persecute them, since I did it only for their teeth. I did not stay on the hill, but turned towards the city, and, after having travelled a day and a night, I came to my patron; I met no elephant on my way, which made me think they had retired farther into the forest, to leave me at liberty to come back to the hill without any hindrance.

As soon as my patron saw me: "Ah, poor Sinbad," said he, "I was in great trouble to know what had become of you. I have been at the forest, where I found a tree newly pulled up, and a bow and arrows on the ground, and after having sought for you in vain I despaired of ever seeing you more. Pray tell me what befell you, and by what good hap you are still alive."

I satisfied his curiosity, and going both of us next morning to the hill, he found to his great joy that what I had told him was true. We loaded the elephant upon which we came with as many teeth as he could carry; and when we had returned, "Brother," said my patron—"for I will treat you no more as my slave—after having made such a discovery as will enrich me, God bless you with all happiness and prosperity. I declare before Him that I give you your liberty. I concealed from you what I am now going to tell you.

"The elephants of our forest have every year killed a great many slaves, whom we sent to seek ivory. Notwithstanding all the cautions we could give them, those crafty animals killed them one time or other. God has delivered you from their fury, and has bestowed

that favor upon you only. It is a sign that He loves you, and has use for your service in the world. You have procured me incredible gain. We would not have ivory formerly but by exposing the lives of our slaves, and now our whole city is enriched by your means. Do not think I pretend to have rewarded you by giving you your liberty; I will also give you considerable riches. I could engage all our city to contribute towards making your fortune, but I will have the glory of doing it myself."

To this obliging discourse I replied, "Patron, God preserve you. Your giving me my liberty is enough to discharge what you owe me, and I desire no other reward for the service I had the good fortune to do to you and your city, than leave to return to my own country."

"Very well," said he, "the monsoon will in a little time bring ships for ivory. I will send you home then, and give you wherewith to pay your expenses." I thanked him again for my liberty, and his good intentions towards me. I stayed with him until the monsoon; and during that time we made so many journeys to the hill that we filled all our warehouses with ivory. The other merchants who traded in it did the same thing, for it could not be long concealed from them.

The ships arrived at last, and my patron himself having made choice of the ship wherein I was to embark, he loaded half of it with ivory on my account, laid in provisions in abundance for my passage, and obliged me besides to accept as a present, curiosities of the country of great value. After I had returned him a thousand thanks for all his favours, I went on board. We set sail, and as the adventure which procured me this liberty was very extraordinary, I had it continually in my thoughts.

We stopped at some islands to take in fresh provisions. Our vessel being come to a port on the main land in the Indies, we touched there, and not being willing to venture by sea to Balsora, I landed my proportion of the ivory, resolving to proceed on my journey by land. I made vast sums by my ivory, I bought several rarities, which I intended for presents, and when my equipage was ready, I set out in the company of a large caravan of merchants. I was a long time on the way, and suffered very much, but endured all with patience, when I considered that I had nothing to fear from the seas, from pirates, from serpents, nor from the other pearils I had undergone.

All these fatigues ended at last, and I came safe to Bagdad. I went immediately to wait upon the caliph, and gave him an account of my embassy. That prince told me he had been uneasy, by reason that I was so long in returning, but that he always hoped God would preserve me. When I told him the adventure of the elephants, he semed to be much surprised at it, and would never have given any credit to it had he not known my sincerity. He reckoned this story,

and the other narratives I had given him, to be so curious that he ordered one of his secretaries to write them in characters of gold, and lay them up in his treasury. I retired very well satisfied with the honors I received and the presents which he gave me; and after that I gave myself up wholly to my family, kindred and friends.

FABLES FROM CAXTON'S AESOP

(1484)

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

A HUNGRY Fox stole one day into a vineyard where many bunches of Grapes hung ripe and ready for eating. But as luck would have it, they were fastened upon a tall trellis, just too high for Reynard to reach. He jumped, and paused, and jumped again, in the attempt to get at them. But it was all in vain. At last he was fairly tired out, and thereupon, "Take them who will," he cried, "THE GRAPES ARE SOUR!"

THE RAT AND THE FROG

THE Rat went on a pilgrimage, and he came by a River, and demanded of a Frog that she should be his ferryman, and ferry him over the water. And thereupon the Frog bound the Rat's foot to her foot, and in that wise she swam with him to the middle of the River. But when they were come thither, the Frog ceased to paddle, and came to a halt; to the end that the Rat should be drowned. Meanwhile a hungry Kite, seeing them there in mid-water, swooped down upon them, and bore them both off. The fable made Æsop for a similitude profitable to many folks. For he that thinketh evil may chance to find that evil fall on himself.

THE WOLF AND THE SKULL

A WOLF found a dead man's head, which he turned upide down with his foot. And he said, "Ah ha! how fair hast thou been, and pleasant. And now thou hast in thee neither wit nor beauty; and thou art without voice and without any thought." Therefore men ought not only to behold the beauty and fairness of the body, but also the goodness and the courage.

THE LION AND THE COW, THE GOAT AND THE SHEEP

Men say that it is not good for a servant to eat plums with his lord; and to the poor, it is not good to have partage and division with him which is rich and mighty; whereof Æsop rehearseth such a fable.

The Cow, the Goat and the Sheep went once a-hunting in the chase with a Lion, and they took a Hart. And when they came to have their part and share in it, the Lion said to them—

"My lords, I let you wit that the first part is mine, because I am your lord; the second because I am stronger that ye be; the third because I ran more swift than ye did; and whosoever toucheth the fourth part, he shall be my mortal enemy!"

And thus the Lion took for himself alone the Hart. And therefore this fable teacheth to all folk that the poor ought not to hold fellowship with the mighty. For the mighty man is never faithful to the poor.

THE PILGRIM AND THE SWORD

An evil man may be cause of the perdition or loss of many folk. As rehearseth unto us this present fable of a Pilgrim which found in his way a Sword, and asked of the Sword, "What is he that hath lost thee?" And the Sword answered to the Pilgrim, "A man alone hath lost me, but many a one have I lost."

And therefore an evil man may be lost, but ere he be lost he may harm many a one. For by cause of an evil man may come in a country many evils.

THE OAK AND THE REED

A great Oak would never bow him for no wind, and a Reed which was at his foot bowed himself as much as the wind would. And the Oak said to him, "Why dost thou not abide still as I do?" And the Reed answered, "I have not the might which thou hast." And the Tree said to the Reed proudly, "Then have I more strength than thou."

And anon after came a great wind which threw down to the ground the said great Tree, and the Reed abode in his own being. For the proud shall be always humbled, and the meek and humble shall be enhanced, for the root of all virtue is obedience and humility.

THE FOX AND THE COCK

A Fox came toward a Cock and said to him, "I would fain know if thou canst as well sing as thy father did." And then the Cock shut his eyes and began to cry and sing. And the Fox took and bare him away. And the people of the town cried, "The Fox beareth away the Cock!" And then the Cock said thus to the Fox, "My lord, understandest thou not what the people saith, that thou bearest away their cock? Tell to them that it is thine, and not theirs." And as the Fox said, "It is not yours, but it is mine," the Cock escaped from the Fox's mouth and flew upon a tree. And then the Cock said to the Fox, "Thou liest; for I am theirs and not thine." And the Fox began to hit earth with his mouth and head, saying, "Mouth, thou hast spoken too much! Thou shouldest have eaten the Cock had not thy words been over many."

And therefore over much talking harmeth, and too much crowing smarteth. Therefore keep thyself from over many words, to the end that thou repentest not.

THE FISHER

A Fisher sometimes touched his bagpipe nigh the river for to make the fish to dance. And when he saw that for no song that he could pipe would the fishes dance, as wroth did he cast his nets into the river and took of fishes great quantity. And when he had drawn out his nets out of the water, the fish began to leap and dance. And then he said to them, "Certaintly it appeareth now well that ye be evil beasts. For now when ye be taken ye leap and dance; and when I piped and played of my muse or bagpipe ye deigned ye would not dance." Therefore it appeareth well that the things which be made in season be well made and done by reason.

THE HE-GOAT AND THE WOLF

A Wolf some time ran after a He-goat, and the He-goat, for to save him, leaped upon a rock; and the Wolf besieged him. And after when they had dwelled there two or three days, the Wolf began to wax hungry and the He-goat to have thirst. And thus the Wolf went for to eat, and the He-goat went for to drink. And as the He-goat drank he saw his shadow in the water; and, spying and beholding his shadow, proffered and said such words within himself, "Thou hast so fair legs, so fair a beard, and so fair horns, and hast fear of the Wolf! If it happen that he come again, I shall correct him well and shall keep him fell, that he shall have no might over

me." And the Wolf, which held his peace and hearkened what was said, took him by the one leg, thus saying, "What words be these which thou profferest and sayest, brother He-goat?" And when the He-goat saw that he was taken, he began to say to the Wolf, "Ha! my lord, I say nothing, and have pity of me! I know well that it is to my blame." And the Wolf took him by the neck and strangled him. And therefore it is great folly when the feeble maketh war against the puissant (powerful) and strong.

THE BALD MAN AND THE FLY

Of a little evil may well come a greater. Whereof Æsop reciteth such a fable of a Fly which pricked a Man upon his bald head. And when he would have smote her she flew away. And thus he smote himself, whereof the Fly began to laugh. And the Bald Man said to her, "Ha, an evil beast! Thou demandest well thy death if I smote myself, whereof thou laughest and mockest me. But if I had hit thee thou haddest been thereof slain." And therefore men say commonly that of the evil of others men ought not to laugh nor scorn. But the injurious mocketh and scorneth the world, and getteth many enemies. For the which cause ofttimes it happeneth that of a few words cometh a great noise and danger.

THE FOX AND THE THORN-BUSH

A Fox, to escape the peril of the chase, leaped into a Thorn-bush, whose thorns hurt him sore. Thereupon the Fox, weeping to his anguish, said to the Thorn-bush, "I am come to thee as to my refuge; and thou hast hurted me to the death." And then the Thorn-bush said to the Fox, "Thou hast erred; and well thou has beguiled thyself. For thou thought to have taken me as thou art accustomed to take chickens and hens."

II. FABLES FROM JAMES'S AESOP

(1848)

THE BOWMAN AND THE LION

A Man who was very skilful with his bow, went up into the mountains to hunt. At his approach there was instantly a great consternation and rout among all the wild beasts, the Lion alone showing any determination to fight. "Stop," said the Bowman to him,

"and await my messenger, who has somewhat to say to you." With that he sent an arrow after the Lion, and wounded him in the side. The Lion, smarting with anguish, fled into the depth of the thickets, but a Fox seeing him run, bade him take courage, and face his enemy. "No," said the Lion, "you will not persuade me to that; for if the messenger he sends is so sharp, what must be the power of him who sends it?"

THE WOLF AND THE CRANE

A Wolf had got a bone stuck in his throat, and in the greatest agony ran up and down, beseeching every animal he met to relieve him: at the same time hinting at a very handsome reward to the successful operator. A Crane, moved by his entreaties and promises, ventured her long neck down the Wolf's throat, and drew out the bone. She then modestly asked for the promised reward. To which, the Wolf, grinning and showing his teeth, replied with seeming indignation, "Ungrateful creature! to ask for any other reward than that you have put your head into a Wolf's jaws, and brought it safe out again!"

Those who are charitable only in the hope of a return, must not be surprised if, in their dealings with evil men, they meet with more jeers than thanks.

THE BOY AND THE SCORPION

A Boy was hunting Locusts upon a wall, and had caught a great number of them; when, seeing a Scorpion, he mistook it for another Locust, and was just hollowing his hand to catch it, when the Scorpion, lifting up his sting, said: "I wish you had done it, for I would soon have made you drop me, and the Locusts into the bargain."

THE FOX AND THE GOAT

A Fox had fallen into a well, and had been casting about for a long time how he should get out again; when at length a Goat came to the place, and wanting to drink, asked Renard whether the water was good, and if there was plenty of it. The Fox, dissembling the real danger of his case, replied, "Come down, my friend; the water is so good that I cannot drink enough of it, and so abundant that it cannot be exhausted." Upon this the Goat without any more ado leaped in; when the Fox, taking advantage of his friend's horns, as nimbly leaped out; and cooly remarked to the poor deluded Goat,—

"If you had half as much brains as you have beard, you would have looked before you leaped."

THE WIDOW AND THE HEN

A Widow woman kept a Hen that laid an egg every morning. Thought the woman to herself, "If I double my Hen's allowance of barley, she will lay twice a-day." So she tried her plan, and the Hen became so fat and sleek, that she left off laying at all.

Figures are not always facts.

THE VAIN JACKDAW

A Jackdaw, as vain and conceited as Jackdaw could be, picked up the feathers which some Peacocks had shed, stuck them amongst his own, and despising his old companions, introduced himself with the greatest assurance into a flock of those beautiful birds. They, instantly detecting the intruder, stripped him of his borrowed plumes, and falling upon him with their beaks, sent him about his business. The unlucky Jackdaw, sorely punished and deeply sorrowing, betook himself to his former companions, and would have flocked with them again as if nothing had happened. But they, recollecting what airs he had given himself, drummed him out of their society, while one of those whom he had so lately despised, read him this lecture: "Had you been contented with what nature made you, you would have escaped the chastisement of your betters and also the contempt of your equals."

THE KID AND THE WOLF

A Kid being mounted on the roof of a lofty house, and seeing a Wolf pass below, began to revile him. The Wolf merely stopped to reply, "Coward! It is not you who revile me, but the place on which you are standing."

THE MOUNTAIN IN LABOR

In days of yore, a mighty rumbling was heard in a Mountain. It was said to be in labor, and multitudes flocked together, from far and near, to see what it would produce. After long expectation and many wise conjectures from the bystanders—out popped a Mouse!

The story applies to those whose magnificent promises end in a paltry performance.

THE KITE AND THE PIGEONS

Some Pigeons had long lived in fear of a Kite, but by being always on the alert, and keeping near their dove-cote, they had contrived hitherto to escape the attacks of the enemy. Finding his sallies unsuccessful, the Kite betook himself to craft: "Why," said he, "do you prefer this life of continual anxiety, when, if you would only make me your king, I would secure you from every attack that could be made upon you?" The Pigeons, trusting to his professions, called him to the throne; but no sooner was he established there than he exercised his prerogative by devouring a pigeon a-day. Whereupon one that yet awaited his turn, said no more than "It serves us right."

They who voluntarily put power into the hand of a tyrant or an enemy, must not wonder if it be at last turned against themselves.

THE OLD HOUND

A Hound, who had been an excellent one in his time, and had done good service to his master in the field, at length became worn out with the weight of years and trouble. One day, when hunting the wild boar, he seized the creature by the ear, but his teeth giving way, he was forced to let go his hold, and the boar escaped. Upon this the huntsman, coming up, severely rated him. But the feeble Dog replied, "Spare your old servant! it was the power not the will that failed me. Remember rather what I was, than abuse me for what I am."

THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER

On a cold frosty day an Ant was dragging out some of the corn which he had laid up in summer time, to dry it. A Grasshopper, half-perished with hunger, besought the Ant to give him a morsel of it to preserve his life. "What were you doing," said the Ant, "this last summer?" "Oh," said the Grasshopper, "I was not idle. I kept singing all the summer long." Said the Ant, laughing and shutting up his granary, "Since you could sing all summer, you may dance all winter."

Winter finds out what Summer lays by.

THE COCK AND THE JEWEL

As a Cock was scratching up the straw in a farmyard, in search of food for the hens, he hit upon a Jewel that by some chance had found its way there. "Ho!" said he, "you are a very fine thing, no

doubt, to those who prize you; but give me a barley-corn before all the pearls in the world."

The Cock was a sensible Cock: but there are many silly people who despise what is precious only because they cannot understand it.

THE FAWN AND HER MOTHER

A Fawn one day said to her mother, "Mother, you are bigger than a dog, and swifter and better winded, and you have horns to defend yourself; how is it that you are so afraid of the hounds?" She smiled and said, "All this, my child, I know full well; but no sooner do I hear a dog bark, than, somehow or other, my heels take me off as fast as they can carry me."

There is no arguing a coward into courage.

THE TWO WALLETS

Every man carries Two Wallets, one before and one behind, and both full of faults. But the one before, is full of his neighbor's faults; the one behind, of his own. Thus it happens that men are blind to their own faults, but never lost sight of their neighbor's.

THE EAGLE AND THE FOX

An Eagle and a Fox had long lived together as good neighbors; the Eagle at the summit of a high tree, the Fox in a hole at the foot of it. One day, however, while the Fox was abroad, the Eagle made a swoop at the Fox's cub, and carried it off to her nest, thinking that her lofty dwelling would secure her from the Fox's revenge. The Fox, on her return home, upbraided the Eagle for this breach of friendship, and begged earnestly to have her young one again; but finding that her entreaties were of no avail, she snatched a torch from an altar-fire that had been lighted hard by, and involving the whole tree in flame and smoke, soon made the Eagle restore, through fear for herself and her young ones, the cub which she had just now denied to her most earnest prayers.

The tyrant, though he may despise the tears of the oppressed, is never safe from their vengeance.

THE HORSE AND THE GROOM

A Groom who used to steal and sell a Horse's corn, was yet very busy in grooming and wisping him all the day long. "If you really wish me," said the Horse, "to look well, give me less of your currying and more of your corn."

THE COUNTRYMAN AND THE SNAKE

A Countryman returning home one winter's day, found a Snake by the hedge-side, half dead with cold. Taking compassion on the creature, he laid it in his bosom and brought it home to his fire-side to revive it. No sooner had the warmth restored it, than it began to attack the children of the cottage. Upon this the Countryman, whose compassion had saved its life, took up a mattock and laid the Snake dead at his feet.

Those who return evil for good, may expect their neighbor's pity to be worn out at last.

THE MAN AND THE SATYR

A Man and a Satyr having struck up an acquaintance sat down together to eat. The day being wintry and cold, the Man put his fingers to his mouth and blew upon them. "What's that for, my friend?" asked the Satyr. "My hands are so cold," said the Man; "I do it to warm them." In a little while some hot food was placed before them, and the Man, raising the dish to his mouth, again blew upon it. "And what's the meaning of that, now?" said the Satyr. "Oh," replied the Man, "my porridge is so hot, I do it to cool it." "Nay, then," said the Satyr, "from this moment I renounce your friendship, for I will have nothing to do with one who blows hot and cold with the same mouth."

THE FLIES AND THE HONEY-POT

A Pot of Honey having been upset in a grocer's shop, the Flies came around it in swarms to eat it up, nor would they move from the spot while there was a drop left. At length their feet became so clogged that they could not fly away, and stifled in the luscious sweets they exclaimed, "Miserable creatures that we are, who for the sake of an hour's pleasure, have thrown away our lives!"

THE FIGHTING-COCKS AND THE EAGLE

Two young Cocks were fighting as fiercely as if they had been men. At last the one that was beaten crept into a corner of the hen-house, covered with wounds. But the conqueror, straightway flying up to the top of the house, began clapping his wings and crowing, to announce his victory. At this moment an Eagle, sailing

by, seized him in his talons and bore him away; while the defeated rival came out from his hiding-place, and took possession of the dunghill for which they had contended.

THE DOG AND THE SHADOW

A Dog had stolen a piece of meat out of a butcher's shop, and was crossing a river on its way home, when he saw his own shadow reflected in the stream below. Thinking that it was another dog with another piece of meat, he resolved to make himself master of that also; but in snapping at the supposed treasure, he dropped the bit he was carrying, and so lost all.

Grasp at the shadow and lose the substance—the common fate of those who hazard a real blessing for some visionary good.

THE FOX AND THE LION

A Fox who had never seen a Lion, when by chance he met him for the first time, was so terrified that he almost died of fright. When he met him the second time, he was still afraid, but managed to disguise his fear. When he saw him the third time, he was so much emboldened that he went up to him and asked him how he did.

Familiarity breeds contempt.

THE CREAKING WHEELS

As some Oxen were dragging a wagon along a heavy road, the Wheels set up a tremendous creaking. "Brute!" cried the driver to the wagon; "why do you groan, when they who are drawing all the weight are silent?"

Those who cry loudest are not always the most hurt.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

As a Wolf was lapping at the head of a running brook, he spied a stray Lamb paddling at some distance, down the stream. Having made up his mind to seize her, he bethought himself how he might justify his voilence. "Villain!" said he, running up to her, "how dare you muddy the water that I am drinking?" "Indeed," said the Lamb humbly, "I do not see how I can disturb the water, since it runs from you to me, not from me to you." "Be that as it may," replied the Wolf, "it was but a year ago that you called me many ill names." "Oh, Sir!" said the Lamb, trembling "a year ago I was not born." "Well," replied the Wolf, "if it was not you, it was your father, and that is all the same; but it is no use trying to argue me

out of my supper,"—and without another word he fell upon the poor helpless Lamb and tore her to pieces.

A tyrant never wants a plea. And they have little chance of resisting the injustice of the powerful whose only weapons are innocence and reason.

THE BEAR AND THE FOX

A Bear used to boast of his excessive love for Man, saying that he never worried or mauled him when dead. The Fox observed, with a smile, "I should have thought more of your profession, if you never eat him alive."

Better save a man from dying than salve him when dead.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE AND THE TOWN MOUSE

Once upon a time a Country Mouse who had a friend in town invited him, for old acquaintance sake, to pay him a visit in the country. The invitation being accepted in due form, the Country Mouse, though plain and rough and somewhat frugal in his nature, opened his heart and store, in honor of hospitality and an old friend. There was not a carefully stored up morsel that he did not bring forth out of his larder, peas and barley, cheese-parings and nuts, hoping by quantity to make up what he feared was wanting in quality, to suit the palate of his dainty guest. The Town Mouse, condescending to pick a bit here and a bit there, while the host sat nibbling a blade of barley-straw, at length exclaimed, "How is it, my good friend, that you can endure the dullness of this unpolished life? You are living like a toad in a hole. You can't really prefer these solitary rocks and woods to streets teeming with carriages and men. On my honor, you are wasting your time miserably here. We must make the most of life while it lasts. A mouse, you know, does not live for ever. So come with me and I'll show you life and the town." Overpowered with such fine words and so polished a manner, the Country Mouse assented; and they set out together on their journey to town. It was late in the evening when they crept stealthily into the city, and midnight ere they reached the great house, where the Town Mouse took up his quarters. Here were couches of crimson velvet, carvings in ivory, everything in short that denoted wealth and luxury. On the table were the remains of a splendid banquet, to procure which all the choicest shops in the town had been ransacked the day before. It was now the turn of the courtier to play the host; he places his country friend on purple, runs to and fro to supply all his wants, presses dish upon dish and dainty upon dainty, and as though he were waiting on a king, tastes every course ere he

ventures to place it before his rustic cousin. The Country Mouse, for his part, effects to make himself quite at home, and blesses the good fortune that had wrought such a change in his way of life; when, in the midst of his enjoyment, as he is thinking with contempt of the poor fare he has forsaken, on a sudden the door flies open, and a party of revellers returning from a late entertainment, bursts into the room. The affrighted friends jump from the table in the greatest consternation and hide themselves in the first corner they can reach. No sooner do they venture to creep out again than the barking of dogs drives them back in still greater terror than before. At length, when things seemed quiet, the Country Mouse stole out from his hiding place, and bidding his friend good-bye, whispered in his ear, "Oh, my good sir, this fine mode of living may do for those who like it; but give me my barley-bread in peace and security before the daintiest feast where Fear and Care are in waiting."

THE DOG, THE COCK, AND THE FOX

A Dog and a Cock having struck up an acquaintance, went out on their travels together. Nightfall found them in a forest; so the Cock, flying up on a tree, perched among the branches, while the Dog dozed below at the foot. As the night passed away and the day dawned, the Cock, according to his custom, set up a shrill crowing. A Fox hearing him, and thinking to make a meal of him, came and stood under the tree, and thus addressed him:—"Thou art a good little bird, and most useful to thy fellow-creatures. Come down then, that we may sing our matins and rejoice together." The Cock replied, "Go, my good friend, to the foot of the tree, and call the sacristan to toll the bell." But as the Fox went to call him, the Dog jumped out in a moment, and seized the Fox and made an end of him.

They who lay traps for others are often caught by their own bait.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

A Lion was sleeping in his lair, when a Mouse, not knowing where he was going, ran over the mighty beast's nose and awakened him. The Lion clapped has paw upon the frightened little creature, and was about to make an end of him in a moment, when the Mouse, in pitiable tone, besought him to spare one who had so unconsciously offended, and not stain his honorable paws with so insignificant a prey. The Lion, smiling at his little prisoner's fright, generously let him go. Now it happened no long time after, that the Lion, while ranging the woods for his prey, fell into the toils of the hunters; and finding himself entangled without hope of escape, set up a roar that filled the whole forest with its echo. The Mouse, recognizing the

voice of his former preserver, ran to the spot, and without more ado set to work to nibble the knot in the cord that bound the Lion, and in a short time set the noble beast at liberty; thus convincing him that kindness is seldom thrown away, and that there is no creature so much below another but that he may have it in his power to return a good office.

THE GULL AND THE KITE

A Gull had pounced upon a fish, and in endeavoring to swallow it got choked, and lay upon the deck for dead. A Kite who was passing by and saw him, gave him no other comfort than—"It serves you right: for what business have the fowls of the air to meddle with the fish of the sea."

THE HOUSE-DOG AND THE WOLF

A LEAN hungry Wolf chanced one moonshiny night to fall in with a plump well-fed House-Dog. After the first compliments were passed between them, "How is it, my friend," said the Wolf, "that you look so sleek? How well your food agrees with you! and here am I striving for my living night and day, and can hardly save myself from starving." "Well," says the Dog, "if you would fare like me, you have only to do as I do." "Indeed!" says he, "and what is that?" "Why," replies the Dog, "just to guard the master's house and keep off the thieves at night." "With all my heart; for at present I have but a sorry time of it. This woodland life, with its frosts and rains, is sharp work for me. To have a warm roof over my head and a bellyful of victuals always at hand will, methinks, be no bad exchange." "True," says the Dog; "therefore you have nothing to do but to follow me." Now as they were jogging on together, the Wolf spied a mark in the Dog's neck, and having a strange curiosity, could not forbear asking what it meant. "Pooh! nothing at all," says the Dog. "Nay, but pray"— says the Wolf. "Oh! a mere trifle, perhaps the collar to which my chain is fastened—" "Chain!" cries the Wolf in surprise; "you don't mean to say that you cannot rove when and where you please?" "Why, not exactly perhaps; you see I am looked upon as rather fierce, so they sometimes tie me up in the day-time, but I assure you I have perfect liberty at night, and the master feeds me off his own plate, and the servants give me their tit-bits, and I am such a favorite, and—but what is the matter? where are you goin?" "Oh, good-night to you," says the Wolf; "you are welcome to your dainties; but for me, a dry crust with liberty against a king's luxury with a chain."

THE FROG AND THE OX

An Ox, grazing in a swampy meadow, chanced to set his foot among a parcel of young Frogs, and crushed nearly the whole brood to death. One that escaped ran off to his mother with the dreadful news; "And, O mother!" said he, "it was a beast—such a big four-footed beast!—that did it." "Big?" quoth the old Frog, "how big? was it as big"—and she puffed herself out to a great degree—"as big as this?" "Oh!" said the little one, "a great deal bigger than that." "Well was it so big?" and she swelled herself out yet more. "Indeed, mother, but it was; and if you were to burst yourself, you would never reach half its size." Provoked at such a disparagement of her powers, the old Frog made one more trial, and burst herself indeed.

So men are ruined by attempting a greatness to which they have no claim.

THE POMEGRANATE, THE APPLE, AND THE BRAMBLE

The Pomegranate and the Apple had a contest on the score of beauty. When words ran high, and the strife waxed dangerous, a Bramble, thrusting his head from a neighboring bush, cried out, "We have disputed long enough; let there be no more rivalry betwixt us."

The most insignificant are generally the most presuming.

THE TORTOISE AND THE EAGLE

A Tortoise, dissatisfied with his lowly life, when he beheld so many of the birds, his neighbors, disporting themselves in the clouds, and thinking that, if he could but once get up into the air, he could soar with the best of them, called one day upon an Eagle and offered him all the treasures of Ocean if he could only teach him to fly. The Eagle would have declined the task, assuring him that the thing was not only absurd but impossible, but being further pressed by the entreaties and promises of the Tortoise, he at length consented to do for him the best he could. So taking him up to a great height in the air and loosing his hold upon him, "Now, then!" cried the Eagle; but the Tortoise, before he could answer him a word, fell plump upon a rock, and was dashed to pieces.

Pride shall have a fall.

THE MULE

A MULE that had grown fat and wanton on too great an allowance of corn, was one day jumping and kicking about, and at length, cocking up her tail, exclaimed, "My dame was a Racer, and I am quite as good as ever she was." But being soon knocked up with her galloping and frisking, she remembered all at once that her sire was but an Ass.

Every truth has two sides; it is well to look at both, before we commit ourselves to either.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

A HARE jeered at a Tortoise for the slowness of his pace. But he laughed and said, that he would run against her and beat her any day she would name. "Come on," said the Hare, "you shall soon see what my feet are made of." So it was agreed that they should start at once. The Tortoise went off jogging along, without a moment's stopping, at his usual steady pace. The Hare, treating the whole matter very lightly, said she would first take a little nap, and that she should soon overtake the Tortoise. Meanwhile the Tortoise plodded on, and the Hare oversleeping herself, arrived at the goal, only to see that the Tortoise had got in before her.

Slow and steady wins the race.

THE HEN AND THE CAT

A CAT hearing that a Hen was laid up sick in her nest, paid her a visit of condolence; and creeping up to her said, "How are you, my dear friend? what can I do for you? what are you in want of? only tell me, if there is anything in the world that I can bring you; but keep up your spirits, and don't be alarmed." "Thank you," said the Hen; "do you be good enough to leave me, and I have no fear but I shall soon be well."

Unbidden guests are often most welcome when they are gone.

THE SHEPHERD-BOY AND THE WOLF

A SHEPHERD-BOY, who tended his flock not far from a village, used to amuse himself at times in crying out "Wolf! Wolf!" Twice or thrice his trick succeeded. The whole village came running out to his assistance; when all the return they got was to be laughed at for their pains. At last one day the Wolf came indeed. The Boy cried out in earnest. But his neighbors, supposing him to be at his

old spirt, paid no heed to his cries, and the Wolf devoured the Sheep. So the Boy learned, when it was too late, the liars are not believed even when they tell the truth.

THE SICK STAG

A Stag that had fallen sick, lay down on the rich herbage of a lawn, close to a wood-side, that she might obtain an easy pasturage. But so many of the beasts came to see her—for she was a good sort of neighbor—that one taking a little, and another a little, they ate up all the grass in the place. So, though recovering from the disease, she pined for want, and in the end lost both her substance and her life.

THE OLD WOMAN AND THE WINE-JAR

An Old Woman saw an empty Wine-jar lying on the ground. Though not a drop of the noble Falernian, with which it had been filled, remained, it still yielded a grateful fragrance to the passers-by. The Old Woman, applying her nose as close as she could and snuffing with all her might and main, exclaimed, "Sweet creature! how charming must your contents once have been, when the very dregs are so delicious!"

THE MOON AND HER MOTHER

The Moon once asked her Mother to make her a little cloak that would fit her well. "How," replied she, "can I make you a cloak to fit you, who are now a New Moon, and then a Full Moon, and then again neither one nor the other?"

THE ASS AND THE GRASSHOPPER

An Ass hearing some Grasshoppers chirping, was delighted with the music, and determining, if he could, to rival them, asked them what it was that they fed upon to make them sing so sweetly? When they told him that they supped upon nothing but dew, the Ass betook himself to the same diet, and soon died of hunger.

One man's meat is another man's poison.

THE FOX AND THE WOODMAN

A Fox, hard pressed by the hounds after a long run, came up to a man who was cutting wood, and begged him to afford him some place where he might hide himself. The man showed him his own

hut, and the Fox creeping in, hid himself in a corner. The Hunters presently came up, and asking the man whether he had seen the Fox, "No," said he, but pointed with his finger to the corner. They, however, not understanding the hint, were off again immediately. When the Fox perceived that they were out of sight, he was stealing off without saying a word. But the man upbraided him, saying, "Is this the way you take leave of your host, without a word of thanks for your safety?" "A pretty host!" said the Fox, turning round upon him; "if you had been as honest with your fingers as you were with your tongue, I should not have left your roof without bidding you farewell."

There is as much malice in a wink as in a word.

THE LAMB AND THE WOLF

A Lamb pursued by a Wolf took refuge in a temple. Upon this the Wolf called out to him, and said, that the priest would slap him if he caught him. "Be it so," said the Lamb: "it is better to be sacrificed to God, than to be devoured by you."

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER

A Crow, ready to die with thirst, flew with joy to a Pitcher, which he saw at a distance. But when he came up to it, he found the water so low that with all his stooping and straining he was unable to reach it. Thereupon he tried to break the Pitcher; then to overturn it; but his strength was not sufficient to do either. At last, seeing some small pebbles at hand, he dropped a great many of them, one by one, into the Pitcher, and so raised the water to the brim, and quenched his thirst.

Skill and Patience will succeed where Force fails. Necessity is the Mother of Invention.

THE CRAB AND HER MOTHER

Said an old Crab to a young one, "Why do you walk so crooked, child? walk straight!" "Mother," said the young Crab, "show me the way, will you? and when I see you taking a straight course, I will try and follow."

Example is better than precept.

JUPITER AND THE CAMEL

When the Camel, in days of yore, besought Jupiter to grant him horns, for that it was a great grief to him to see other animals furnished with them, while he had none; Jupiter not only refused to give

him the horns he asked for, but cropped his ears short for his importunity.

By asking too much, we may lose the little that we had before.

THE ONE-EYED DOE

A Doe that had but one eye used to graze near the sea, and that she might be the more secure from attack, kept her eye towards the land against the approach of the hunters, and her blind side towards the sea, whence she feared no danger. But some sailors rowing by in a boat and seeing her, aimed at her from the water and shot her. When at her last gasp, she sighed to herself: "Ill-fated creature that I am! I was safe on the land-side whence I expected to be attacked, but find an enemy in the sea to which I most looked for protection."

Our troubles often come from the quarter whence we least expect them.

THE LION AND THE FOX

A Fox agreed to wait upon a Lion in the capacity of a servant. Each for a time performed the part belonging to his station; the Fox used to point out the prey, and the Lion fell upon it and seized it. But the Fox, beginning to think himself as good a beast as his master, begged to be allowed to hunt the game instead of finding it. His request was granted, but as he was in the act of making a descent upon a herd, the huntsmen came out upon him, and he was himself made the prize.

Keep to your place, and your place will keep you.

THE TRAVELLERS AND THE BEAR

Two friends were travelling on the same road together, when they met with a Bear. The one in great fear, without a thought of his companion, climbed up into a tree, and hid himself. The other seeing that he had no chance, single-handed, against the Bear, had nothing left but to throw himself on the ground and feign to be dead; for he had heard that the Bear will never touch a dead body. As he thus lay, the Bear came up to his head, muzzling and snuffing at his nose, and ears, and heart, but the man immovably held his breath, and the beast supposing him to be dead, walked away. When the Bear was fairly out of sight, his companion came down out of the tree, and asked what it was that the Bear whispered to him, —"for," says he, "I observed he put his mouth very close to your ear." "Why," replies the other, "it was no great secret; he only

bade me have a care how I kept company with those who, when they get into a difficulty, leave their friends in the lurch."

THE STAG IN THE OX-STALL

A HUNTED Stag, driven out of covert and distracted by fear, made for the first farm-house he saw, and hid himself in an Ox-stall which happened to be open. As he was trying to conceal himself under the straw, "What can you mean," said an Ox, "by running into such certain destruction as to trust yourself to the haunts of man?" "Only do you not betray me," said the Stag, "and I shall be off again on the first opportunity." Evening came on; the herdsman foddered the cattle, but observed nothing. The other farm-servants came in and out. The Stag was still safe. Presently the bailiff passed through; all seemed right. The Stag now feeling himself quite secure began to thank the Oxen for their hospitality. "Wait awhile," said one of them, "we indeed wish you well, but there is yet another person, one with a hundred eyes; if he should happen to come this way I fear your life will be still in jeopardy." While he was speaking, the Master, having finished his supper, came round to see that all was safe for the night, for he thought that his cattle had not of late looked as well as they ought. Going up to the rack, "Why so little fodder here?" says he; "Why is there not more straw?" And "How long, I wonder, would it take to sweep down these cobwebs!" Prying and observing, here and there and everywhere, the Stag's antlers jutting from out the straw, caught his eye, and calling in his servants he instantly made prize of him.

No eye like the Master's eye.

THE COLLIER AND THE FULLER

A COLLIER, who had more room in his house than he wanted for himself, proposed to a Fuller to come and take up his quarters with him. "Thank you," said the Fuller, "but I must decline your offer; for I fear that as fast as I whiten my goods you will blacken them again."

There can be little liking where there is no likeness.

THE LION, THE ASS, AND THE FOX HUNTING

THE Lion, the Ass, and the Fox formed a party to go out hunting. They took a large booty, and when the sport was ended bethought themselves of having a hearty meal. The Lion bade the Ass allot the spoil. So dividing it into three equal parts, the Ass begged his friends to make their choice; at which the Lion, in great

indignation, fell upon the Ass, and tore him to pieces. He then bade the Fox made a division; who, gathering the whole into one great heap, reserved but the smallest mite for himself. "Ah! friend," says the Lion, "who taught you to make so equitable a division?" "I wanted no other lesson," replied the Fox, "than the Ass's fate."

Better be wise by the misfortunes of others than by your own.

THE ASS AND THE LAP-DOG

THERE was an Ass and a Lap-dog that belonged to the same master. The Ass was tied up in the stable, and had plenty of corn and hay to eat, and was as well off as Ass could be. The little Dog was always sporting and gambolling about, caressing and fawning upon his master in a thousand amusing ways, so that he became a great favorite, and was permitted to lie in his master's lap. The Ass, indeed, had enough to do; he was drawing wood all day, and had to take his turn at the mill at night. But while he grieved over his own lot, it galled him more to see the Lap-dog living in such ease and luxury; so thinking that if he acted a like part to his master, he should fare the same, he broke one day from his halter, and rushing into the hall began to kick and prance about in the strangest fashion; then swishing his tail and mimicking the frolics of the favorite, he upset the table where his master was at dinner, breaking it in two and smashing all the crockery; nor would he leave off till he jumped upon his master, and pawed him with his rough-shod feet. The servants, seeing their master in no little danger, thought it was now high time to interfere, and having released him from the Ass's caresses, they so belabored the silly creature with sticks and staves, that he never got up again; and as he breathed his last, exclaimed, "Why could not I have been satisfied with my natural position, without attempting, by tricks and grimaces, to imitate one who was but a puppy after all!"

THE WIND AND THE SUN

A DISPUTE once arose between the Wind and the Sun, which was the stronger of the two, and they agreed to put the point upon this issue, that whichever soonest made a traveller take off his cloak, should be accounted the more powerful. The Wind began, and blew with all his might and main a blast, cold and fierce as a Thracian storm; but the stronger he blew the closer the traveller wrapped his cloak around him, and the tighter he grasped it with his hands. Then broke out the Sun: with his welcome beams he dispersed the vapour and the cold; the traveller felt the genial

warmth, and as the Sun shone brighter and brighter, he sat down, overcome with the heat, and cast his cloak on the ground.

Thus the Sun was declared the conqueror; and it has ever been deemed that persuasion is better than force; and that the sunshine of a kind and gentle manner will sooner lay open a poor man's heart than all the threatenings and force of blustering authority.

THE TREES AND THE AXE

A Woodman came into a forest to ask the Trees to give him a handle for his Axe. It seemed so modest a request that the principal Trees at once agreed to it, and it was settled among them that the plain homely Ash should furnish what was wanted. No sooner had the Woodman fitted the staff to his purpose, than he began laying about him on all sides, felling the noblest Trees in the wood. The Oak now seeing the whole matter too late, whispered to the Cedar, "The first concession has lost all: if we had not sacrificed our humble neighbor, we might have yet stood for ages ourselves."

When the rich surrender the rights of the poor, they give a handle to be used against their own privileges.

THE HARE AND THE HOUND

A Hound having put up a Hare from a bush, chased her for some distance, but the Hare had the best of it, and got off. A Goatherd who was coming by jeered at the Hound, saying that Puss was the better runner of the two. "You forget," replied the Hound, "that it is one thing to be running for your dinner, and another for your life."

THE LION IN LOVE

It happened in days of old that a Lion fell in love with a Woodman's daughter; and had the folly to ask her of her father in marriage. The Woodman was not much pleased with the offer, and declined the honor of so dangerous an alliance. But upon the Lion threatening him with his royal displeasure, the poor man, seeing that so formidable a creature was not to be denied, hit at length upon this expedient: "I feel greatly flattered," said he, "with your proposal; but, noble sir, what great teeth you have got! and what great claws you have got! where is the damsel that would not be frightened at such weapons as these? You must have your teeth drawn and your claws pared before you can be a suitable bridegroom for my daughter." The Lion straightway submitted (for what will not a body do for love?) and then called upon the father to

accept him as a son-in-law. But the Woodman, no longer afraid of the tamed and disarmed bully, seized a stout cudgel and drove the unreasonable suitor from his door.

THE DOLPHINS AND THE SPRAT

The Dolphins and the Whales were at war with one another, and while the battle was at its height, the Sprat stepped in an endeavored to separate them. But one of the Dolphins cried out, "Let us alone, friend! We had rather perish in the contest, than be reconciled by you."

THE WOLVES AND THE SHEEP

Once on a time, the Wolves sent an embassy to the Sheep, desiring that there might be peace between them for the time to come. "Why," said they, "should we be for ever waging this deadly strife? Those wicked Dogs are the cause of all; they are incessantly barking at us, and provoking us. Send them away, and there will be no longer any obstacle to our eternal friendship and peace." The silly Sheep listened, the Dogs were dismissed, and the flock, thus deprived of their best protectors, became an easy prey to their treacherous enemy.

THE BLIND MAN AND THE WHELP

A Blind Man was wont, on any animal being put into his hands, to say what it was. Once they brought to him a Wolf's whelp. He felt it all over, and being in doubt, said, "I know not whether thy father was a Dog or a Wolf; but this I know, that I would not trust thee among a flock of sheep."

Evil dispositions are early shown.

THE BELLY AND THE MEMBERS

In former days, when all a man's limbs did not work together as amicably as they do now, but each had a will and way of its own, the Members generally began to find fault with the Belly for spending an idle luxurious life, while they were wholly occupied in laboring for its support, and ministering to its wants and pleasures; so they entered into a conspiracy to cut off its supplies for the future. The Hands were no longer to carry food to the Mouth, nor the Mouth to receive the food, nor the Teeth to chew it. They had not long persisted in this course of starving the Belly into subjection, ere they all began, one by one, to fail and flag, and the whole

body to pine away. Then the Members were convinced that the Belly also, cumbersome and useless as it seemed, had an important function of its own; that they could no more do without it than it could do without them; and that if they would have the constitution of the body in a healthy state, they must work together, each in his proper sphere, for the common good of all.

THE DOVE AND THE CROW

A Dove that was kept shut up in a cage was congratulating herself upon the number of her family. "Cease, good soul," said a Crow, "to boast on that subject; for the more young ones you have, so many more slaves will you have to groan over."

What are blessings in freedom are curses in slavery.

HERCULES AND THE WAGONER

As a Countryman was carelessly driving his wagon along a miry lane, his wheels stuck so deep in the clay that the horses came to a stand-still. Upon this the man, without making the least effort of his own, began to call upon Hercules to come and help him out of his trouble. But Hercules bade him lay his shoulder to the wheel, assuring him that Heaven only aided those who endeavored to help themselves.

It is in vain to expect our prayers to be heard, if we do not strive as well as pray.

THE MONKEY AND THE CAMEL

At a great meeting of the Beasts, the Monkey stood up to dance. Having greatly distinguished himself, and being applauded by all present, it moved the spleen of the Camel, who came forward and began to dance also; but he made himself so utterly absurd, that all the Beasts in indignation set upon him with clubs and drove him out of the ring.

Stretch your arm no further than your sleeve will reach.

THE FOX WITHOUT A TAIL

A Fox being caught in a trap, was glad to compound for his neck by leaving his tail behind him; but upon coming abroad into the world, he began to be so sensible of the disgrace such a defect would bring upon him, that he almost wished he had died rather than come away without it. However, resolving to make the best of a bad matter, he called a meeting of the rest of the Foxes, and proposed that all

should follow his example. "You have no notion," said he, "of the ease and comfort with which I now move about: I could never have believed it if I had not tried it myself; but really, when one comes to reason upon it, a tail is such an ugly, inconvenient, unnecessary appendage, that the only wonder is that, as Foxes, we could have put up with it so long. I propose, therefore, my worthy brethren, that you will all profit by the experience that I am most willing to afford you, and that all Foxes from this day forward cut off their tails." Upon this one of the oldest stepped forward, and said, "I rather think, my friend, that you would not have advised us to part with our tails, if there were any chance of recovering your own."

THE FARTHING RUSHLIGHT

A Rushlight that had grown fat and saucy with too much grease, boasted one evening before a large company, that it shone brighter than the sun, the moon, and all the stars. At that moment, a puff of wind came and blew it out. One who lighted it again said, "Shine on, friend Rushlight, and hold your tongue; the lights of heaven are never blown out."

THE HARES AND THE FROGS

Once upon a time, the Hares, driven desperate by the many enemies that compassed them about on every side, came to the sad resolution that there was nothing left for them but to make away with themselves, one and all. Off they scudded to a lake hard by, determined to drown themselves as the most miserable of creatures. A shoal of Frogs seated upon the bank, frightened at the approach of the Hares, leaped in the greatest alarm and confusion into the water. "Nay, then, my friends," said a Hare that was foremost, "our case is not so desperate yet; for here are other poor creatures more faint-hearted than ourselves."

Take not comfort, but courage, from another's distress; and be sure, whatever your misery, that there are some whose lot you would not exchange with your own.

THE LIONESS

There was a great stir made among all the Beasts, which could boast of the largest family. So they came to the Lioness. "And how many," said they, "do you have at a birth?" "One," said she, grimly; "but that one is a Lion."

Quality comes before quantity.

THE ANGLER AND THE LITTLE FISH

An Angler, who gained his livelihood by fishing, after a long day's toil, caught nothing but one little fish. "Spare me," said the little creature, "I beseech you; so small as I am, I shall make you a sorry meal. I am not come to my full size yet; throw me back into the river for the present, and then, when I am grown bigger and worth eating, you may come here and catch me again." "No, no," said the man; "I have got you now, but if you once get back into the water, your tune will be 'Catch me, if you can.'"

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

THE FARMER AND HIS SONS

A Farmer being on the point of death, and wishing to show his sons the way to success in farming, called them to him, and said, "My children, I am now departing from this life, but all that I have to leave you, you will find in the vineyard." The sons, supposing that he referred to some hidden treasure, as soon as the old man was dead, set to work with their spades and ploughs and every implement that was at hand, and turned up the soil over and over again. They found indeed no treasure; but the vines, strengthened and improved by this thorough tillage, yielded a finer vintage than they had ever yielded before, and more than repaid the young husbandmen for all their trouble. So truly is industry in itself a treasure.

THE HUSBANDMAN AND THE STORK

A Husbandman fixed a net in his field a catch the Cranes that came to feed on his new-sown corn. When he went to examine the net, and see what Cranes he had taken, a Stork was found among the number. "Spare me," cried the Stork, "and let me go. I am no Crane. I have eaten none of your corn. I am a poor innocent Stork, as you may see—the most pious and dutiful of birds. I honor and succor my father and mother. I—" But the Husbandman cut him short. "All this may be true enough, I dare say, but this I know, that I have caught you with those who were destroying my crops, and you must suffer with the company in which you are taken."

Ill company proves more than fair professions.

THE MOLE AND HER MOTHER

Said a young Mole to her mother, "Mother, I can see." So, in order to try her, her Mother put a lump of frankincense before her, and asked her what it was. "A stone," said the young one. "O,

my child!" said the Mother, "not only do you not see, but you cannot even smell."

Brag upon one defect, and betray another.

THE OLD WOMAN AND THE PHYSICIAN

An old Woman, who had become blind, called in a Physician, and promised him, before witnesses, that if he would restore her eyesight, she would give him a most handsome reward, but that if he did not cure her, and her malady remained, he should receive nothing. The agreement being concluded, the Physician tampered from time to time with the old lady's eyes, and meanwhile, bit by bit, carried off her goods. At length after a time he set about the task in earnest and cured her, and thereupon asked for the stipulated fee. But the old Woman, on recovering her sight, saw none of her goods left in the house. When, therefore, the Physician importuned her in vain for payment, and she continually put him off with excuses, he summoned her at last before the Judges. Being now called upon for defense, she said, "What this man says is true enough; I promised to give him his fee if my sight were restored, and nothing if my eyes continued bad. Now then he says that I am cured, but I say just the contrary; for when my malady first came on, I could see all sorts of furniture and goods in my house; but now, when he says he has restored my sight, I cannot see one jot of either."

He who plays a trick must be prepared to take a joke.

THE SWALLOW AND THE RAVEN

The Swallow and the Raven contended which was the finer bird. The Raven ended by saying, "Your beauty is but for the summer, but mine will stand many winters."

Durability is better than show.

THE NURSE AND THE WOLF

A Wolf, roving about in search of food, passed by a door where a child was crying and its Nurse chiding it. As he stood listening he heard the Nurse say, "Now leave crying this instant, or I'll throw you out to the Wolf." So thinking that the old woman would be as good as her word, he waited quietly about the house, in expectation of a capital supper. But as it grew dark and the child became quiet, he again heard the Nurse, who was now fondling the child, say, "There's a good dear then; if the naughty Wolf comes for my child, we'll beat him to death, we will." The Wolf, disappointed and mortified, thought it was now high time to be going home, and, hun-

gry as a wolf indeed, muttered as he went along: "This comes of heeding people who say one thing and mean another!"

THE DOG AND HIS MASTER

A CERTAIN Man was setting out on a journey, when, seeing his Dog standing at the door, he cried out to him, "What are you gaping about? Get ready to come with me." The Dog, wagging his tail, said, "I am all right, Master; it is you who have to pack up."

THE MONKEY AND THE DOLPHIN

IT was an old custom among sailors to carry about with them little Maltese lap-dogs, or Monkeys, to amuse them on the voyage; so it happened once upon a time that a man took with him a Monkey as a companion on board ship. While they were off Sunium, the famous promontory of Attica, the ship was caught in a violent storm, and being capsized, all on board were thrown in the water, and had to swim for land as best they could. And among them was the Monkey. A Dolphin saw him struggling, and, taking him for a man, went to his assistance and bore him on his back straight for shore. When they had just got opposite Piræus, the harbor of Athens, the Dolphin asked the Monkey "If he were an Athenian?" "Yes," answered the Monkey, "assuredly, and of one of the first families in the place." "Then, of course, you know Piræus," said the Dolphin. "Oh, yes," said the Monkey, who thought it was the name of some distinguished citizen," he is one of my most intimate friends." Indignant at so gross a deceit and falsehood, the Dolphin dived to the bottom, and left the lying Monkey to his fate.

THE WOLF AND THE SHEEP

A WOLF that had been bitten by a dog, and was in a very sad case, being unable to move, called to a Sheep, that was passing by, and begged her to fetch him some water from the neighboring stream. "For if you," said he, "will bring me drink, I will find meat myself." "Yes," said the Sheep, "I make no doubt of it; for, if I come near enough to give you the drink you will soon make mincemeat of me."

THE BUNDLE OF STICKS

A HUSBANDMAN who had a quarrelsome family, after having tried in vain to reconcile them by words, thought he might more readily prevail by an example. So he called his sons and bade them lay

a bundle of sticks before him. Then having tied them into a faggot, he told the lads, one after the other, to take it up and break it. They all tried, but tried in vain. Then untying the faggots, he gave them the sticks to break one by one. This they did with the greatest ease. Then said the father, "Thus you, my sons, as long as you remain united, are a match for all your enemies; but differ and separate, and you are undone."

Union is strength.

THE WIDOW AND THE SHEEP

There was a certain Widow who had an only Sheep; and, wishing to make the most of his wool, she sheared him so closely that she cut his skin as well as his fleece. The Sheep, smarting under this treatment, cried out—"Why do you torture me thus? What will my blood add to the weight of the wool? If you want my flesh, Dame, send for the Butcher, who will put me out of my misery at once; but if you want my fleece, send for the Shearer, who will clip my wool without drawing my blood."

Middle measures are often but middling measures.

THE MAN AND THE LION

Once upon a time a Man and a Lion were journeying together, and came at length to high words which was the braver and stronger creature of the two. As the dispute waxed warmer they happened to pass by, on the road-side, a statue of a man strangling a lion. "See there," said the Man; "what more undeniable proof can you have of our superiority than that?" "That," said the Lion, "is your version of the story; let us be the sculptors, and for one lion under the feet of a man, you shall have twenty men under the paw of a lion."

Men are but sorry witnesses in their own cause.

THE MAN BITTEN BY A DOG

A Man who had been bitten by a Dog, was going about asking who could cure him. One that met him said, "Sir, if you would be cured, take a bit of bread and dip it in the blood of the wound, and give it to the dog that bit you." The Man smiled, and said, "If I were to follow your advice, I should be bitten by all the dogs in the city."

He who proclaims himself ready to buy up his enemies will never want a supply of them.

THE HORSE AND THE STAG

A Horse had the whole range of a meadow to himself; but a Stag coming and damaging the pasture, the Horse, anxious to have his revenge, asked a Man if he could not assist him in punishing the Stag. "Yes," said the Man, "only let me put a bit in your mouth, and get upon your back, and I will find the weapons." The Horse agreed, and the Man mounted accordingly; but instead of getting his revenge, the Horse has been from that time forward the slave of Man.

Revenge is too dearly purchased at the price of liberty.

THE BIRDCATCHER AND THE LARK

A Birdcatcher was setting springs upon a common, when a Lark, who saw him at work, asked him from a distance what he was doing. "I am establishing a colony," said he, "and laying the foundations of my first city." Upon that, the man retired to a little distance and hid himself. The Lark, believing his assertion, soon flew down to the place, and swallowing the bait, found himself entangled in the noose; whereupon the Birdcatcher straightway coming up to him, made him his prisoner. "A pretty fellow are you!" said the Lark; "if these are the colonies you found, you will not find many emigrants."

THE MISCHIEVOUS DOG

There was a Dog so wild and mischievous, that his master was obliged to fasten a heavy clog about his neck, to prevent him biting and worrying his neighbors. The Dog, priding himself upon his badge, paraded in the market-place, shaking his clog to attract attention. But a sly friend whispered to him, "The less noise you make, the better; your mark of distinction is no reward of merit, but a badge of disgrace!"

Men often mistake notoriety for fame, and would rather be remarked for their vices or follies than not be noticed at all.

THE TRAVELERS AND THE PLANE-TREE

Some Travelers, on a hot day in summer, oppressed with the noontide sun, perceiving a Plane-tree near at hand, made straight for it, and throwing themselves on the ground rested under its shade. Looking up, as they lay, towards the tree, they said one to another, "What a useless tree to man is this barren Plane!" But the Plane-tree answered them,—"Ungrateful creatures! at the very moment that

you are enjoying benefit from me, you rail at me as being good for nothing."

Ingratitude is as blind as it is base.

THE HERDSMAN AND THE LOST BULL

A Herdsman, who had lost a Bull, went roaming through the forest in search of it. Being unable to find it, he began to vow to all the Nymphs of the forest and the mountain, to Mercury and to Pan, that he would offer up a lamb to them, if he could only discover the thief. At that moment, gaining a high ridge of ground, he sees a Lion standing over the carcass of his beautiful Bull. And now the unhappy man vows the Bull into the bargain, if he may only escape from the thief's clutches.

Were our ill-judged prayers to be always granted, how many would be ruined at their own request!

THE VIPER AND THE FILE

A Viper entering into a smith's shop began looking about for something to eat. At length, seeing a File, he went up to it and commenced biting at it; but the File bade him leave him alone, saying, "You are likely to get little from me, whose business it is to bite others."

JUPITER, NEPTUNE, MINERVA, AND MOMUS

Jupiter, Neptune, and Minerva (as the story goes) once contended which of them should make the most perfect thing. Jupiter made a Man; Pallas made a House; and Neptune made a Bull; and Momus—for he had not yet been turned out of Olympus—was chosen judge to decide which production had the greatest merit. He began by finding fault with the Bull, because his horns were not below his eyes, so that he might see when he butted with them. Next he found fault with the Man, because there was no window in his breast that all might see his inward thoughts and feelings. And lastly he found fault with the House, because it had no wheels to enable its inhabitants to remove from bad neighbors. But Jupiter forthwith drove the critic out of heaven, telling him that a fault-finder could never be pleased, and that it was time to criticize the works of others when he had done some good thing himself.

MERCURY AND THE WOODMAN

A Woodman was felling a tree on the bank of a river, and by chance let slip his axe into the water, when it immediately sunk to the bottom. Being thereupon in great distress, he sat down by the side of the stream and lamented his loss bitterly. But Mercury, whose river it was, taking compassion on him, appeared at the instant before him; and hearing from him the cause of his sorrow, dived to the bottom of the river, and bringing up a golden axe, asked the Woodman if that were his. Upon the man's denying it, Mercury dived a second time, and brought up one of silver. Again the man denied that it was his. So diving a third time, he produced the identical axe which the man had lost. "That is mine!" said the Woodman, delighted to have recovered his own; and so pleased was Mercury with the fellow's truth and honesty, that he at once made him a present of the other two.

The man goes to his companions, and giving them an account of what had happened to him, one of them determined to try whether he might not have the like good fortune. So repairing to the same place, as if for the purpose of cutting wood, he let slip his axe on purpose into the river, and then sat down on the bank and made a great show of weeping. Mercury appeared as before, and hearing from him that his tears were caused by the loss of his axe, dived once more into the stream; and bringing up a golden axe, asked him if that was the axe he had lost. "Aye, surely," said the man, eagerly; and he was about to grasp the treasure, when Mercury, to punish his impudence and lying, not only refused to give him that, but would not so much as restore him his own axe again.

Honesty is the best policy.

THE GEESE AND THE CRANES

Some Geese and some Cranes fed together in the same field. One day the sportsmen came suddenly down upon them. The Cranes being light of body, flew off in a moment and escaped; but the Geese, weighed down by their fat, were all taken.

In civil commotions, they fare best who have least to fetter them.

JUPITER AND THE BEE

In days of yore, when the world was young, a Bee that had stored her combs with a bountiful harvest, flew up to heaven to present as a sacrifice an offering of honey. Jupiter was so delighted with the gift, that he promised to give her whatsoever she should ask for.

She therefore besought him, saying, "O glorious Jove, maker and master of me, poor Bee, give thy servant a sting, that when any one approaches my hive to take the honey, I may kill him on the spot." Jupiter, out of love to the man, was angry at her request, and thus answered her: "Your prayer shall not be granted in the way you wish, but the sting which you ask for you shall have; and when any one comes to take away your honey and you attack him, the wound shall be fatal not to him but to you, for your life shall go with your sting."

He that prays harm for his neighbor, begs a curse upon himself.

THE GOATHERD AND THE GOATS

It was a stormy day, and the snow was falling fast, when a Goatherd drove his Goats, all white with snow, into a desert cave for shelter. There he found that a herd of Wild-goats, more numerous and larger than his own, had already taken possession. So, thinking to secure them all, he left his own Goats to take care of themselves, and threw the branches which he had brought for them to the Wild-goats to browse on. But when the weather cleared up, he found his own Goats had perished from hunger, while the Wild-goats were off and away to the hills and woods. So the Goatherd returned a laughing-stock to his neighbors, having failed to gain the Wild-goats, and having lost his own.

They who neglect their old friends for the sake of new, are rightly served if they lose both.

THE COUNTRY MAID AND HER MILK-CAN

A Country Maid was walking along with a can of Milk upon her head, when she fell into the following train of reflections. "The money for which I shall sell this milk will enable me to increase my stock of eggs to three hundred. These eggs, allowing for what may prove addle, and what may be destroyed by vermin, will produce at least two hundred and fifty chickens. The chickens will be fit to carry to market just at the time when poultry is always dear; so that by the new-year I cannot fail of having money enough to purchase a new gown. Green—let me consider—yes, green becomes my complexion best, and green it shall be. In this dress I will go to the fair, where all the young fellows will strive to have me for a partner; but no—I shall refuse every one of them, and with a disdainful toss turn from them." Transported with this idea, she could not forbear acting with her head the thought that thus passed in her mind; when—down came the can of milk! and all her imaginary happiness vanished in a moment.

THE BEEVES AND THE BUTCHERS

The Beeves, once on a time, determined to make an end of the Butchers, whose whole art, they said, was conceived for their destruction. So they assembled together, and had already whetted their horns for the contest, when a very old Ox, who had long worked at the plough, thus addressed them:—"Have a care, my friends, what you do. These men, at least, kill us with decency and skill, but if we fall into the hands of bothers instead of butchers, we shall suffer a double death; for be well assured, men will not go without beef, even though they were without butchers."

Better to bear the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of.

THE THIEF AND HIS MOTHER

A Schoolboy stole a horn-book from one of his schoolfellows, and brought it home to his mother. Instead of chastising him, she rather encouraged him in the deed. In course of time the boy, now grown into a man, began to steal things of greater value, till at length being caught in the very act, he was bound and led to execution. Perceiving his mother following among the crowd, wailing and beating her breast, he begged the officers to be allowed to speak one word in his ear. When she quickly drew near and applied her ear to her son's mouth, he seized the lobe of it tightly between his teeth and bit it off. Upon this she cried out lustily, and the crowd joined her in upbraiding the unnatural son, as if his former evil ways had not been enough, but that his last act must be a deed of impiety against his mother. But he replied: "It is she who is the cause of my ruin; for if when I stole my schoolfellow's horn-book and brought it to her, she had given me a sound flogging, I should never have so grown in wickedness as to come to this untimely end."

Nip evil in the bud. Spare the rod and spoil the child.

THE CAT AND THE MICE

A Cat, grown feeble with age, and no longer able to hunt the Mice as she was wont to do, bethought herself how she might entice them within reach of her paw. Thinking that she might pass herself off for a bag, or for a dead cat at least, she suspended herself by the hind legs from a peg, in the hope that the Mice would no longer be afraid to come near her. An old Mouse, who was wise enough to keep his distance, whispered to a friend, "Many a bag have I seen in my day, but never one with a cat's head." "Hang

there, good Madam," said the other, "as long as you please, but I would not trust myself within reach of you though you were stuffed with straw."

Old birds are not to be caught with chaff.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE SUN

Once upon a time, in a very warm summer, it was currently reported that the Sun was going to be married. All the birds and the beasts were delighted at the thought; and the Frogs, above all others, were determined to have a good holiday. But on old Toad put a stop to their festivities by observing that it was an occasion for sorrow rather than for joy. "For if," said he, "the Sun of himself now parches up the marshes so that we can hardly bear it, what will become of us if he should have half a dozen little Suns in addition?"

THE GNAT AND THE BULL

A Gnat that had been buzzing about the head of a Bull, at length settling himself down upon his horn, begged his pardon for incommoding him: "but if," says he, "my weight at all inconveniences you, pray say so and I will be off in a moment." "Oh, never trouble your head about that," says the Bull, "for 'tis all one to me whether you go or stay; and, to say the truth, I did not know you were there."

The smaller the Mind the greater the Conceit.

THE EAGLE AND THE ARROW

A Bowman took aim at an Eagle and hit him in the heart. As the Eagle turned his head in the agonies of death, he saw that the Arrow was winged with his own feathers. "How much sharper," said he, "are the wounds made by weapons which we ourselves have supplied!"

THE DOG IN THE MANGER

A Dog made his bed in a Manger, and lay snarling and growling to keep the horses from their provender. "See," said one of them, "what a miserable cur! who neither can eat corn himself, nor will allow those to eat it who can."

THE MICE IN COUNCIL

Once upon a time the Mice being sadly distressed by the persecution of the Cat, resolved to call a meeting, to decide upon the best

means of getting rid of this continual annoyance. Many plans were discussed and rejected; at last a young Mouse got up and proposed that a Bell should be hung round the Cat's neck, that they might for the future always have notice of her coming, and so be able to escape. This proposition was hailed with the greatest applause, and was agreed to at once unanimously. Upon which an old Mouse, who had sat silent all the while, got up and said that he considered the contrivance most ingenious, and that it would, no doubt, be quite successful; but he had only one short question to put, namely, which of them it was who would Bell the Cat?

It is one thing to propose, another to execute.

THE LION, THE BEAR, AND THE FOX

A Lion and a Bear found the carcass of a Fawn, and had a long fight for it. The contest was so hard and even, that, at last, both of them, half-blinded and half-dead, lay panting on the ground, without strength to touch the prize that was stretched between them. A Fox coming by at the time, and seeing their helpless condition, stepped in between the combatants and carried off the booty. "Poor creatures that we are," cried they, "who have been exhausting all our strength and injuring one another, merely to give a rogue a dinner!"

THE FOX AND THE HEDGEHOG

A Fox, while crossing over a river, was driven by the stream into a narrow gorge, and lay there for a long time unable to get out, covered with myriads of horse-flies that had fastened themselves upon him. A Hedgehog, who was wandering in that direction, saw him, and, taking compassion on him, asked him if he should drive away the flies that were so tormenting him. But the Fox begged him to do nothing of the sort. "Why not?" asked the Hedgehog. "Because," replied the Fox, "these flies that are upon me now, are already full, and draw but little blood, but should you remove them, a swarm of fresh and hungry ones will come, who will not leave a drop of blood in my body."

When we throw off rulers or dependants, who have already made the most of us, we do but, for the most part, lay ourselves open to others who will make us bleed yet more freely.

THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS

A certain man had the good fortune to possess a Goose that laid him a Golden Egg every day. But dissatisfied with so slow

an income, and thinking to seize the whole treasure at once, he killed the Goose; and cutting her open, found her—just what any other goose would be!

Much wants more and loses all.

THE LION AND THE DOLPHIN

A Lion was roaming on the sea-shore, when, seeing a Dolphin basking on the surface of the water, he invited him to form an alliance with him, "for," said he, "as I am the king of the beasts, and you are the king of the fishes, we ought to be the greatest friends and allies possible." The Dolphin gladly assented; and the Lion, not long after, having a fight with a wild bull, called upon the Dolphin for his promised support. But when he, though ready to assist him, found himself unable to come out of the sea for the purpose, the Lion accused him of having betrayed him. "Do not blame me," said the Dolphin in reply, "but blame my nature, which however powerful at sea, is altogether helpless on land."

In choosing allies we must look to their power as well as their will to aid us.

THE TRUMPETER TAKEN PRISONER

A Trumpeter being taken prisoner in a battle, begged hard for quarter. "Spare me, good sire, I beseech you," said he, "and put me not to death without cause, for I have killed no one myself, nor have I any arms but this trumpet only." "For that very reason," said they who had seized him, "shall you the sooner die, for without the spirit to fight, yourself, you stir up others to warfare and bloodshed."

He who incites to strife is worse than he who takes part in it.

THE MOUNTEBANK AND THE COUNTRYMAN

A certain wealthy patrician, intending to treat the Roman people with some theatrical entertainment, publicly offered a reward to any one who would produce a novel spectacle. Incited by emulation, artists arrived from all parts to contest the prize, among whom a well-known witty Mountebank gave out that he had a new kind of entertainment that had never yet been produced on any stage. This report being spread abroad, brought the whole city together. The theatre could hardly contain the number of spectators. And when the artist appeared alone upon the stage, without any apparatus, or any assistants, curiosity and suspense kept the spectators in profound silence. On a sudden he thrust down his head into his bosom, and

mimicked the squeaking of a young pig, so naturally, that the audience insisted upon it that he had one under his cloak, and ordered him to be searched; which being done, and nothing appearing, they loaded him with the most extravagant applause.

A Countryman among the audience observing what passed—"Oh!" says he, "I can do better than this;" and immediately gave out that he would perform the next day. Accordingly, on the morrow, a yet greater crowd was collected. Prepossessed, however, in favour of the Mountebank they came rather to laugh at the Countryman than to pass a fair judgment on him. They both came out upon the stage. The Mountebank grunts away first, and calls the greatest clapping and applause. Then the Countryman, pretending that he concealed a little pig under his garments (and he had, in fact, really got one), pinched its ear till he made it squeak. The people cried out that the Mountebank had imitated the pig much more naturally, and hooted to the Countryman to quit the stage; but he, to convict them to their face, produced the real pig from his bosom. "And now, gentlemen, you may see," said he, "what a pretty sort of judges you are!"

It is easier to convince a man against his senses than against his will.

THE HUNTER AND THE FISHERMAN

A HUNTER was returning from the mountains loaded with game, and a Fisherman was at the same time coming home with his creel full of fish, when they chanced to meet by the way. The Hunter took a fancy to a dish of fish: the Fisher preferred a supper of game. So each gave to the other the contents of his own basket. And thus they continued daily to exchange provisions, till one who had observed them said: "Now, by this invariable interchange, will they destroy the zest of their meal; and each will soon wish to return to his own store again."

THE DOG INVITED TO SUPPER

A GENTLEMAN, having prepared a great feast, invited a Friend to supper; and the Gentleman's Dog, meeting the Friend's Dog, "Come," said he, "my good fellow, and sup with us to-night." The Dog was delighted with the invitation, and as he stood by and saw the preparations for the feast, said to himself, "Capital fare indeed! this is, in truth, good luck. I shall revel in dainties, and I will take good care to lay in an ample stock to-night, for I may have nothing to eat to-morrow." As he said this to himself, he wagged his tail, and gave a sly look at his friend who had invited him. But his tail wagging to and fro caught the cook's eye, who seeing a stranger, straightway

seized him by the legs, and threw him out of the window. When he reached the ground, he set off yelping down the street; upon which the neighbors' Dogs ran up to him, and asked him how he liked his supper. "I'faith," said he, with sorry smile, "I hardly know, for we drank so deep that I can't even tell you which way I got out of the house."

They who enter by the back-stairs may expect to be shown out at the window.

THE FROGS ASKING FOR A KING

In the days of old, when the Frogs were all at liberty in the lakes, and had grown quite weary of following every one his own devices, they assembled one day together, and with no little clamour petitioned Jupiter to let them have a King to keep them in better order, and make them lead honester lives. Jupiter, knowing the vanity of their hearts, smiled at their request, and threw down a Log into the lake, which by the splash and commotion it made, sent the whole commonwealth into the greatest terror and amazement. They rushed under the water and into the mud, and dared not come within ten leaps' length of the spot where it lay. At length one Frog bolder than the rest ventured to pop his head above the water, and take a survey of their new King at a respectful distance. Presently, when they perceived the Log lie stock-still, others began to swim up to it and around it; till by degrees, growing bolder and bolder, they at last leaped upon it, and treated it with the greatest contempt. Dissatisfied with so tame a ruler, they forthwith petitioned Jupiter a second time for another and more active King. Upon which he sent them a Stork, who no sooner arrived among them than he began laying hold of them and devouring them one by one as fast as he could, and it was in vain that they endeavoured to escape him. Then they sent Mercury with a private message to Jupiter, beseeching him that he would take pity on them once more; but Jupiter replied, that they were only suffering the punishment due to their folly, and that another time they would learn to let well alone, and not be dissatisfied with their natural condition.

THE FIR-TREE AND THE BRAMBLE

A fir-tree was one day boasting itself to a Bramble. "You are of no use at all; but how could barns and houses be built without me?" "Good sir," said the Bramble, "when the woodmen come here with their axes and saws, what would you give to be a Bramble and not a Fir?"

A humble lot in security is better than the dangers that encompass the high and haughty.

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES

THERE was a brood of Young larks in a field of corn, which was just ripe, and the mother, looking every day for the reapers, left word, whenever she went out in search of food, that her young ones should report to her all the news they heard. One day, while she was absent, the master came to look at the state of the crop. "It is full time," said he, "to call in all my neighbours and get my corn reaped." When the old Lark came home, the young ones told their mother what they had heard, and begged her to remove them forthwith. "Time enough," said she; "if he trusts to his neighbours, he will have to wait awhile yet for his harvest." Next day, however, the owner came again, and finding the sun still hotter and the corn more ripe, and nothing done, "There is not a moment to be lost," said he; "we cannot depend upon our neighbours: we must call in our relations;" and, turning to his son, "Go call your uncles and cousins, and see that they begin to-morrow." In still greater fear, the young ones repeated to their mother the farmer's words. "If that be all," says she, "do not be frightened, for the relations have got harvest work of their own; but take particular notice what you hear the next time, and be sure you let me know." She went obroad the next day, and the owner coming as before, and finding the grain falling to the ground from over-ripeness, and still no one at work, called to his son. "We must wait for our neighbours and friends no longer; do you go and hire some reapers to-night, and we will set to work ourselves to-morrow." When the young ones told their mother this—"Then," said she, "it is time to be off, indeed; for when a man takes up his business himself, instead of leaving it to others, you may be sure that he means to set to work in earnest."

THE FISHERMAN

A FISHERMAN went to a river to fish; and when he had laid his nets across the stream, he tied a stone to a long cord, and beat the water on either side of the net, to drive the fish into the meshes. One of the neighbours that lived thereabouts seeing him thus employed, went up to him and blamed him exceedingly for disturbing the water, and making it so muddy as to be unfit to drink. "I am sorry," said the Fisherman, "that this does not please you, but it is by thus troubling the waters that I gain my living."

THE THIEF AND THE DOG

A THIEF coming to rob a house would have stopped the barking of a Dog by throwing sops to him. "Away with you!" said the Dog; "I had my suspicions of you before, but this excess of civility assures me that you are a rogue."

A bribe in hand betrays mischief at heart.

THE ASS AND HIS MASTERS

AN Ass, that belonged to a Gardener, and had little to eat and much to do, besought Jupiter to release him from the Gardener's service, and give him another master. Jupiter, angry at his discontent, made him over to a Potter. He had now heavier burdens to carry than before, and again appeared to Jupiter to relieve him, who accordingly contrived that he should be sold to a Tanner. The Ass having now fallen into worse hands than ever, and daily observing how his master was employed, exclaimed with a groan, "Alas, wretch that I am! it had been better for me to have remained content with my former masters, for now I see that my present owner not only works me harder while living, but will not even spare my hide when I am dead!"

He that is discontented in one place will seldom be happy in another.

THE OLD MAN AND DEATH

AN Old Man that had traveled a long way with a huge bundle of sticks, found himself so weary that he cast it down, and called upon Death to deliver him from his most miserable existence. Death came straightway to his call, and asked him what he wanted. "Pray, good sir," says he, "do me but the favor to help me up with my burden again."

It is one thing to call for Death, and another to see him coming.

THE DOCTOR AND HIS PATIENT

A DOCTOR had been for some time attending upon a sick man, who, however, died under his hands. At the funeral the Doctor went about among the relations, saying, "Our poor friend, if he had only refrained from wine, and attended to his inside, and used proper means, would not have been lying there." One of the mourners answered him, "My good sir, it is of no use your saying this now; you

ought to have prescribed these things when your Patient was alive to take them."

The best advice may come too late.

THE BIRDS, THE BEASTS, AND THE BAT

Once upon a time there was a fierce war waged between the Birds and the Beasts. For a long while the issue of the battle was uncertain, and the Bat, taking advantage of his ambiguous nature, kept aloof and remained neutral. At length when the Beasts seemed to prevail, the Bat joined their forces and appeared active in the fight; but a rally being made by the Birds, which proved successful, he was found at the end of the day among the ranks of the winning party. A peace being speedily concluded, the Bat's conduct was condemned alike by both parties, and being acknowledged by neither, and so excluded from the terms of the truce, he was obliged to skulk off as best he could, and has ever since lived in holes and corners, never daring to show his face except in the duskiness of twilight.

THE TWO POTS

Two Pots, one of earthenware, the other of brass, were carried down a river in a flood. The Brazen Pot begged his companion to keep by his side, and he would protect him. "Thank you for your offer," said the Earthen Pot, "but that is just what I am afraid of; if you will only keep at a distance, I may float down in safety; but should we come in contact, I am sure to be the sufferer."

Avoid too powerful neighbors; for, should there be a collision, the weakest goes to the wall.

THE LION AND THE GOAT

On a summer's day, when everything was suffering from extreme heat, a Lion and a Goat came at the same time to quench their thirst at a small fountain. They at once fell to quarreling which should first drink of the water, till at last it seemed that each was determined to resist the other even to death. But, ceasing from the strife for a moment, to recover breath, they saw a flock of vultures hovering over them, only waiting to pounce upon whichever of them should fall. Whereupon they instantly made up their quarrel, agreeing that it was far better for them both to become friends, than to furnish food for the crows and vultures.

THE ARAB AND THE CAMEL

An Arab having loaded his Camel, asked him whether he preferred to go up hill or down hill. "Pray, Master," said the Camel dryly, "is the straight way across the plain shut up?"

THE WOLF AND THE SHEPHERD

A Wolf had long hung about a flock of sheep, and had done them no harm. The Shepherd, however, had his suspicions, and for a while was always on the look-out against him as an avowed enemy. But when the Wolf continued for a long time following in the train of his flock without the least attempt to annoy them, he began to look upon him more as a friend than a foe; and having one day occasion to go into the city, he intrusted the sheep to his care. The Wolf no sooner saw his opportunity than he forthwith fell upon the sheep and worried them; and the Shepherd, on his return, seeing his flock destroyed, exclaimed, "Fool that I am! yet I deserved no less for trusting my Sheep with a Wolf!"

There is more danger from a pretended friend than from an open enemy.

THE TRAVELERS AND THE HATCHET

Two men were traveling along the same road, when one of them picking up a hatchet cries, "See what I have found!" "Do not say I," says the other, "but we have found." After a while, up came the men who had lost the hatchet, and charged the man who had it with the theft. "Alas," says he to his companion, "we are undone!" "Do not say we," replied the other, "but I am undone; for he that will not allow his friend to share the prize, must not expect him to share the danger."

THE ASS, THE FOX, AND THE LION

An Ass and a Fox having made a compact alliance, went out into the fields to hunt. They met a Lion on the way. The Fox seeing the impending danger, made up to the Lion, and whispered that he would betray the Ass into his power if he would promise to bear him harmless. The Lion having agreed to do so, the Fox contrived to lead the Ass into a snare. The Lion no sooner saw the Ass secured, than he fell at once upon the Fox, reserving the other for his next meal.

THE BEES, THE DRONES, AND THE WASP

Some Bees had built their comb in the hollow trunk of an oak. The Drones asserted that it was their doing, and belonged to them. The cause was brought into court before Judge Wasp. Knowing something of the parties, he thus addressed them:—"The plaintiffs and defendants are so much alike in shape and color as to render the ownership a doubtful matter, and the case has very properly been brought before me. The ends of justice, and the object of the court, will best be furthered by the plan which I propose. Let each party take a hive to itself, and build up a new comb, that from the shape of the cells and the taste of the honey, the lawful proprietors of the property in dispute may appear." The Bees readily assented to the Wasp's plan. The Drones declined it. Whereupon the Wasp gave judgment:—"It is clear now who make the comb, and who cannot make it; the Court adjudges the honey to the Bees."

THE LION AND ASS HUNTING

A Lion and an Ass made an agreement to go out hunting together. Bye-and-bye they came to a cave, where many wild goats abode. The Lion took up his station at the mouth of the cave, and the Ass, going within, kicked and brayed and made a mighty fuss to frighten them out. When the Lion had caught very many of them, the Ass came out and asked him if he had not made a noble fight, and routed the goats properly. "Yes, indeed," said the Lion; "and I assure you, you would have frightened me too, if I had not known you to be an Ass."

When braggarts are admitted into the company of their betters, it is only to be made use of and be laughed at.

THE ASS AND HIS DRIVER

An Ass that was being driven along the road by his Master, started on ahead, and, leaving the beaten track, made as fast as he could for the edge of a precipice. When he was just on the point of falling over, his Master ran up, and, seizing him by the tail, endeavored to pull him back; but the Ass resisting and pulling the contrary way, the man let go his hold, saying, "Well, Jack, if you will be master, I cannot help it. A wilful beast must go his own way."

THE MICE AND THE WEASELS

The Mice and the Weasels had long been at war with each other, and the Mice being always worsted in battle, at length agreed at a meeting, solemnly called for the occasion, that their defeat was attributable to nothing but their want of discipline, and they determined accordingly to elect regular Commanders for the time to come. So they chose those whose valor and prowess most recommended them to the important post. The new Commanders, proud of their position, and desirous of being as conspicuous as possible, bound horns upon their foreheads as a sort of crest and mark of distinction. Not long after a battle ensued. The Mice, as before, were soon put to flight; the common herd escaped into their holes; but the Commanders, not being able to get in from the length of their horns, were every one caught and devoured.

There is no distinction without its accompanying danger.

THE HART AND THE VINE

A Hart pursued by hunters concealed himself among the branches of a Vine. The hunters passed by without discovering him, and when he thought that all was safe, he began browsing upon the leaves that had concealed him. But one of the hunters, attracted by the rustling, turned round, and guessing that their prey was there, shot into the bush and killed him. As he was dying, he groaned out these words: "I suffer justly for my ingratitude, who could not forbear injuring the Vine that had protected me in time of danger."

THE HEDGE AND THE VINEYARD

A foolish young Heir had just come into possession of his wise father's estate, caused all the Hedges about his Vineyard to be grubbed up, because they bore no grapes. The throwing down of the fences laid his grounds open to man and beast, and all his vines were presently destroyed. So the simple fellow learned, when it was too late, that he ought not to expect to gather grapes from brambles, and that it was quite as important to protect his Vineyard as to possess it.

THE FOX AND THE MASK

A Fox had stolen into the house of an actor, and in rummaging among his various properties, laid hold of a highly-finished Mask. "A

fine-looking head, indeed!" cried he; "what a pity it is that it wants brains!"

A fair outside is but a poor substitute for inward worth.

THE FATHER AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS

A MAN who had two daughters married one to a Gardener, the other to a Potter. After awhile he paid a visit to the Gardener's, and asked his daughter how she was, and how it fared with her. "Excellently well," said she; "we have everything that we want; I have but one prayer, that we may have a heavy storm of rain to water our plants." Off he set to the Potter's, and asked his other daughter how matters went with her. "There is not a thing we want," she replied; "and I only hope this fine weather and hot sun may continue, to bake our tiles." "Alack," said the Father, "if you wish for fine weather, and your sister for rain, which am I to pray for myself?"

THE HORSE AND THE LOADED ASS

A MAN who kept a Horse and an Ass was wont in his journeys to spare the Horse, and put all the burden upon the Ass's back. The Ass, who had been some while ailing, besought the Horse one day to relieve him of part of his load; "For if," said he, "you would take a fair portion, I shall soon get well again; but if you refuse to help me, this weight will kill me." The Horse, however, bade the Ass get on, and not trouble him with his complaints. The Ass jogged on in silence, but presently, overcome with the weight of his burden, dropped down dead, as he had foretold. Upon this, the master coming up, unloosed the load from the dead Ass, and putting it upon the Horse's back, made him carry the Ass's carcass in addition. "Alas, for my ill nature!" said the Horse; "by refusing to bear my just portion of the load, I have now to carry the whole of it, with a dead weight into the bargain."

A disobliging temper carries its own punishment along with it.

THE SICK LION

A LION, no longer able, from the weakness of old age, to hunt for his prey, laid himself up in his den, and, breathing with great difficulty, and speaking with a low voice, gave out that he was very ill indeed. The report soon spread among the beasts, and there was great lamentation for the sick Lion. One after the other came to see him; but, catching him thus alone, and in his own den, the Lion made an easy prey of them, and grew fat upon his diet. The Fox, suspecting the truth of the matter, came at length to make his visit

of inquiry, and standing at some distance, asked his Majesty how he did? "Ah, my dearest friend," said the Lion, "is it you? Why do you stand so far from me? Come, sweet friend, and pour a word of consolation in the poor Lion's ear, who has but a short time to live." "Bless you!" said the Fox, "but excuse me if I cannot stay; for, to tell the truth, I feel quite uneasy at the mark of the footsteps that I see here, all pointing towards your den, and none returning outwards."

Affairs are easier of entrance than of exit; and it is but common prudence to see our way out before we venture in.

THE FARMER AND THE CRANES

Some Cranes settled down in a Farmer's field that was newly sown. For some time the Farmer frightened them away by brandishing an empty sling at them. But when the Cranes found that he was only slinging to the winds, they no longer minded him, nor flew away. Upon this the Farmer slung at them with stones, and killed a great part of them. "Let us be off," said the rest, "to the land of Pygmies, for this man means to threaten us no longer, but is determined to get rid of us in earnest."

THE EAGLE AND THE JACKDAW

An Eagle made a swoop from a high rock, and carried off a lamb. A Jackdaw, who saw the exploit, thinking that he could do the like, bore down with all the force he could muster upon a ram, intending to bear him off as a prize. But his becoming entangled in the wool, he made such a fluttering in his efforts to escape, that the shepherd, seeing through the whole matter, came up and caught him, and having clipped his wings, carried him home to his children at nightfall. "What bird is this, father, that you have brought us?" exclaimed the children. "Why," said he, "if you ask himself, he will tell you that he is an Eagle; but if you will take my word for it, I know him to be but a Jackdaw."

THE THIRSTY PIGEON

A Pigeon severely pressed by thirst, seeing a glass of water painted upon a sign, supposed it to be real; so dashing down at it with all her might, she struck against the board, and, breaking her wing, fell helpless to the ground, where she was quickly captured by one of the passers-by.

Great haste is not always good speed.

THE HEIFER AND THE OX

A HEIFER that ran wild in the fields, and had never felt the yoke, upbraided an Ox at plow for submitting to such labor and drudgery. The Ox said nothing, but went on with his work. Not long after, there was a great festival. The Ox got his holiday: but the Heifer was led off to be sacrificed at the altar. "If this be the end of your idleness," said the Ox, "I think that my work is better than your play. I had rather my neck felt the yoke than the axe."

THE BALD KNIGHT

A CERTAIN Knight growing old, his hair fell off, and he became bald; to hide which imperfection, he wore a periwig. But as he was riding out with some others a-hunting, a sudden gust of wind blew off the periwig, and exposed his bald pate. The company could not forbear laughing at the accident; and he himself laughed as loud as anybody, saying, "How was it to be expected that I should keep strange hair upon my head, when my own would not stay there?"

THE FOX AND THE STORK

A Fox one day invited a Stork to dinner, and being disposed to divert himself at the expense of his guest, provided nothing for the entertainment but some thin soup in a shallow dish. This the Fox lapped up very readily, while the Stork, unable to gain a mouthful with her long narrow bill, was as hungry at the end of dinner as when she began. The Fox meanwhile professed his regret at seeing her eat so sparingly, and feared that the dish was not seasoned to her mind. The Stork said little, but begged that the Fox would do her the honor of returning her visit; and accordingly he agreed to dine with her on the following day. He arrived true to his appointment, and the dinner was ordered forthwith; but when it was served up, he found to his dismay that it was contained in a narrow-necked vessel, down which the Stork readily thrust her long neck and bill, while he was obliged to content himself with licking the neck of the jar. Unable to satisfy his hunger, he retired with as good a grace as he could, observing that he could hardly find fault with his entertainer, who had only paid him back in his own coin.

THE FALCONER AND THE PARTRIDGE

A FALCONER having taken a Partridge in his net, the bird cried out sorrowfully, "Let me go, good Master Falconer, and I promise

you I will decoy other Partridges into your net." "No," said the man, "whatever I might have done, I am determined now not to spare you; for there is no death too bad for him who is ready to betray his friends."

THE BULL AND THE GOAT

A Bull being pursued by a Lion, fled into a cave where a wild Goat had taken taken up his abode. The Goat upon this began molesting him and butting at him with his horns. "Don't suppose," said the Bull, "if I suffer this now, that it is you I am afraid of. Let the Lion be once out of sight, and I will soon show you the difference between a Bull and a Goat."

Mean people take advantage of their neighbors' difficulties to annoy them; but the time will come when they will repent them of their insolence.

THE HUSBANDMAN AND THE SEA

A Husbandman seeing a ship full of sailors tossed about up and down upon the billows, cried out, "O Sea, deceitful and pitiless element, that destroyest all who venture upon thee!" The Sea heard him, and assuming a woman's voice replied, "Do not reproach me; I am not the cause of this disturbance, but the Winds, that when they fall upon me will give no repose. But should you sail over me when they are away, you will say that I am milder and more tractable than your own mother earth."

THE JACKASS IN OFFICE

An Ass carrying an Image in a religious procession, was driven through a town, and all the people who passed by made a low reverence. Upon this the Ass, supposing that they intended this worship for himself, was mightily puffed up, and would not budge another step. But the driver soon laid the stick across his back, saying at the same time, "You silly dolt! it is not you that they reverence, but the Image which you carry."

Fools take to themselves the respect that is given to their office.

THE PORKER AND THE SHEEP

A young Porker took up his quarters in a fold of Sheep. One day the shepherd laid hold on him, when he squeaked and struggled with all his might and main. The Sheep reproached him for crying out, and said, "The master often lays hold of us, and we do not cry."

"Yes," replied he, "but our case is not the same; for he catches you for the sake of your wool, but me for my fry."

THE HOUND AND THE HARE

A Hound after long chasing a Hare at length came up to her, and kept first biting and then licking her. The Hare, not knowing what to make of him, said: "If you are a friend, why do you bite me?—but if you are a foe, why caress me?"

A doubting friend is worse than a certain enemy; let a man be one thing or the other, and we then know how to meet him.

THE BOY AND THE FILBERTS

A certain Boy put his hand into a pitcher where great plenty of Figs and Filberts were deposited; he grasped as many as his fist could possibly hold, but when he endeavored to pull it out, the narrowness of the neck prevented him. Unwilling to lose any of them, but unable to draw out his hand, he burst into tears, and bitterly bemoaned his hard fortune. An honest fellow who stood by, gave him this wise and reasonable advice:—"Grasp only half the quantity, my boy, and you will easily succeed."

THE KID AND THE WOLF

A Kid that had strayed from the herd was pursued by a Wolf. When she saw all other hope of escape cut off, she turned round to the Wolf, and said, "I must allow indeed that I am your victim, but as my life is now but short, let it be a merry one. Do you pipe for awhile, and I will dance." While the Wolf was piping and the Kid was dancing, the Dogs hearing the music ran up to see what was going on, and the Wolf was glad to take himself off as fast as his legs would carry him.

He who steps out of his way to play the fool, must not wonder if he misses the prize.

THE QUACK FROG

A Frog emerging from the mud of a swamp, proclaimed to all the world that he was come to cure all diseases. "Here!" he cried, "come and see a doctor, the proprietor of medicines such as man never heard of before; no, not Æsculapius himself, Jove's court-physician!" "And how," said the Fox, "dare you set up to heal others, who are not able to cure your own limping gait, and blotched and wrinkled skin?"

Test a man's professions by his practice. Physician, heal thyself!

THE ANT AND THE DOVE

An Ant went to a fountain to quench his thirst, and tumbling in, was almost drowned. But a Dove that happened to be sitting on a neighboring tree saw the Ant's danger, and plucking off a leaf, let it drop into the water before him, and the Ant mounting upon it, was presently wafted safe ashore. Just at that time, a Fowler was spreading his net, and was in the act of ensnaring the Dove, when the Ant, perceiving his object, bit his heel. The start which the man gave made him drop his net, and the Dove, aroused to a sense of her danger, flew safe away.

One good turn deserves another.

THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN

An Ass having put on a Lion's skin, roamed about, frightening all the silly animals he met with, and, seeing a Fox, he tried to alarm him also. But Reynard, having heard his voice, said, "Well, to be sure! and I should have been frightened too, if I had not heard you bray."

They who assume a character that does not belong to them general betray themselves by overacting it.

THE GOAT AND THE GOATHERD

A Goat had strayed from the herd, and the Goatherd was trying all he could to bring him back to his companions. When by calling and whistling he could make no impression on him, at last, taking up a stone, he struck the Goat on the horn and broke it. Alarmed at what he had done, he besought the Goat not to tell his master; but he replied, "O most foolish of Goatherds! my horn will tell the story, though I should not utter a word."

Facts speak plainer than words.

THE BOY BATHING

A Boy was bathing in a river, and, getting out of his depth, was on the point of sinking, when he saw a wayfarer coming by, to whom he called out for help with all his might and might. The Man began to read the Boy a lecture for his foolhardiness; but the urchin cried out, "O, save me now, sir! and read me the lecture afterwards."

THE FARMER AND THE DOGS

A Farmer, during a severe winter, being shut up by the snow in his farm-house, and sharply pressed for food, which he was unable to get about to procure, began consuming his own sheep. As the hard weather continued, he next ate up his goats. And at last—for there was no break in the weather—he betook himself to the plow-oxen. Upon this, the Dogs said to one another. "Let us be off; for since the master, as we see, has had no pity on the working oxen, how is it likely he will spare us?"

When our neighbor's house is on fire, it is time to look to our own.

THE MOUSE AND THE WEASEL

A little starveling Mouse had made his way with some difficulty into a basket of corn, where, finding the entertainment so good, he stuffed and crammed himself to such an extent, that even when he would have got out again, he found the hole was too small to allow his puffed-up body to pass. As he sat at the hole groaning over his fate, a Weasel, who was brought to the spot by his cries, thus addressed him:—"Stop there, my friend, and fast till you are thin; for you will never come out till you reduce yourself to the same condition as when you entered."

THE FARMER AND THE LION

A Lion entered one day into a farm-yard, and the Farmer, wishing to catch him, shut the gate. When the Lion found that he could not get out, he began at once to attack the sheep, and then betook himself to the oxen. So the Farmer, afraid for himself, now opened the gate, and the Lion made off as fast as he could. His wife, who had observed it all, when she saw her husband in great trouble at the loss of his cattle, cried out—"You are rightly served; for what could have made you so mad as to wish to detain a creature, whom, if you saw at a distance, you would wish further off."

Better scare a thief than snare him.

THE CHARGER AND THE ASS

A Charger adorned with fine trappings came thundering along the road, exciting the envy of a poor Ass who was trudging along the same way with a heavy load upon his back. "Get out of my road!" said the proud Horse, "or I shall trample you under my feet." The Ass said nothing, but quietly moved on one side to let the Horse

pass. Not long afterwards the Charger was engaged in the wars, and being badly wounded in battle was rendered unfit for military service, and sent to work upon a farm. When the Ass saw him dragging with great labor a heavy wagon, he understood how little reason he had had to envy one who, by his overbearing spirit in the time of his prosperity, had lost those friends who might have succored him in time of need.

THE BRAZIER AND HIS DOG

There was a certain Brazier who had a little Dog. While he hammered away at his metal, the Dog slept; but whenever he sat down to his dinner the Dog woke up. "Sluggard cur!" said the Brazier, throwing him a bone; "you sleep through the noise of the anvil, but wake up at the first clatter of my teeth."

Men are awake enough to their own interests, who turn a deaf ear to their friend's distress.

VENUS AND THE CAT

A Cat having fallen in love with a young man, besought Venus to change her into a girl, in the hope of gaining his affections. The Goddess, taking compassion on her weakness, metamorphosed her into a fair damsel; and the young man, enamored of her beauty, led her home as his bride. As they were sitting in their chamber, Venus, wishing to know whether in changing her form she had also changed her nature, set down a Mouse before her. The Girl, forgetful of her new condition, started from her seat, and pounced upon the Mouse as if she would have eaten it on the spot; whereupon the Goddess, provoked at her frivolity, straightway turned her into a Cat again.

What is bred in the bone, will never out of the flesh.

THE WOLF AND THE LION

One day a Wolf had seized a sheep from a fold, and was carrying it home to his own den, when he met a Lion, who straightway laid hold of the sheep and bore it away. The Wolf, standing at a distance, cried out, that it was a great shame, and that the Lion had robbed him of his own. The Lion laughed, and said, "I suppose, then that it was your good friend the shepherd who gave it to you."

THE GREAT AND THE LITTLE FISHES

A Fisherman was drawing up a net which he had cast into the sea, full of all sorts of fish. The Little Fish escaped through the meshes of the net, and got back into the deep, but the Great Fish were all caught and hauled into the ship.

Our insignificance is often the cause of our safety.

THE BOYS AND THE FROGS

A troop of Boys were playing at the edge of a pond, when, perceiving a number of Frogs in the water, they began to pelt at them with stones. They had already killed many of the poor creatures, when one more hardy than the rest putting his head above the water, cried out to them: "Stop your cruel sport, my lads; consider, what is Play to you is Death to us."

THE WOLF AND THE GOAT

A Wolf seeing a Goat feeding on the brow of a high precipice where he could not come at her, besought her to come down lower, for fear she should miss her footing at that dizzy height; "and moreover," said he, "the grass is far sweeter and more abundant here below. But the Goat replied: "Excuse me; it is not for my dinner that you invite me, but for your own."

THE ASS, THE COCK AND THE LION

An Ass and a Cock lived in a farm-yard together. One day a hungry Lion passing by and seeing the Ass in good condition, resolved to make a meal of him. Now, they say that there is nothing a Lion hates so much as the crowing of a Cock; and at that moment the Cock happening to crow, and the Lion straightway made off with all haste from the spot. The Ass, mightily amused to think that a Lion should be frightened at a bird, plucked up courage and galloped after him, delighted with the notion of driving the king of beasts before him. He had, however, gone no great distance, when the Lion turned sharply round upon him, and made an end of him in a trice.

Presumption begins in ignorance and ends in ruin.

THE RIVERS AND THE SEA

Once upon a time the Rivers combined against the Sea, and, going in a body, accused her, saying: "Why is it that when we Rivers pour our waters into you so fresh and sweet, you straightway render them salt and unpalatable?" The Sea, observing the temper in which they came, merely answered: "If you do not wish to become salt, please to keep away from me altogether."

Those who are most benefited are often the first to complain.

THE ASS CARRYING SALT

A certain Huckster who kept an Ass, hearing that Salt was to be had cheap at the sea-side, drove down his Ass thither to buy some. Having loaded the beast as much as he could bear, he was driving him home, when, as they were passing a slippery ledge of rock, the Ass fell into the stream below, and the Salt being melted, the Ass was relieved of his burden, and having gained the bank with ease, pursued his journey onward, light in body and in spirit. The Huckster soon afterwards set off for the sea-shore for some more Salt, and loaded the Ass, if possible, yet more heavily than before. On their return, as they crossed the stream into which he had formerly fallen, the Ass fell down on purpose, and by the dissolving of the Salt, was again released from his load. The Master, provoked at the loss, and thinking how he might cure him of this trick, on his next journey to the coast freighted the beast with a load of sponges. When they arrived at the same stream as before, the Ass was at his old tricks again, and rolled himself into the water; but the sponges becoming thoroughly wet, he found to his cost, as he proceeded homewards, that instead of ligtening his burden, he had more than doubled its weight.

The same measures will not suit all circumstances; and we may play the same trick once too often.

THE LION AND HIS THREE COUNCILLORS

The Lion called the Sheep to ask her if his breath smelled: she say Ay; he bit off her head for a fool. He called the Wolf, and asked him: he said No; he tore him in pieces for a flatterer. At last he called the Fox, and asked him. Truly he had got a cold, and could not smell.

Wise men say nothing in dangerous times.

THE BLACKAMOOR

A CERTAIN man bought a Blackamoor, and thinking that the color of his skin arose from the neglect of his former master, he no sooner brought him home than he procured all manner of scouring apparatus, scrubbing-brushes, soaps, and sand-paper, and set to work with his servants to wash him white again. They drenched and rubbed him for many an hour, but all in vain; his skin remained as black as ever; while the poor wretch all but died from the cold he caught under the operation.

No human means avail of themselves to change a nature originally evil.

THE SEA-SIDE TRAVELERS

As some Travelers were making their way along the sea-shore, they came to a high cliff, and looking out upon the sea saw a Faggot floating at a distance, which they thought at first must be a large Ship; so they waited, expecting to see it come into harbor. As the Faggot drifted nearer to the shore, they thought it no longer to be a Ship, but a Boat. But when it was at length thrown onto the beach, they saw that it was nothing but a Faggot after all.

Dangers seem greatest at a distance; and coming events are magnified according to the interest or inclination of the beholder.

THE LEOPARD AND THE FOX

A LEOPARD and a Fox had a contest which was the finer creature of the two. The Leopard put forward the beauty of its numberless spots; but the Fox replied—"It is better to have a versatile mind than a variegated body."

THE MONKEY AND THE FISHERMEN

A MONKEY was sitting up in a high tree, when, seeing some Fishermen laying their nets in a river, he watched what they were doing. The Men had no sooner set their nets, and retired a short distance to their dinner, than the Monkey came down from the tree thinking that he would try his hand at the same sport. But in attempting to lay the nets he got so entangled in them, that being well-nigh choked, he was forced to exclaim: "This serves me right; for what business had I, who know nothing of fishing, to meddle with such tackle as this?"

THE EAGLE AND THE BEETLE

A Hare being pursued by an Eagle, betook himself for refuge to the nest of a Beetle, whom he entreated to save him. The Beetle therefore interceded with the Eagle, begging of him not to kill the poor suppliant, and conjuring him, by mighty Jupiter, not to slight his intercession and break the laws of hospitality because he was so small an animal. But the Eagle, in wrath, gave the Beetle a flap with his wing, and straightway seized upon the Hare and devoured him. When the Eagle flew away, the Beetle flew after him, to learn where his nest was, and getting into it, he rolled the Eagle's eggs out of it one by one, and broke them. The Eagle, grieved and enraged to think that any one should attempt so audacious a thing, built his nest the next time in a higher place; but there too the Beetle got at it again, and served him in the same manner as before. Upon this the Eagle, being at a loss what to do, flew up to Jupiter, his Lord and King, and placed the third brood of eggs, as a sacred deposit, in his lap, begging him to guard them for him. But the Beetle, having made a little ball of dirt, flew up with it and dropped it in Jupiter's lap; who, rising up on a sudden to shake it off, and forgetting the eggs, threw them down, and they were again broken. Jupiter being informed by the Beetle that he had done this to be revenged upon the Eagle, who had not only wronged him, but had acted impiously towards Jove himself, told the Eagle, when he came to him, that the Beetle was the aggrieved party, and that he complained not without reason. But being unwilling that the race of Eagles should be diminished, he advised the Beetle to come to an accommodation with the Eagle. As the Beetle would not agree to this, Jupiter transferred the Eagle's breeding to another season, when there are no Beetles to be seen.

No one can slight the laws of hospitality with impunity; and there is no station or influence, however powerful, that can protect the oppressor, in the end, from the vengeance of the oppressed.

THE MAN AND HIS TWO WIVES

In days when a man was allowed more wives than one, a middle-aged bachelor, who could be called neither young nor old, and whose hair was only just beginning to turn gray, must needs fall in love with two women at once, and marry them both. The one was young and blooming, and wished her husband to appear as youthful as herself; the other was somewhat more advanced in age, and was as anxious that her husband should appear a suitable match for her. So, while the young one seized every opportunity of pulling cut the good

man's gray hairs, the old one was as industrious in plucking out every black hair she could find. For a while the man was highly gratified by their attention and devotion, till he found one morning that, between the one and the other, he had not a hair left.

He that submits his principles to the influence and caprices of opposite parties will end in having no principles at all.

THE VINE AND THE GOAT

THERE was a Vine teeming with ripe fruit and tender shoots, when a wanton Goat came up and gnawed the bark, and browsed upon the young leaves. "I will revenge myself on you," said the Vine, "for this insult; for when in a few days you are brought as a victim to the altar, the juice of my grapes shall be the dew of death upon thy forehead."

Retribution though late comes at last.

THE SICK KITE

A KITE, who had long very ill, said to his mother, "Don't cry, mother; but go and pray to the gods that I may recover from this dreadful disease and pain." "Alas! child," said the mother, "which of the gods can I entreat for one who has robbed all their altars?"

A death-bed repentance is poor amends for the errors of a life-time.

THE BOY AND THE NETTLE

A BOY playing in the fields got stung by a Nettle. He ran home to his mother, telling her that he had but touched that nasty weed, and it had stung him. "It was just your touching it, my boy," said the mother, "that caused it to sting you; the next time you meddle with a Nettle, grasp it tightly, and it will do you no hurt."

Do boldly what you do at all.

THE FOX AND THE CROW

A CROW had snatched a good piece of cheese out of a window, and flew with it into a high tree, intent to enjoy her prize. A Fox spied the dainty morsel, and thus he planned his approaches. "O Crow," said he, "how beautiful are thy wings, how bright thine eye! how graceful thy neck! thy breast is the breast of an eagle! thy claws—I beg pardon—thy talons, are a match for all the beasts of the field. O! that such a bird should be dumb, and want only a voice!" The Crow, pleased with the flattery, and chuckling to think how she would surprise the Fox with her caw, opened her mouth:—

down dropped the cheese! which the Fox snapping up, observed, as he walked away, "that whatever he had remarked of her beauty, he had said nothing yet of her brains."

Men seldom flatter without some private end in view; and they who listen to such music may expect to have to pay the piper.

THE THREE TRADESMEN

There was a city in expectation of being besieged, and a council was called accordingly to discuss the best means of fortifying it. A Bricklayer gave his opinion that no material was so good as brick for the purpose. A Carpenter begged leave to suggest that timber would be far preferable. Upon this a Currier started up, and said, "Sirs, when you have said all that can be said, there is nothing in the world like leather."

THE ASS'S SHADOW

A Youth, one hot summer's day, hired an Ass to carry him from Athens to Megara. At mid-day the heat of the sun was so scorching, that he dismounted, and would have sat down to repose himself under the shadow of the Ass. But the driver of the Ass disputed the place with him, declaring that he had an equal right to it with the other. "What!" said the Youth, "did I not hire the Ass for the whole journey?" "Yes," said the other, "you hired the Ass, but not the Ass's Shadow." While they were thus wrangling and fighting for the place, the Ass took to his heels and ran away.

THE DOGS AND THE HIDES

Some hungry Dogs, seeing some raw Hides which a skinner had left in the bottom of a stream, and not being able to reach them, agreed among themselves to drink up the river to get at the prize. So they set to work, but they all burst themselves with drinking before ever they came near the Hides.

They who aim at an object by unreasonable means, are apt to ruin themselves in the attempt.

THE LION AND THE BULLS

Three Bulls fed in a field together in the greatest peace and amity. A Lion had long watched them in the hope of making a prize of them, but found that there was little chance for him so long as they kept all together. He therefore began secretly to spread evil and slanderous reports of one against the other, till he had fomented a

jealousy and distrust amongst them. No sooner did the Lion see that they avoided one another, and fed each by himself apart, than he fell upon they singly, and so made an easy prey of them all.

The quarrel of friends are the opportunities of foes.

THE RAVEN AND THE SWAN

A RAVEN envied a Swan the whiteness of her plumage; and, thinking that its beauty was owing to the water in which she lived, he deserted the altars where he used to find his livelihood, and betook himself to the pools and streams. There he plumed and dressed himself and washed his coat, but all to no purpose, for his plumage remained as black as ever, and he himself soon perished for want of his usual food.

Change of scene is not change of nature.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE SEA

A SHEPHERD moved down his flock to feed near the shore, and beholding the Sea lying in a smooth and breathless calm, he was seized with a strong desire to sail over it. So he sold all his sheep and bought a cargo of Dates, and loaded a vessel, and set sail. He had not gone far when a storm arose; his ship was wrecked, and his Dates and everything lost, and he himself with difficulty escaped to land. Not long after, when the Sea was again calm, and one of his friends came up to him and was admiring its repose, he said, "Have a care, my good fellow, of that smooth surface; it is only looking out for your Dates."

THE SWALLOW IN CHANCERY

A SWALLOW had built her nest under the eaves of a Court of Justice. Before her young ones could fly, a Serpent gliding out of his hole ate them all up. When the poor bird returned to her nest and found it empty, she began a pitiable wailing; but a neighbor suggesting, by way of comfort, that she was not the first bird who had lost her young, "True," she replied, "but it is not only my little ones that I mourn, but that I should have been wronged in that very place where the injured fly for justice."

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER MAIDS

A THRIFTY old Widow kept two Servant-maids, whom she used to call up to their work at cock-crow. The Maids disliked exceedingly this early rising, and determined between themselves to wring off

the Cock's neck, as he was the cause of all their trouble by waking their mistress so early. They had no sooner done this, than the old lady, missing her usual alarm, and afraid of oversleeping herself, continually mistook the time of day, and roused them up at midnight.

Too much cunning overreaches itself.

THE MISER

A Miser, to make sure of his property, sold all he had and converted it into a great lump of gold, which he hid in a hole in the ground, and went continually to visit and inspect it. This roused the curiosity of one of his workmen, who, suspecting that there was a treasure, when his master's back was turned, went to the spot, and stole it away. When the Miser returned and found the place empty, he wept and tore his hair. But a neighbor who saw him in this extravagant grief, and learned the cause of it, said, "Fret thyself no longer, but take a stone and put it in the same place, and think that it is your lump of gold; for, as you never meant to use it, the one will do you as much as the other."

The worth of money is not in its possession, but in its use.

THE WILD BOAR AND THE FOX

A Wild Boar was whetting his tusks against a tree, when a Fox coming by asked why he did so; "For," said he, "I see no reason for it; there is neither hunter nor hound in sight, nor any other danger that I can see, at hand." "True," replied the Boar; "but when that danger does arise, I shall have something else to do than to sharpen my weapons."

It is too late to whet the sword when the trumpet sounds to draw it.

THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

A Wolf, once upon a time, resolved to disguise himself, thinking that he should thus gain an easier livelihood. Having, therefore, clothed himself in a sheep's skin, he contrived to get among a flock of Sheep, and feed along with them, so that even the Shepherd was deceived by the imposture. When night came on and the fold was closed, the Wolf was shut up with the Sheep, and the door made fast. But the Shepherd, wanting something for his supper, and going in to fetch out a sheep, mistook the Wolf for one of them, and killed him on the spot.

THE BOASTING TRAVELER

A MAN who had been traveling in foreign parts, on his return home was always bragging and boasting of the great feats he had accomplished in different places. In Rhodes, for instance, he said he had taken such an extraordinary leap, that no man could come near him, and he had witnesses there to prove it. "Possibly," said one of his hearers; "but if this be true, just suppose this to be Rhodes, and then try the leap again."

THE WOLF AND THE HORSE

As a Wolf was roaming over a farm, he came to a field of oats, but not being able to eat them, he left them and went his way. Presently meeting with a Horse, he bade him come with him into the field; "For," says he, "I have found some capital oats; and I have not tasted one, but have kept them all for you, for the very sound of your teeth is music to my ear." But the Horse replied: "A pretty fellow! if Wolves were able to eat oats, I suspect you would not have preferred your ears to your appetite."

Little thanks are due to him who only gives away what is of no use to himself.

THE STAG AT THE POOL

A STAG one summer's day came to a pool to quench his thirst, and as he stood drinking he saw his form reflected in the water. "What beauty and strength," said he, "are in these horns of mine; but how unseemly are these weak and slender feet!" While he was thus criticizing, after his own fancies, the form which Nature had given him, the huntsmen and hounds drew that way. The feet, with which he had found so much fault, soon carried him out of the reach of his pursuers; but the horns, of which he was so vain, becoming entangled in a thicket, held him till the hunters again came up to him, and proved the cause of his death.

Look to use before ornament.

THE OLD LION

A LION worn out with years lay stretched upon the ground, utterly helpless, and drawing his last breath. A Boar came up, and to satisfy an ancient grudge, drove at him with his tusks. Next a Bull, determined to be revenged on an old enemy, gored him with his horns. Upon this an Ass, seeing that the old Lion could thus be treated

with impunity, thought that he would show his spite also, and came and threw his heels in the Lion's face. Whereupon the dying beast exclaimed: "The insults of the powerful were bad enough, but those I could have managed to bear; but to be spurned by so base a creature as thou—the disgrace of nature, is to die a double death."

THE HUNTER AND THE WOODMAN

A Man went out Lion-hunting into a forest, where meeting with a Woodman, he asked him if he had seen any tracks of a Lion, and if he knew where his lair was. "Yes," says the Man "and if you will come with me I will show you the Lion himself." At this the Hunter, turning ghastly pale, and his teeth chattering, he said, "Oh! thank you; it was the Lion's track, not himself, that I was hunting."

A coward can be a hero at a distance; it is presence of danger that tests presence of mind.

MERCURY AND THE SCULPTOR

Mercury having a mind to know in what estimation he was held among men, disguised himself as a traveler, and going into a Sculptor's workshop, began asking the price of the different statues he saw there. Pointing to an image of Jupiter, he asked how much he wanted for that. "A drachma," said the image-maker. Mercury laughed in his sleeve, and asked, "How much for this of Juno?" The man wanted a higher price for that. Mercury's eye now caught his own image. "Now, will this fellow," he thought, "ask me ten times as much for this, for I am the messenger of heaven, and the source of all his gain." So he put the question to him, what he valued that Mercury at. "Well," says the Sculptor, "if you will give me my price for the other two, I will throw you that into the bargain."

They who are over anxious to know how the world values them, will seldom be set down at their own price.

THE WOLF AND THE SHEPHERDS

A Wolf looking into a hut and seeing some shepherds comfortably regaling themselves on a joint of mutton—"A pretty row," said he, "would these men have made if they had caught me at such a supper!"

Men are too apt to condemn in others the very things that they practise themselves.

THE ASTRONOMER

An Astronomer used to walk out every night to gaze upon the stars. It happened one night that, as he was wandering in the outskirts of the city with his whole thoughts rapt up in the skies, he fell into a well. On his holloaing and calling out, one who heard his cries ran up to him, and when he had listened to his story, said, "My good man, while you are trying to pry into the mysteries of heaven, you overlook the common objects that are under your feet."

THE MILLER, HIS SON, AND THEIR ASS

A Miller and his Son were driving their Ass to a neighboring fair to sell him. They had not gone far when they met with a troop of girls returning from town, talking and laughing. "Look there!" cried one of them, "did you ever see such fools to be trudging along the road on foot, when they might be riding!" The old Man, hearing this, quietly bade his Son get on the Ass, and walked along merrily by the side of him. Presently they came up to a group of old men in earnest debate. "There!" said one of them, "it proves what I was a-saying. "What respect is shown to old age in these days? Do you see that idle young rogue riding, while his old father has to walk?—Get down, you scapegrace! and let the old Man rest his weary limbs." Upon this the Father made his Son dismount, and got up himself. In this manner they had not proceeded far when they met a company of women and children. "Why, you lazy old fellow!" cried several tongues at once, "how can you ride upon the beast, while that poor lad there can hardly keep pace by the side of you." The good-natured Miller stood corrected, and immediately took up his Son behind him. They had now almost reached the town. "Pray, honest friend," said a townsman, "is that Ass your own?" "Yes," says the old Man. "Oh! One would not have thought so," said the other, "by the way you load him. Why, you two fellows are better able to carry the poor beast than he you!" "Anything to please you," said the old Man; "we can but try." So, alighting with his Son, they tied the Ass's legs together, and by the help of a pole endeavored to carry him on their shoulders over a bridge that led to the town. This was so entertaining a sight that the people ran out in crowds to laugh at it; till the Ass, not liking the noise nor his situation, kicked asunder the cords that bound him, and, tumbling off the pole, fell into the river. Upon this the old Man, vexed and ashamed, made the best of his way home again—convinced that by endeavoring to please everybody he had pleased nobody, and lost his Ass into the bargain.

FABLES FROM PHAEDRUS

THE VAIN JACKDAW AND THE PEACOCK

THAT one ought not to plume oneself on the merits which belong to one another, but ought rather to pass his life in his own proper guise, Æsop has given us this illustration:—

A Jackdaw, swelling with empty pride, picked up some feathers which had fallen from a Peacock, and decked himself out therewith; upon which, despising his own kind, he mingled with a beauteous flock of Peacocks. They tore his feathers from off the impudent bird, and put them to flight with their beaks. The Jackdaw, thus roughly handled, in grief hastened to return to his own kind; repulsed by whom, he had to submit to sad disgrace. Then said one of those whom he had formerly despised: "If you had been content with our station, and had been ready to put up with what nature had given, you would neither have experienced the former affront, nor would your ill fortune have had to feel the additional pang of this repulse."

THE COW, THE SHE-GOAT, THE SHEEP, AND THE LION

A Cow, a She-Goat, and a Sheep patient under injuries, were partners in the forests with a Lion. When they had captured a Stag of vast bulk, thus spoke the Lion, after it had been divided into shares: "Because my name is Lion, I take the first; the second you will yield to me because I am courageous; then, because I am the strongest, the third will fall to my lot; if any one touches the fourth, woe betide him."

THE ASS AND THE LION HUNTING

A LION having resolved to hunt in company with an Ass, concealed him in a thicket, and at the same time enjoined him to frighten the wild beasts with his voice, to which they were unused, while he himself was to catch them as they fled. Upon this, Long-ears, with all his might, suddenly raised a cry, and terrified the beasts with this new cause of astonishment. While, in their alarm, they are flying to the well-known outlets, they are overpowered by the dread onset of the Lion; who, after he was wearied with slaughter, called forth the Ass from his retreat, and bade him cease his clamor. On this the other, in his insolence, inquired: "What think you of the assistance given by my voice?" "Excellent!" said the Lion, "so much so, that if I had not been acquainted with your spirit and your race, I should have fled in alarm like the rest."

THE MAN AND THE WEASEL

A WEASEL, on being caught by a Man, wishing to escape impending death: "Pray," said she, "do spare me, for 'tis I who keep your house clear of troublesome mice." The Man made answer: "If you did so for my sake, it would be a reason for thanking you, and I should have granted you the pardon you entreat. But, inasmuch as you do your best that you may enjoy the scraps which they would have gnawed, and devour the mice as well, don't think of placing your pretended services to my account;" and so saying, he put the wicked creature to death.

Those persons ought to recognize this as applicable to themselves, whose object is private advantage, and who boast to the unthinking of an unreal merit.

THE FAITHFUL DOG

A THIEF one night threw a crust of bread to a Dog, to try whether he could be gained by the proffered victuals: "Hark you," said the Dog, "do you think to stop my tongue so that I may not bark for my master's property? You are greatly mistaken. For this sudden liberality bids me be on the watch, that you may not profit by my neglect."

THE DOG AND THE CROCODILE

IT has been related, that Dogs drink at the river Nile running along, that they may not be seized by the Crocodiles. Accordingly, a Dog having begun to drink while running along, a Crocodile thus addressed him: "Lap as leisurely as you like; drink on; come nearer, and don't be afraid," said he. The other replied: "Egad, I would do so with all my heart, did I not know that you are eager for my flesh."

THE DOG, THE TREASURE, AND THE VULTURE

GRUBBING up human bones, a dog met with a Treasure; and, because he had offended the Gods, a desire for riches was inspired in him, that so he might pay the penalty due to the holy character of the place. Accordingly, while he was watching over the gold, forgetful of food, he was starved to death; on which a Vulture, standing over him, is reported to have said: "O Dog, you justly meet your death, who, begotten at a cross-road, and bred up on a dunghill, have suddenly coveted regal wealth."

THE FROGS FRIGHTENED AT THE BATTLE OF THE BULLS

When the powerful are at variance, the lowly are the sufferers. A Frog, viewing from a marsh, a combat of some Bulls: "Alas!" said she, "what terrible destruction is threatening us." Being asked by another why she said so, as the Bulls were contending for the sovereignty of the herd, and passed their lives afar from them: "Their habitation is at a distance," said she, "and they are of a different kind; still, he who is expelled from the sovereignty of the meadow, will take to flight, and come to the secret hiding-places in the fens, and trample and crush us with his hard hoof. Thus does their fury concern our safety."

THE KITE AND THE PIGEONS

Some Pigeons, having often escaped from a Kite, and by their swiftness of wing avoided death, the spoiler had recourse to stratagem, and by a crafty device of this nature, deceived the harmless race. "Why do you prefer to live a life of anxiety, rather than conclude a treaty, and make me your king, who can ensure your safety from every injury?" They, putting confidence in him, entrusted themselves to the Kite, who, on obtaining the sovereignty, began to devour them one by one, and to exercise authority with his cruel talons. Then said one of those that were left: "Deservedly are we smitten."

THE LION, THE ROBBER, AND THE TRAVELER

While a Lion was standing over a Bullock, which he had brought to the ground, a Robber came up, and demanded a share. "I would give it to you," said the Lion, "were you not in the habit of taking without leave;" and so repulsed the rogue. By chance, a harmless Traveler was led to the same spot, and on seeing the wild beast, retraced his steps; on which the Lion kindly said to him: "You have nothing to fear; boldly take the share which is due to your modesty." Then having divided the carcass, he sought the woods, that he might make room for the Man.

THE EAGLE, THE CROW, AND THE TORTOISE

An Eagle carried a tortoise aloft, who had hidden her body in her horny abode and thought, in her concealment, she could not be injured in any way. A Crow came through the air, and flying

near, exclaimed: "You really have carried off a rich prize in your talons; but if I don't instruct you what you must do, in vain will you tire yourself with the heavy weight." So a share of the prey being promised her, the Crow persuades the Eagle to dash the hard shell upon a rock, that, it being broken to pieces, he may easily feed upon the meat. Induced by her words, the Eagle attends to her suggestion, and at the same time gives a large share of the banquet to his instructress, mistress Crow.

SOCRATES TO HIS FRIENDS

Socrates having laid for himself the foundation of a small house, one of the people, no matter who, amongst such passing remarks as are usual in these cases, asked: "Why do you, so famed as you are, build so small a house?"

"I only wish," he replied, "I could fill it with real friends."

THE BEES AND THE DRONES, THE WASP SITTING AS JUDGE

Some Bees had made their combs in a lofty oak. Some lazy Drones asserted that these belonged to them. The cause was brought into court, the Wasp sitting as judge; who, being perfectly acquainted with either race, proposed to the two parties these terms: "Your shape is not unlike, and your color is similar; so that the affair clearly and fairly becomes a matter of doubt. But that my sacred duty may not be at fault through insufficiency of knowledge, each of you take hives, and pour your productions into the waxen cells; that from the flavour of the honey and the shape of the comb, the maker of them, about which the present dispute exists, may be evident." The Drones decline; the proposal pleases the Bees. Upon this, the Wasp pronounces sentence to the following effect: "It is evident, who cannot, and who did, make them; wherefore, to the Bees I restore the fruits of their labours."

ÆSOP AT PLAY

An Athenian seeing Æsop in a crowd of boys at play with nuts, stopped and laughed at him for a madman. As soon as the Sage,—a laugher at others rather than one to be laughed at,—perceived this, he placed an unstrung bow in the middle of the road: "Hark you, wise man," said he, "unriddle what I have done." The people gather round. The man torments his invention a long time, but cannot make out the reason of the proposed question. At last he gives up. Upon this, the victorious Philosopher says: "You will

soon break the bow, if you always keep it bent; but if you loosen it, it will be fit for use when you want it.'

THE ASS AND THE PRIESTS OF CYBELE

The Gallie, priests of Cybele, were in the habit, on their begging excursions, of leading about an Ass, to carry their burdens. When he was dead with fatigue and blows, his hide being stripped off, they made themselves tambourines therewith. Afterwards, on being asked by some one what they had done with their favourite, they answered in these words: "He fancied that after death he would rest in quiet, but see, dead as he is, fresh blows are heaped upon him."

THE HORSE AND THE WILD BOAR

While a wild Boar was wallowing, he muddied the shallow water, at which a Horse had been in the habit of quenching his thirst. Upon this, a disagreement arose. The Horse, enraged with the beast, sought the aid of man, and, raising him on his back, returned against the foe. After the Horseman, hurling his javelins, had slain the Boar, he is said to have spoken thus: "I am glad that I gave assistance at your entreaties, for I have captured a prey, and have learned how useful you are;" and so compelled him, unwilling as he was, to submit to the rein. Then said the Horse, sorrowing: "Fool that I am! while seeking to revenge a trifling matter, I have met with slavery."

This Fable will admonish the passionate, that it is better to be injured with impurity, than to put ourselves in the power of another.

A THIEF PILLAGING THE ALTAR OF JUPITER

A thief lighted his Lamp at the altar of Jupiter, and then plundered it by the help of its own light. Just as he was taking his departure, laden with the results of his sacrilege, the Holy Place suddenly sent forth these words: "Although these were the gifts of the wicked, and to me abominable, so much so that I care not to be spoiled of them, still, profane man, thou shalt pay the penalty with thy life, when hereafter, the day of punishment, appointed by fate arrives. But, that our fire, by means of which piety worships the awful Gods, may not afford its light to crime, I forbid that henceforth there shall be any such interchange of light." Accordingly, to this day, it is neither lawful for a lamp to be lighted at the fire of the Gods, nor yet a sacrifice kindled from a lamp.

THE PILOT AND THE MARINERS

On a certain man complaining of his adverse fortune, Æsop, for the purpose of consoling him, invented this Fable.

A ship which had been tossed by a fierce tempest (while the passengers were all in tears, and filled with apprehensions of death) on the day suddenly changing to a serene aspect, began to be borne along in safety upon the buoyant waves, and to inspire the mariners with an excess of gladness. On this, the Pilot, who had been rendered wise by experience, remarked: "We ought to be moderate in our Joy, and to complain with caution; for the whole of life is a mixture of grief and joy."

THE MAN AND THE SNAKE

A man took up a Snake stiffened with frost, and warmed her in his bosom, being compassionate to his own undoing; for when she had recovered, she instantly killed the Man. On another one asking her the reason of this crime, she made answer: "That people may learn not to assist the wicked."

THE SHIPWRECK OF SIMONIDES

A learned man has always a fund of riches in himself.

Simonides, who wrote such excellent lyric poems, the more easily to support his poverty, began to make a tour of the celebrated cities of Asia, singing the praises of victors for such reward as he might receive. After he had become enriched by this kind of gain, he resolved to return to his native land by sea; (for he was born, it is said, in the island of Ceos). Accordingly he embarked in a ship, which a dreadful tempest, together with its own rottenness, caused to founder at sea. Some gathered together their girdles, others their precious effects, which formed the support of their existence. One who was over inquisitive, remarked: "Are you going to save none of your property, Simonides?" He made reply: "All my possessions are about me." A few only made their escape by swimming, for the majority, being weighed down by their burdens, perished. Some thieves too made their appearance, and seized what each person had saved, leaving him naked. Clazomenæ, an ancient city, chanced to be near; to which the shipwrecked persons repaired. Here a person devoted to the pursuits of literature, who had often read the lines of Simonides, and was a very great admirer of him though he had never seen him, knowing from his very language who he was, received him with the greatest pleasure into his house, and

furnished him with clothes, money, and attendants. The others meanwhile were carrying about their pictures, begging for victuals. Simonides chanced to meet them; and, as soon as he saw them, remarked: "I told you that all my property was about me; what you have endeavoured to save is lost."

THE ANT AND THE FLY

An Ant and a Fly were contending with great warmth which was of the greater importance. The Fly was the first to begin: "Can you possibly compare with my endowments? When a sacrifice is made, I am the first to taste of the entrails that belong to the Gods. I pass my time among the altars, I wander through all the temples; soon as I have espied it, I seat myself on the head of a king; and I taste of the chaste kisses of matrons. I labour not, and yet enjoy the nicest of things: what like to this, good rustic, falls to your lot?" "Eating with the Gods," said the Ant, "is certainly a thing to be boasted of; but by him who is invited, not him who is loathed as an intruder. You talk about kings and the kisses of matrons. While I am carefully heaping up a stock of grain for winter, I see you feeding on filth about the walls. You frequent the altars; yes, and are driven away as often as you come. You labour not; therefore it is that you have nothing when you stand in need of it. And, further, you boast about what modesty ought to conceal. You tease me in summer; when winter comes you are silent. While the cold is shriveling you up and putting you to death, a well-stored abode harbours me. Surely I have now pulled down your pride enough."

SIMONIDES PRESERVED BY THE GODS

I have said, above, how greatly learning is esteemed among men: I will now hand down to posterity how great is the honour paid to it by the Gods.

Simonides, the very same of whom I have before made mention, agreed, at a fixed price, to write a panegyric for a certain Pugilist, who had been victorious: accordingly he sought retirement. As the meagerness of his subject cramped his imagination, he used, according to general custom, the license of the Poet, and introduced the twin stars of Leda, citing them as an example of similar honours. He finished the Poem according to contract, but received only a third part of the sum agreed upon. On his demanding the rest: "They," said he, "will give it you whose praises occupy the other two-thirds; but, that I may feel convinced that you have not departed in anger, promise to dine with me, as I intend to-day to in-

vite my kinsmen, in the number of whom I reckon you." Although defrauded, and smarting under the injury, in order that he might not, by parting on bad terms, break off all friendly intercourse, he promised that he would. At the hour named he returned, and took his place at table. The banquet shone joyously with its cups; the house resounded with gladness, amid vast preparations, when, on a sudden, two young men, covered with dust, and dripping with perspiration their bodies of more than human form, requested one of the servants to call Simonides to them, and say that it was of consequence to him to make no delay. The man, quite confused, called forth Simonides; and hardly had he put one foot out of the banqueting-room, when suddenly the fall of the ceiling crushed the rest, and no young men were to be seen at the gate.

DEMETRIUS AND MENANDER

Demetrius, who was called Phalereus, unjustly took possession of the sovereignty of Athens. The mob, according to their usual practice, rush from all quarters vying with each other, and cheer him, and wish him joy. Even the chief men kiss the hand by which they are oppressed, while they silently lament the sad vicissitudes of fortune. Moreover, those who live in retirement, and take their ease, come creeping in last of all, that their absence may not injure them. Among these Menander, famous for his Comedies (which Demetrius, who did not know him, had read, and had admired the genius of the man), perfumed with unguents, and clad in a flowing robe, came with a mincing and languid step. As soon as the Tyrant caught sight of him at the end of the train: "What effeminate wretch," said he, "is this, who presumes to come into my presence?" Those near him made answer: "This is Menander the Poet." Changed in an instant, he exclaimed: "A more agreeable-looking man could not possibly exist."

THE TRAVELLERS AND THE ROBBER

Two Soldiers having fallen in with a Robber, one fled, while the other stood his ground, and defended himself with a stout right hand. The Robber slain, his cowardly companion comes running up, and draws his sword; then throwing back his travelling cloak, says: "Let's have him;" "I'll take care he shall soon know whom he attacks." On this, he who had vanquished the robber made answer: "I wish you had seconded me just now at least with those words; I should have been still more emboldened, believing them true; now keep your sword quiet, as well as your silly tongue, that you may be able to deceive others who don't know you. I, who have exper-

ienced with what speed you take to your heels, know full well that no dependence is to be placed upon your valour."

THE MAN AND THE ASS

A MAN having sacrificed a young boar to the god Hercules, to whom he owed performance of a vow made for the preservation of his health, ordered the remains of the barley to be set for the Ass. But he refused to touch it, and said: "I would most willingly accept your food, if he who had been fed upon it had not had his throat cut."

THE TWO BALD MEN

A BALD man chanced to find a comb in the public road. Another, equally destitute of hair, came up: "Come," said he, "shares, whatever it is you have found." The other showed the booty, and added withal: "The will of the Gods has favoured us, but through the malignity of fate, we have found, as the saying is, a coal instead of a treasure."

THE HUNTSMAN AND THE DOG

A DOG, who had always given satisfaction to his master by his boldness against swift and savage beasts, began to grow feeble under increasing years. On one occasion, being urged to the combat with a bristling Boar, he seized him by the ear; but, through the rottenness of his teeth, let go his prey. Vexed at this, the Huntsman upbraided the Dog. Old Barker replied: "It is not my courage that disappoints you, but my strength. You commend me for what I have been; and you blame me that I am not what I was."

THE CITY MOUSE AND COUNTRY MOUSE

A CITY MOUSE being once entertained at the table of a Country one, dined on humble acorns in a hole. Afterwards he prevailed upon the Countryman by his entreaties to enter the city and a cellar that abounded with the choicest things. Here, while they were enjoying remnants of various kinds, the door is thrown open, and in comes the Butler; the Mice, terrified at the noise, fly in different directions, and the City one easily hides himself in his well-known holes; while the unfortunate Rustic, all trepidation in that strange house, and dreading death, runs to and fro along the walls. When the Butler had taken what he wanted, and had shut the door, the City Mouse bade the Country one again to take courage. The latter, still

in a state of perturbation, replied: "I hardly can take any food for fear. Do you think he will come?" "Why are you in such a fright?" said the City one; "come, let us enjoy dainties which you may seek in vain in the country." The Countryman replied: "You, who don't know what it is to fear, will enjoy all these things; but, free from care and at liberty, may acorns be my food!"

'Tis better to live secure in poverty, than to be consumed by the cares attendant upon riches.

THE CRANE, THE CROW, AND THE COUNTRYMAN

A Crane and a Crow had made a league on oath, that the Crane should protect the Crow against the Birds, and that the Crow should foretell the future, so that the Crane might be on her guard. After this, on their frequently flying into the fields of a certain Countryman, and tearing up by the roots what had been sown, the owner of the field saw it, and being vexed, cried out: "Give me a stone, Boy, that I may hit the Crane." When the Crow heard this, at once she warned the Crane, who took all due precaution. On another day, too, the Crow hearing him ask for a stone, again warned the Crane carefully to avoid the danger. The Countryman, suspecting that the divining Bird heard his commands, said to the Boy: "If I say, give me a cake, do you secretly hand me a stone." The Crane came again; he bade the Boy give him a cake, but the Boy gave him a stone, with which he hit the Crane, and broke her legs. The Crane, on being wounded, said: "Prophetic Crow, where now are your auspices? Why did you not hasten to warn your companion, as you swore you would, that no such evil might befall me?" The Crow made answer: "It is not my art that deserves to be blamed; but the purposes of double-tongued people are so deceiving, who say one thing and do another."

Those who impose upon the inexperienced by deceitful promises, fail not to cajole them by and by with pretended reasons.

THE BIRDS AND THE SWALLOW

The Birds having assembled in one spot, saw a Man sowing flax in a field. When the Swallow found that they thought nothing at all of this, she is reported to have called them together, and thus address them: "Danger awaits us all from this, if the seed should come to maturity." The Birds laughed at her. When the crop, however, sprang up, the Swallow again remarked: "Our destruction is impending; come, let us root up the noxious blades, lest, if they shortly grow up, nets may be made thereof, and we may be taken

by the contrivances of man." The Birds persist in laughing at the words of the Swallow, and foolishly despise this most prudent advice. But she, in her caution, at once betook herself to Man, that she might suspend her nest in safety under his rafters. The Birds, however, who had disregarded her wholesome advice, being caught in nets made of the flax, came to an untimely end.

THE PARTRIDGE AND THE FOX

Once on a time a Partridge was sitting in a lofty tree. A Fox came up, and began thus to speak: "O Partridge, how beautiful is your aspect! Your beak transcends the coral; your thighs the brightness of purple. And then, if you were to sleep, how much more beauteous you would be." As soon as the silly Bird had closed her eyes, that instant the Fox seized the credulous thing. Suppliantly she uttered these words, mingled with loud cries: "O Fox, I beseech you, by the graceful dexterity of your exquisite skill, utter my name as before, and then you shall devour me." The Fox, willing to speak, opened his mouth, and so the Partridge escaped destruction. Then said the deluded Fox: "What need was there for me to speak?" The Partridge retorted: "And what necessity was there for me to sleep, when my hour for sleep had not come?"

This is for those who speak when there is no occasion, and who sleep when it is requisite to be on the watch.

THE ASS, THE OX, AND THE BIRDS

An Ass and an Ox, fastened to the same yoke, were drawing a wagon. While the Ox was pulling with all his might he broke his horn. The Ass swears that he experiences no help whatever from his weak companion. Exerting himself in the labor, the Ox breaks his other horn, and at length falls dead upon the ground. Presently, the Herdsman loads the Ass with the flesh of the Ox, and he breaks down amid a thousand blows, and stretches in the middle of the road, expires. The Birds flying to the prey, exclaimed: "If you had shown yourself compassionate to the Ox when he entreated you, you would not have been food for us through your untimely death."

THE GNAT AND THE BULL

A Gnat having challenged a Bull to a trial of strength, all the People came to see the combat. Then said the Gnat: "'Tis enough that you have come to meet me in combat; for though little in my own idea, I am great in your judgment," and so saying, he took himself off on light wings through the air, and duped the multitude.

and eluded the threats of the Bull. Now if the Bull had kept in mind his strength of neck, and had contemned an ignoble foe, the vapouring of the trifler would have been all in vain.

He loses character who puts himself on a level with the undeserving.

THE STORK, THE GOOSE, AND THE HAWK

A Stork, having come to a well-known pool, found a Goose diving freely beneath the water, and inquired why she did so. The other replied: "This is our custom, and we find our food in the mud; and then, besides, we thus find safety, and escape the attack of the Hawk when he comes against us." "I am much stronger than the Hawks," said the Stork; "if you choose to make an alliance with me, you will be able victoriously to deride him." The Goose believed her, and immediately accepting her aid, goes with her into the fields: forthwith comes the Hawk, and seizes the Goose in his remorseless claws and devours her, while the Stork flies off. The Goose called out after her: "He who trusts himself to so weak a protector, deserves to come to a still worse end."

THE CAMEL AND THE FLY

A fly, chancing to sit on the back of a Camel who was going along weighted down with heavy burdens, was quite delighted with himself, as he appeared to be so much higher. After they had made a long journey, they came together in the evening to the stable. The Fly immediately exclaimed, skipping lightly to the ground: "See, I have got down directly, that I may not weary you any longer, so galled as you are." The Camel replied: "I thank you; but neither when you were on me did I find myself oppressed by your weight, nor do I feel myself at all lightened now you have dismounted."

He who, while he is of no standing, boasts to be of a lofty one, falls under contempt when he comes to be known.

ENGLISH FOLK TALES

THE WOODMAN'S LUCK

Once a Woodman went to a wood to fell trees. Just as he was laying the axe to the trunk of a great old oak, out jumped a Dryad, who begged him to spare the tree. Moved more by fright than anything, he consented, and as a reward was promised his three next wishes should come true. At night, when he and his dame sat by the fire, the old Woodman waxed hungry, and said aloud he wished

for a link of hog's pudding. No sooner had he said it than a rustling was heard in the chimney, and down came a bunch of black-puddings and fell at the feet of the Woodman, who, reminded of the Dryad and the three wishes, began to tell his wife about them. "Thou art a fool, Jan," said she, angry at his neglecting to make the best of his luck; "I wish 'em were at thy nose!" Whereupon the black-puddings at once stuck there, so tight the Woodman, finding no force would remove them his nose, was obliged to wish them off again. This was the last of his three wishes, and with it all the riches and gold-pieces they might have brought him flew up the chimney.

Good luck is no gain to him that hath not the wit to use it.

THE MOON IN THE POND

Once a merchant went on his travels. And he came to a village, and outside the village there was a Pond, and round the Pond was a crowd of people. And they had got rakes, and brooms, and pikels (pitchforks) reaching into the Pond; and the traveler asked what was the mattter? "Why," they say, "matter enough! Moon's tumble into the Pond, and we can't get her out anyhow!" So the merchant burst out a-laughing, and told them to look up at the Moon in the sky, and said it was only its shadow in the water. But they wouldn't listen to him, and only abused him for his pains.

You cannot teach sense to the silly.

WELSH FABLES

ENVY BURNING ITSELF

Cwta Cyfarwydd, of Glamorgan, had a son named Howel, who was brought up by his father in every honorable acquirement and in all knowledge. When Howel grew up, he wished to follow his fortunes about the world. As he set out, his father gave him this advice: Never to pass by the preaching of God's word without stopping to listen. So Howel departed; and after traveling a long way, he came to the sea-shore, where the road passed over a long, smooth and level beach. And Howel, with the point of his staff, wrote on the sand the following old proverb: "Whoso wishes evil to his neighbor, to himself will it come." And as he was writing it, behold, a powerful nobleman overtook him; and on seeing the beauty of the writing, he knew that Howel was not a common rustic, and he asked him whence he came, and who he was, and whither he was going. And Howel gave him courteous answers to all he had asked him. The nobleman admired him much, and asked him if he would come and live with him as his domestic clerk, in order to manage for him

all matters of learning and knowledge; and he promised him a salary suitable to a gentleman. So Howel agreed with him, and went to live with him. And all the noblemen and knights who came to visit this nobleman were amazed at the learning and wisdom of Howel, and praised him greatly, so that the nobleman became jealous of him for excelling him so vastly in wisdom, and learning, and good-breeding.

Howel's fame increased daily, and in the same measure did the envy of the nobleman, his master, increase. And one day he complained to his lady of the great evil and disrespect that Howel had caused him, and he counselled with her about slaying him. And she, in her great affection for him, bethought her how to do it. The nobleman had on his property lime-burners, burning lime; and the lady went to them, and gave them a large sum of gold, upon condition of their throwing into the kiln the first person who should come to them with a vessel of mead; and they promised to do so; and the lady, when she returned home, mentioned the plan to her husband; and they filled a large vessel with mead, and ordered Howel to take it to the lime-burners. Howel took the vessel and carried it towards the kiln; and on the way he heard in a house an old and godly man reading the Word of God; and he turned in to listen to him, and stayed with him a long time, according to his father's advice. After this delay, the nobleman concluded that Howel was by this time burnt in the kiln; so he took another vessel of mead as a reward to the lime-burners; and when he came to the kiln, he was seized by the lime-burners, and thrown into the fire in the kiln, and burnt there.

Thus did envy burn itself.

SIR FOULK AND THE KNIGHTS OF GLAMORGAN

The Castle of Foulk of Glamorgan consisted of one large and lofty tower, and much higher than any other tower in the island of Britain. As Sir Foulk, on one Whitsuntide, speaking of the trials he had endured when fighting with the Saracens, and of the way in which he managed to defeat them, whilst knights and noblemen of high descent were listening: "I could easily have done that myself," said one Knight. "And I also," said another. "And I also," said a third. And so from "I also" to "I also," until each was heard to boast himself equal to the best, and as good as Sir Foulk himself. "One thing besides I did," said Sir Foulk, "but less wonderful, I confess than anything else." "What was that?" said one and the other of all that were present. Said Sir Foulk, "I jumped to the top of my own castle, which every one of you acknowledges to be the highest in the kingdom." "This is true as relates to its height,"

said one and the other and all of them, "but as to jumping to its top, nothing but seeing the exploit with my own eyes will make me believe that." "Very good, truly," said Sir Foulk; "and if I shall have the honor of your company to dine with me some day in my castle, you shall see me jumping to the top of it." Every one promised to come, and the day was named, and all of them came, and they dined, eating and drinking well. "Now," said Sir Foulk, "for jumping to the top of the castle tower; come with me and see every one with his own eyes." They proceeded to the foot of the stairs, and Sir Foulk jumped to the top of the first step, and from that to the second, and then to the third, and thus jumped from step to step till he jumped to the top of the castle. "O!" said one, and after him every one else, "I could have easily jumped to the top of the castle in that way myself." "Yes," said Sir Foulk, "I know you could, and that every one of you easily can, now after seeing me do so, and the way I did it."

From step to step to the top of the castle of knowledge.

HITOPADESA FABLES

THE ASS IN THE TIGER SKIN

Said the King to the Birds: "The Ass, who had been fed on good corn, and fell to braying ignorantly in the hide of a Tiger, was slain for his impertinence."

"How happened that?" said the Birds.

"There is," answered the King, "in a certain town a fuller, whose Ass, weakened by carrying heavy loads, was like an animal wanting to die. The master, therefore, carried him in a Tiger's skin, and left him in a wood in a field of corn. The owners of the field, taking him at a distance for a Tiger, fled; but one of them, covering himself with a piece of cloth of an Ass's color, stooped down to bend his bow; and the Ass perceiving him, thought he was another Ass, and began braying, and ran towards him. But the keeper of the cornfield knowing, by his voice, that he was only an Ass, killed him with ease."